HISTORY of the REFORMATION

2

of the SIXTEENTH CENTURY

JEAN HENRI MERLE-D'AUBIGNÉ

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REFORMATION

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

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FOREWORD

This edition has been reproduced by Light of the World Publication Company. This book intends to enlighten on the real controversies at stake, as reflected in unabated strife and multiple moral dilemmas. The account and illustrations are specially designed and incorporated to edify the reader on pertinent developments in the historical, scientific, philosophical, educational, religio-political, socio-economic, legal and spiritual spheres. Moreover, clear and undisputed patterns and correlations may be discerned wherein may be perceived the networking, interworking and overlapping of antithetical, yet harmonious schools of thought.

Earth's long trajectory of coercion, conflict and compromise has prepared the platform for the emergence of a New Age. Burning questions attend the advent of this anticipated new era, accompanied by its superstructures, systems of governance, rights-based regimes and ideals of freedom and happiness. Chequered in base deception, strategic repression and objectives of new world order, this e-book connects the dots between modern realities, spiritual mysteries and divine revelation. It traces the chronological progress from national catastrophe to global dominance, the destruction of an old system and the forging of a new; succinctly illuminating on love, human nature and even supernatural intervention.

Time and again, remarkable events have moulded the course of life and history, while even prefiguring the future. Living in times of great turbulence and uncertainty, the future has been but dimly comprehended. Thankfully, this work enables a panoramic vision of both past and future, highlighting critical moments of time which have unfolded in fulfilment to prophecy.

Although birthed in unpromising conditions, afflicted in gruelling crucibles, several individuals have resolved, persevered in virtue and sealed their faith, leaving an ineffaceable mark. Their contributions have shaped modernity and paved the road for a marvellous culmination and imminent change. Therefore, this literature serves as both inspiration and practical tool for a penetrative and profound understanding behind social issues, religion and politics. Each chapter narrates on both the world and the human condition, enshrouded in darkness, embattled in keen clashes, and impelled by sinister, hidden agendas and ulterior motives. Here, these are unashamedly exposed to plain view. Nevertheless, every page radiates with resplendent rays of courage, deliverance and hope.

Ultimately, it is our fervent desire that every reader experience, grow to love and accept truth. In a world permeated with lies, ambiguity and manipulation, truth will forever stand as the quintessential longing in the soul. Truth engenders life, beauty, wisdom and grace; resulting in renewed purpose, vigour and a genuine, yet personal transformation in perspective and life.

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Dangers had gathered around Luther and the Reformation. The appeal of the Wittenberg doctor to a general council was a new assault upon the Papal power. A Bull of Pius II had pronounced the greater excommunication even against the emperors who should dare be guilty of such an act of revolt. Frederick of Saxony, as yet weak in the evangelical doctrine, was ready to banish Luther from his states. A new message from Leo X would therefore have driven the reformer among strangers, who might have feared to compromise themselves by receiving a monk under the anathema of Rome. And if any of the nobles had drawn the sword in his defence, these simple knights, despised by the mighty princes of Germany, would soon have been crushed in their perilous enterprise.

But at the very moment that the courtiers of Leo X were urging him to measures of severity, and when another blow would have placed his adversary in his hands, this pope suddenly changed his policy, and entered upon a course of conciliation and apparent mildness. We may reasonably presume that he was deceived as to the elector's sentiments, and thought them more favourable to Luther than they really were; we may admit that the public voice and the spirit of the age—powers then quite new—appeared to surround Luther with an impregnable rampart; we may suppose, as one of his historians have done, that he followed the impulses of his judgement and of his heart, which inclined him to mildness and moderation; but this new mode of action, adopted by Rome at such a moment, is so strange, that it is impossible not to recognise in it a higher and a mightier hand.

A Saxon noble, the pope's chamberlain, and canon of Mentz, Treves, and Meissen, was then at the Roman court. He had contrived to make himself of importance. He boasted of being distantly related to the Saxon princes, so that the Roman courtiers sometimes gave him the title of Duke of Saxony. In Italy, he made a foolish display of his German nobility; in Germany, he was an awkward imitator of the elegance and manners of Italians. He was fond of wine, and his residence at the court of Rome had

increased this vice. The Roman courtiers, however, entertained great expectations of him. His insinuating manners, his skill in business,—all led them to hope that Charles of Miltitz (for such was his name) would by his prudence succeed in arresting the mighty revolution that threatened to shake the world.

It was of importance to conceal the real object of the mission of the Roman chamberlain. This was effected without difficulty. Four years previously, the pious elector has petitioned the Pope for the Golden Rose. This Rose, the most beautiful of flowers, represented the body of Jesus Christ; it was consecrated yearly by the sovereign pontiff, and sent to one of the chief princes in Europe. It was resolved to give it this year to the elector. Miltitz departed with a commission to examine the state of affairs, and to gain over Spalatin and Pfeffinger, the elector's councillors. He carried private letters for them. In this manner, by seeking to conciliate those who surrounded the prince, Rome hoped erelong to have her formidable adversary in her power.

The new legate, who arrived in Germany in December 1518, was engaged during his journey in sounding the public opinion. To his great surprise he found, that wherever he went, the majority of the inhabitants were partisans of the Reformation. They spoke of Luther with enthusiasm. For one person favourable to the pope, there were three favourable to the reformer. Luther has transmitted to us one of the incidents of his mission. "What do you think of the papal chair?" the legate would frequently ask the landladies and maidservants at the inns. On one occasion one of these poor women artlessly replied: "What can we know of the papal chair, whether it is of wood or of stone?"

The mere rumour of the new legate's arrival filled the elector's court, the university and town of Wittenberg, and the whole of Saxony, with suspicion and distrust. "Thanks be to God, Luther is still alive," wrote Melancthon in affright. It was affirmed that the Roman legate had received orders to get Luther into his power either by violence or stratagem. Everyone recommended the doctor to be on his guard against the treachery of Miltitz. "He is coming," said they, "to seize you and give you up to the pope. Trustworthy persons have seen the briefs he is bringing with him."—"I await God's will," replied Luther.

Miltitz indeed came bearing letters for the elector, for his councillors, and for the bishops and the burgomaster of Wittenberg. He brought with him seventy apostolical briefs. If the flattery and the favours of Rome attained their end,—if Frederick delivered Luther into his hands, these seventy briefs were, in some measure, to serve as passports. He would produce and post up one in each of the cities through which

he would have to pass, and by this means he hoped to succeed in dragging his prisoner to Rome without opposition.

The pope appeared to have taken every precaution. Already in the electoral court they did not know what course to adopt. They would have resisted violence; but how could they oppose the head of Christendom, who spoke with so much mildness, and with so great an appearance of reason? Would it not be desirable, they said, for Luther to conceal himself, until the storm had passed over? An unexpected event extricated Luther, the elector, and the Reformation from this difficult position. The aspect of the world suddenly changed.

On the 12th of January 1519, Maximilian, emperor of Germany, expired. Frederick of Saxony, in conformity with the Germanic constitution, became administrator of the empire. Henceforth the elector no longer feared the projects of nuncios. New interests began to agitate the court of Rome, which forced it to be cautious in its negotiations with Frederick, and arrested the blow that Miltitz and De Vio undoubtedly were meditating.

The pope earnestly desired to prevent Charles of Austria, already king of Naples, from filling the imperial throne. He thought that a neighbouring king was more to be feared than a German monk. Desirous of securing the elector, who might be of great use to him in this affair, he resolved to let the monk rest, that he might the better oppose the king; but both advanced in spite of him. Thus changed Leo X.

Another circumstance also contributed to turn aside the storm that threatened the Reformation. Political troubles broke out immediately after Maximilian's death. In the south of the empire, the Swabian confederation desired to punish Ulric of Wurtemberg, who had been unfaithful to it; in the north, the Bishop of Hildesheim threw himself with an armed force upon the bishopric of Minden and on the territories of the Duke of Brunswick. In the midst of all this agitation, how could the great ones of the age attach any importance to a dispute about the remission of sins? But God especially advanced the cause of the Reformation by the wisdom of the elector, now become vicar of the empire, and by the protection he granted to the new teachers. "The tempest suspended its rage," says Luther, "the papal excommunication began to fall into contempt. Under the shadow of the elector's viceroyalty, the Gospel circulated far and wide, and popery suffered great damage in consequence."

Besides, during an interregnum the severest prohibitions naturally lost their force. All became easier and more free. The ray of liberty that shone upon these beginnings of the Reformation powerfully developed the yet tender plant; and already

it might have been seen how favourable political liberty would be to the progress of evangelical Christianity.

Miltitz, who had reached Saxony before the death of Maximilian, had hastened to visit his old friend Spalatin; but he had no sooner begun his complaints against Luther, than Spalatin broke out against Tetzel. He made the nuncio acquainted with the falsehoods and blasphemies of the indulgencemerchant, and declared that all Germany ascribed to the Dominican the divisions by which the Church was rent.

Miltitz was astonished. Instead of being the accuser, he found himself the accused. All his anger was immediately directed at Tetzel. He summoned him to appear at Altenburg and justify his conduct.

The Dominican, as cowardly as he was boastful, fearing the people whom his impositions had exasperated, had discontinued passing from town to town, and had hidden himself in the college of St. Paul at Leipsic. He turned pale on receiving Miltitz's letter. Even Rome abandons him. She threatens and condemns him; she wishes to draw him from the only asylum in which he thinks himself secure, and to expose him to the anger of his enemies. Tetzel refused to obey the nuncio's summons. "Certainly," wrote he to Miltitz on the 31st of December 1518, "I should not care about the fatigue of the journey, if I could leave Leipsic without danger to my life; but the Augustine Martin Luther has so excited and aroused the men of power against me, that I am nowhere safe. A great number of Luther's partisans have sworn my death; I cannot, therefore, come to you." What a striking contrast is here between these two men, the one residing in the college of St. Paul at Leipsic, the other in the Augustine cloister at Wittenberg. The servant of God displayed an intrepid courage in the presence of danger; the servant of men a contemptible cowardice.

Miltitz had been ordered to employ persuasive measures in the first instance; and it was only when these failed that he was to produce his seventy briefs, and at the same time make use of all the favours of Rome to induce the elector to restrain Luther. He therefore intimated his desire to have an interview with the reformer. Their common friend, Spalatin, offered his house for that purpose, and Luther quitted Wittenberg on the 2nd or 3rd of January to visit Altenburg.

In this interview Miltitz exhausted all the cunning of a diplomat and of a Roman courtier. Luther had scarcely arrived when the nuncio approached him with great demonstrations of friendship. "Oh! " thought Luther, "how his violence is changed into gentleness! This new Saul came to Germany, armed with more than seventy

apostolical briefs, to drag me alive and in chains to that murderous Rome; but the Lord has thrown him to the ground by the way."

"My dear Martin," said the pope's chamberlain, in a fawning tone, "I thought you were an old theologian who, seated quietly at his fireside, was labouring under some theological crotchet; but I see you are still a young man and in the prime of life. Do you know," continued he, assuming a graver tone, "that you have drawn away everybody from the pope and attached them to yourself?" Miltitz was not ignorant that the best way of seducing mankind is to flatter their pride; but he did not know the man he had to deal with. "If I had an army of 25,000 men," added he, "I do not think I should be able to carry you to Rome." Rome with all her power was sensible of her weakness compared with this poor monk; and the monk felt strong compared to Rome. "God stays the waves of the sea upon the shore," said Luther, "and he stays them—with sand! "

The nuncio, believing he had now prepared his adversary's mind, continued in these terms: "Bind up the wound that you yourself have inflicted on the Church, and that you alone can heal. Beware," said he, dropping a few tears, "beware of raising a tempest that would cause the destruction of Christendom." He then gradually proceeded to hint that a retractation alone could repair the mischief; but he immediately softened down whatever was objectionable in this word, by giving Luther to understand that he felt the highest esteem for him, and by storming against Tetzel. The snare was laid by a skilful hand: how could it fail to catch the prey? "If, at the outset, the Archbishop of Mentz had spoken to me in this manner," said the reformer afterwards, "this business would not have created so much disturbance."

Luther then replied, and set forth with calmness, but with dignity and force, the just complaints of the Church; he did not conceal his great indignation against the Archbishop of Mentz, and complained in a noble manner of the unworthy treatment he had received from Rome, notwithstanding the purity of his intentions. Miltitz, who had not expected to hear such decided language, was able however to suppress his anger.

"I offer," resumed Luther, "to be silent for the future on this matter, and to let it die away of itself, provided my opponents are silent on their part; but if they continue attacking me, a serious struggle will soon arise out of a trifling quarrel. My weapons are quite prepared."—"I will do still more," he added a moment after;

"I will write to his holiness, acknowledging I have been a little too violent, and I will declare to him that it is as a faithful son of the Church that I opposed discourses which drew upon them the mockeries and insults of the people. I even consent to

publish a writing desiring all those who read my works not to see in them any attacks upon the Roman Church, and to continue under its authority. Yes! I am willing to do and to bear everything; but as for a retractation, never expect one from me."

Miltitz saw by Luther's firm tone that the wisest course would be to appear satisfied with what the reformer so readily promised. He merely proposed that they should choose an archbishop to arbitrate on some points that were still to be discussed. "Be it so," said Luther; "but I am very much afraid that the pope will not accept any judge; in that case I will not abide by the pope's decision, and then the struggle will begin again. The pope will give the text, and I shall make my own comments upon it."

Thus ended the first interview between Luther and Miltitz. They had a second meeting, in which the truce or rather the peace was signed. Luther immediately informed the elector of what had taken place. "Most serene prince and most gracious lord," wrote he, "I hasten most humbly to acquaint your electoral highness that Charles of Miltitz and myself are at last agreed, and have terminated this matter by deciding upon the following articles:—

1. Both parties are forbidden to preach, write, or do anything further in the discussion that has been raised.

2. Miltitz will immediately inform the holy Father of the state of affairs. His holiness will empower an enlightened bishop to investigate the matter, and to point out the erroneous articles I should retract. If they prove me to be in error I shall willingly recant, and will do nothing derogatory to the honour or authority of the holy Roman Church."

When the agreement had been thus effected, Miltitz appeared overjoyed. "These hundred years past," exclaimed he, "no question has occasioned more anxiety to the cardinals and Roman courtiers than this. They would rather have given ten thousand ducats than consent to its being prolonged."

The pope's chamberlain spared no marks of attention to the monk of Wittenberg. At one time he manifested his joy, at another he shed tears. This show of sensibility moved the reformer but little; still he avoided showing what he thought of it. "I pretended not to understand the meaning of these crocodile's tears," said he.

Miltitz gave Luther an invitation to supper, which the latter accepted. His host laid aside all the severity connected with his mission, and Luther indulged in all the cheerfulness of his disposition. The repast was joyous, and when the moment of

departure was come, the legate opened his arms to the heretical doctor, and kissed him. "A Judas kiss," thought Luther; "I pretended not to understand these Italian artifices," wrote he to Staupitz.

Was that kiss destined to reconcile Rome and the dawning Reformation? Miltitz hoped so, and was delighted at the thought; for he had a nearer view than the Roman courtiers of the terrible consequences the papacy might suffer from the Reformation. If Luther and his adversaries are silenced, thought he, the dispute will be ended; and Rome, by calling up favourable circumstances, will regain all her former influence. It appeared, then, that the termination of the contest was at hand. Rome had opened her arms, and the reformer seemed to have cast himself into them. But this work was not of man, but of God. The error of Rome was in seeing a mere dispute with a monk in what was an awakening of the Church. The kisses of a papal chamberlain could not check the renewal of Christendom.

Miltitz being of opinion that he would by this means reclaim the erring Lutherans, behaved most graciously to all of them, accepted their invitations, and sat down to table with the heretics; but soon becoming inebriated (it is a pope who relates this), the pontifical nuncio was no longer master of his tongue. The Saxons led him to speak of the pope and the court of Rome, and Miltitz, confirming the old proverb, in vino veritas, gave an account in the openness of his heart of all the practices and disorders of the papacy. His companions smiled, urging and pressing him to continue; everything was exposed; they took notes of what he said; and these scandals were afterwards made matter of public reproach against the Romans, at the Diet of Worms, in the presence of all Germany. Pope Paul III complained, alleging they had put things in his envoy's mouth that were utterly destitute of foundation, and in consequence ordered his nuncios, whenever they were invited out, to make a pretence of accepting the invitations, to behave graciously, and to be guarded in their conversation.

Miltitz, faithful to the arrangement he had just concluded, went from Altenburg to Leipsic, where Tetzel was residing. There was no necessity to silence him, for sooner than speak he would have concealed himself if possible in the centre of the earth. But the nuncio resolved to vent all his anger on him. As soon as he reached Leipsic, he summoned the wretched Tetzel before him, overwhelmed him with reproaches, accused him of being the author of all his trouble, and threatened him with the pope's displeasure. This was not enough. An agent from the house of Fugger, who was then in the city, was confronted with him. Miltitz laid before the Dominican the accounts of this establishment, the papers he had himself signed, and proved that he had squandered or stolen considerable sums of money. The unhappy man, whom

in the day of his triumph nothing could alarm, bent under the weight of these just accusations: he fell into despair, his health suffered, he knew not where to hide his shame. Luther was informed of the wretched condition of his old adversary, and he alone was affected by it. "I am sorry for Tetzel," wrote he to Spalatin. He did not confine himself to words: it was not the man but his actions that he hated. At the very moment that Rome was venting her wrath on the Dominican, Luther sent him a letter full of consolation. But all was unavailing. Tetzel, a prey to remorse, terrified by the reproaches of his best friends, and dreading the pope's anger, died very miserably not long after. It was believed that grief accelerated his death.

Luther, in accordance with the promise he had given Miltitz, wrote the following letter to the pope on the 3rd March:—

"Blessed Father! May your holiness condescend to incline your paternal ear, which is that of Christ himself, towards your poor sheep, and listen kindly to his bleating. What shall I do, most holy Father? I cannot bear the lightnings of your anger, and I know not how to escape them. I am called upon to retract. I would most readily do so, could that lead to the desired result. But the persecutions of my adversaries have circulated my writings far and wide, and they are too deeply graven on the hearts of men, to be by any possibility erased. A recantation would only still more dishonour the Church of Rome, and draw from the lips of all a cry of accusation against her. Most holy Father! I declare in the presence of God, and of all His creatures, that I have never desired, and that I shall never desire, to infringe, either by force or by stratagem, the power of the Roman Church or of your holiness. I confess that nothing in heaven or in earth should be preferred above that Church, except Jesus Christ alone—the Lord of all."

These words might appear strange and even reprehensible in Luther's mouth, did we not remember that he reached the light not suddenly, but by a slow and progressive course. They are a very important evidence, that the Reformation was not simply an opposition to the papacy; it was not a war waged against certain forms; nor was it the result of a merely negative tendency. Opposition to the pope was in the second line of the battle: a new life, a positive doctrine was the generating principle. "Jesus Christ, the Lord of all, and who must be preferred above all," even above Rome itself, as Luther writes at the end of his letter, was the essential cause of the Revolution of the sixteenth century.

It is probable that shortly before this time the pope would not have passed over unnoticed a letter in which the monk of Wittenberg plainly refused to retract. But Maximilian was dead: men's minds were occupied with the choice of his successor,

and in the midst of the intrigues which then agitated the pontifical city, Luther's letter was disregarded.

The reformer made a better use of his time than his power adversary. While Leo X was occupied with his interests as a temporal prince, and was making every exertion to exclude a formidable neighbour from the throne, Luther grew each day in knowledge and in faith. He studied the papal decrees, and the discoveries he made therein greatly modified his ideas. "I am reading the decrees of the pontiffs," wrote he to Spalatin, "and (I whisper this in your ear) I do not know whether the pope is Antichrist himself, or his apostle, so greatly is Christ misrepresented and crucified in them."

Yet he still felt esteem for the ancient Church of Rome, and had no thought of separating from it. "That the Roman Church," said he in the explanation which he had promised Miltitz to publish, "is honoured by God above all others, is what we cannot doubt. Saint Peter, Saint Paul, fortysix popes, many hundreds of thousands of martyrs, have shed their blood in its bosom, and have overcome hell and the world, so that God's eye regards it with especial favour.

Although everything is now in a very wretched state there, this is not a sufficient reason for separating from it. On the contrary, the worse things are going on within it, the more should we cling to it; for it is not by separation that we shall make it better. We must not desert God on account of the devil; or abandon the children of God who are still in the Roman communion, because of the multitude of the ungodly. There is no sin, there is no evil that should destroy charity or break the bond of union. For charity can do all things, and to unity nothing is difficult."

It was not Luther who separated from Rome: it was Rome that separated from Luther, and thus rejected; the ancient faith of the Catholic Church, of which he was then the representative. It was not Luther who deprived Rome of her power, and made her bishop descend from a throne which he had usurped: the doctrines he proclaimed, the word of the apostles which God manifested anew in the Universal Church with great power and admirable purity, could alone prevail against that dominion which had for centuries enslaved the Church.

These declarations, which were published by Luther at the end of February, did not entirely satisfy Miltitz and De Vio. These two vultures, who had both seen their prey escape from their talons, had retired within the ancient walls of Treves. There, assisted by the prince archbishop, they hoped to accomplish together the object in which each of them had failed separately. The two nuncios felt clearly that nothing

more was to be expected from Frederick, now invested with supreme power in the empire. They saw that Luther persisted in his refusal to retract. The only means of success were to deprive the heretical monk of the elector's protection, and entice him into their hands. Once at Treves, in the states of an ecclesiastical prince, the reformer will be very skilful if he escapes without having fully satisfied the demands of the sovereign pontiff. They immediately applied themselves to the task. "Luther," said Miltitz to the Elector archbishop of Treves, "has accepted your Grace as arbitrator. Summon him before you." The Elector of Treves accordingly wrote on the 3rd May to the Elector of Saxony, requesting him to send Luther to him. De Vio, and afterwards Miltitz himself, wrote also to Frederick, informing him that the Golden Rose had arrived at Augsburg. This (thought they) is the moment for striking a decisive blow.

But circumstances had changed: neither Frederick nor Luther permitted himself to be shaken. The elector comprehended his new position. He no longer feared the pope, much less his agents. The reformer, seeing Miltitz and De Vio united, foresaw the fate that awaited him if he complied with their invitation. "Everywhere," said he, "and in every manner they seek after my life." Besides, he had appealed to the pope, and the pope, busied in intrigues with crowned heads, had not replied. Luther wrote to Miltitz: "How can I set out without an order from Rome, in the midst of the troubles by which the Empire is agitated? How can I encounter so many dangers, and incur such heavy expense, seeing that I am the poorest of men?"

The Elector of Treves, a prudent and moderate man, and a friend of Frederick's, was desirous of keeping on good terms with the latter. Besides, he had no desire to interfere in this matter, unless he was positively called upon. He therefore arranged with the Elector of Saxony to put off the inquiry until the next diet, which did not take place until two years after, when it assembled at Worms.

While a providential hand thus warded off, one by one, the dangers by which Luther was threatened, he himself was boldly advancing towards a goal which he did not suspect. His reputation increased; the cause of truth grew in strength; the number of students at Wittenberg was augmented, and among them were the most distinguished young men of Germany. "Our town," wrote Luther, "can hardly receive all those who are flocking to it;"—and on another occasion: "The number of students increases considerably, like an overflowing river."

But it was no longer in Germany alone that the reformer's voice was heard. It had passed the frontiers of the empire, and begun to shake, among the different nations of Europe, the foundations of the Romish power. Frobenius, a celebrated printer at Basle, had published a collection of Luther's works. It was rapidly

circulated. At Basle, the bishop himself commended Luther. The cardinal of Sion, after reading his works, exclaimed with a slight tone of irony, playing upon his name: "O Luther! thou art a real Luther! "

Erasmus was at Louvain when Luther's writings reached the Low Countries. The prior of the Augustines of Antwerp, who had studied at Wittenberg, and who, according to the testimony of Erasmus, was a follower of true primitive Christianity, read them with eagerness, as did other Belgians. But those who consulted their own interests only, remarks the sage of Rotterdam, and who fed the people with old wives' tales, broke our into gloomy fanaticism. "I cannot describe to you," wrote Erasmus to Luther, "the emotion, the truly tragic sensation which your writings have occasioned."

Frobenius sent six hundred copies of these works into France and Spain. They were sold publicly in Paris. The doctors of the Sorbonne, as it would appear, read them with approbation. "It is high time," said some of them, "that those who devote themselves to biblical studies should speak out freely." In England these books were received with still greater eagerness. Some Spanish merchants translated them into their mother tongue, and forwarded them from Antwerp to their own country. "Certainly these merchants must have been of Moorish descent," says Pallavicini.

Calvi, a learned bookseller of Pavia, carried a great number of copies to Italy, and circulated them in all the transalpine cities. It was not the love of gain that inspired this man of letters, but a desire of contributing to the revival of piety. The energy with which Luther maintained the cause of Christ filled him with joy. "All the learned men of Italy," wrote he, "will unite with me, and we will send you verses composed by our most distinguished writers."

Frobenius, in transmitting a copy of his publication to Luther, related all these joyful tidings, and added: "I have sold every copy except ten; and I have never made so good a speculation." Other letters informed Luther of the joy caused by his works. "I am delighted," said he, "that the truth is so pleasing, although she speaks with so little learning and in so barbarous a tone."

Such was the commencement of the awakening in the various countries of Europe. If we except Switzerland, and even France, where the Gospel had already been preached, the arrival of the Wittenberg doctor's writings everywhere forms the first page of the history of the Reformation. A printer of Basle scattered the first germs of truth. At the very moment when the Roman pontiff thought to stifle the work in Germany, it began in France, the Low Countries, Italy, Spain, England, and

Switzerland. What matters it, even should Rome cut down the parent stem?... the seeds are already scattered over every land.

CHAPTER 2

Pause in Germany—Eck revives the Contest—Disputation between Eck and Carlstadt—Question of the Pope—Luther replies—Fears of Luther's Friends—Luther's Courage—The Truth triumphs unaided—Refusal of Duke George—Gaiety of Mosellanus—Fears of Erasmus

While the combat was beginning beyond the confines of the empire, it appeared dying away within. The most impetuous of the Roman champions, the Franciscans of Juterbock, who had imprudently attacked Luther, had hastily become silent after the reformer's vigorous reply. The papal partisans were mute: Tetzel was no longer in a condition to fight. Luther was entreated by his friends not to continue the discussion, and he had promised compliance. The theses were passing into oblivion. This treacherous peace rendered the eloquence of the reformer powerless. The Reformation appeared checked. "But," said Luther somewhat later, when speaking of this epoch, "men imagine vain things; for the Lord awoke to judge the people.—God does not guide me," he said in another place; "he pushes me forward, he carries me away. I am not master of myself. I desire to live in repose; but I am thrown into the midst of tumults and revolutions."

Eck the scholastic, Luther's old friend, and author of the Obelisks, was the man who recommenced the combat. He was sincerely attached to the papacy, but seems to have had no true religious sentiments, and to have been one of that class of men, so numerous in every age, who look upon science, and even theology and religion, as the means of acquiring worldly reputation. Vain glory lies hid under the priest's cassock no less than under the warrior's coat of mail. Eck had studied the art of disputation according to the rules of the schoolmen, and had become a master in this sort of controversy.

While the knights of the middle ages and the warriors in the time of the Reformation sought for glory in the tournament, the schoolmen struggled for it in syllogistic disputations,—a spectacle of frequent occurrence in the universities. Eck, who entertained no mean idea of himself, and was proud of his talents, of the popularity of his cause, and of the victories he had gained in eight universities of Hungary, Lombardy, and Germany, ardently desired to have an opportunity of trying his strength and skill against the reformer. He had spared no exertion to acquire the reputation of being one of the most learned men of the age. He was constantly endeavouring to excite some new discussion, to make a sensation, and aimed at procuring, by means of his exploits, all the enjoyments of life. A journey that he had made to Italy had been, according to his own account, one long series of triumphs.

The most learned scholars had been forced to subscribe to his theses. This experienced gladiator fixed his eyes on a new field of battle, in which he thought the victory already secure. The little monk who had suddenly grown into a giant,—that Luther, whom hitherto no one had been able to vanquish, galled his pride and excited his jealousy. Perhaps in seeking his own glory, Eck might ruin Rome. But his scholastic vanity was not to be checked by such a consideration. Theologians, as well as princes, have more than once sacrificed the general interest to their personal glory. We shall see what circumstances afforded the Ingoldstadt doctor the means of entering the lists with his importunate rival.

The zealous but too ardent Carlstadt was still on friendly terms with Luther. These two theologians were closely united by their attachment to the doctrine of grace, and by their admiration for Saint Augustine. Carlstadt was inclined to enthusiasm, and possessed little discretion: he was not a man to be restrained by the skill and policy of a Miltitz. He had published some theses in reply to Dr. Eck's Obelisks, in which he defended Luther and their common faith. Eck had answered him; but Carlstadt did not let him have the last word. The discussion grew warm. Eck, desirous of profiting by so favourable an opportunity, had thrown down the gauntlet, and the impetuous Carlstadt had taken it up. God made use of the passions of these two men to accomplish His purposes. Luther had not interfered in their disputes, and yet he was destined to be the hero of the fight. There are men who by the force of circumstances are always brought upon the stage. It was agreed that the discussion should take place at Leipsic. Such was the origin of that Leipsic disputation which became so famous.

Eck cared little for disputing with and even conquering Carlstadt: Luther was his great aim. He therefore made every exertion to allure him to the field of battle, and with this view published thirteen theses, which he pointed expressly against the chief doctrines already set forth by the reformer. The thirteenth was thus drawn up: "We deny that the Roman Church was not raised above the other churches before the time of Pope Sylvester; and we acknowledge in every age, as the successor of St. Peter and the vicar of Jesus Christ, him who has filled the chair and held the faith of St. Peter." Sylvester lived in the time of Constantine the Great; by this thesis, Eck denied, therefore, that the primacy enjoyed by Rome had been conferred on it by that emperor.

Luther, who had reluctantly consented to remain silent, was deeply moved as he read these propositions. He saw that they were aimed at him, and felt that he could not honourably avoid the contest. "This man," said he, "calls Carlstadt his antagonist, and at the same time attacks me. But God reigns. He knows what He will bring out of this tragedy. It is neither Doctor Eck nor myself that will be at stake. God's purpose

will be accomplished. Thanks to Eck, this affair, which hitherto has been mere play, will become serious, and inflict a deadly blow on the tyranny of Rome and of the Roman pontiff."

Rome herself had broken the truce. She did more; in renewing the signal of battle, she began the contest on a point that Luther had not yet attacked. It was the papal supremacy to which Doctor Eck drew the attention of his adversaries. In this he followed the dangerous example that Tetzel had already set. Rome invited the blows of the gladiator; and, if she left some of her members quivering on the arena, it was because she had drawn upon herself his formidable arm.

The pontifical supremacy once overthrown, the whole edifice would crumble into ruin. The greatest danger was impending over the papacy, and yet neither Miltitz nor Cajetan took any steps to prevent this new struggle. Did they imagine that the Reformation would be vanquished, or were they struck with that blindness which often hurries along the mighty to their destruction?

Luther, who had set a rare example of moderation by remaining silent so long, fearlessly replied to the challenge of his antagonist. He immediately published some new theses in opposition to those of Doctor Eck. The last was conceived in these words: "It is by contemptible decretals of Roman pontiffs, composed within the last four centuries, that they would prove the primacy of the Church of Rome; but this primacy is opposed by all the credible history of eleven centuries,—by the declarations of Holy Scripture,—and by the resolutions of the Council of Nice, the holiest of all councils."

"God knows," wrote he at the same time to the elector, "that I was firmly resolved to keep silence, and that I was glad to see this struggle terminated at last. I have so strictly adhered to the treaty concluded with the papal commissary, that I have not replied to Sylvester Prierio, notwithstanding the insults of my adversaries, and the advice of my friends. But now Doctor Eck attacks me, and not only me, but the university of Wittenberg also. I cannot suffer the truth to be thus covered with opprobrium."

At the same time Luther wrote to Carlstadt: "Most excellent Andrew, I would not have you enter upon this dispute, since they are aiming at me. I shall joyfully lay aside my serious occupations to take my part in the sports of these flatterers of the Roman pontiff."—

Then addressing his adversary, he cries disdainfully from Wittenberg to Ingolstadt: "Now, my dear Eck, be brave, and gird thy sword upon thy thigh, thou

mighty man! If I could not please thee as mediator, perhaps I shall please thee better as antagonist. Not that I imagine I can vanquish thee; but because after all the triumphs thou hast gained in Hungary, Lombardy, and Bavaria (if at least we are to believe thee), I shall give thee opportunity of gaining the title of conqueror of Saxony and Misnia, so that thou shalt for ever be hailed with the glorious title of August."

All Luther's friends did not share in his courage; for no one had hitherto been able to resist the sophisms of Doctor Eck. But their greatest cause of alarm was the subject of the discussion: the pope's primacy. How can the poor monk of Wittenberg dare oppose that giant who for ages has crushed all his enemies? The courtiers of the elector were alarmed. Spalatin, the prince's confidant and Luther's intimate friend, was filled with anxiety. Frederick was uneasy: even the sword of the knight of the holy sepulchre, with which he had been invested at Jerusalem, would be of little avail in this war. The reformer alone did not blench. The Lord (thought he) will deliver him into my hands. The faith by which he was animated gave him the means of encouraging his friends: "I entreat you, my dear Spalatin," said he, "do not give way to fear. You well know that if Christ had not been on my side, all that I have hitherto done must have been my ruin. Quite recently has not the Duke of Pomerania's chancellor received news from Italy, that I had turned Rome topsy-turvy, and that they knew not how to quiet the agitation? so that it was resolved to attack me, not according to the rules of justice, but by Roman artifices (such was the expression used), meaning, I suppose, poison, ambush, or assassination.

"I restrain myself, and from love to the elector and the university I suppress many things that I would publish against Babylon, if I were elsewhere. O my poor Spalatin, it is impossible to speak with truth of the Scriptures and of the Church without arousing the beast. Never expect to see me free from danger, unless I abandon the teaching of sound divinity. If this matter be of God, it will not come to an end before all my friends have forsaken me, as Christ was forsaken by his disciples. Truth will stand alone, and will triumph by its own right hand, not by mine, nor yours, nor any other man's. If I perish, the world will not perish with me. But, wretch that I am, I fear I am unworthy to die in such a cause."—"Rome," he wrote again about the same time, "Rome is eagerly longing to kill me, and I am wasting my time in braving her. I have been assured that an effigy of Martin Luther was publicly burnt in the Campo di Fiore at Rome, after being loaded with execrations. I await their furious rage. The whole world," he continued, "is moved, and totters in body and mind; what will happen, God only knows. For my part, I foresee wars and disasters. The Lord have mercy on us! "

Luther wrote letter upon letter to Duke George, begging this prince, in whose states Leipsic was situated, to give him permission to go and take part in the disputation; but he received no answer. The grandson of the Bohemian king, alarmed by Luther's propositions on the papal authority, and fearing the recurrence of those wars in Saxony of which Bohemia had so long been the theatre, would not consent to the doctor's request. The latter therefore resolved to publish an explanation of the 13th thesis. But this writing, far from persuading the duke, made him only the more resolved; he positively refused the sanction required by the reformer to take a share in the disputation, allowing him only to be present as a spectator. This annoyed Luther very much: yet he had but one desire,—to obey God. He resolved to go—to look on—and to wait his opportunity.

At the same time the prince forwarded to his utmost ability the disputation between Eck and Carlstadt. George was attached to the old doctrine; but he was upright, sincere, a friend to free inquiry, and did not think that every opinion should be judged heretical, simply because it was offensive to the court of Rome. More than this, the elector used his influence with his cousin; and George, gaining confidence from Frederick's language, ordered that the disputation should take place.

Adolphus, bishop of Merseburg, in whose diocese Leipsic was situated, saw more clearly than Miltitz and Cajetan the danger of leaving such important questions to the chances of single combat. Rome dared not expose to such hazard the hard-earned fruits of many centuries. All the Leipsic theologians felt no less alarm, and entreated their bishop to prevent the discussion. Upon this, Adolphus made the most energetic representations to Duke George, who very sensibly replied: "I am surprised that a bishop should have so great a dread of the ancient and praiseworthy custom of our fathers,— the investigation of doubtful questions in matters of faith. If your theologians refuse to defend their doctrines, it would be better to employ the money spent on them in maintaining old women and children, who at least could spin while they were singing."

This letter had but little effect on the bishop and his theologians. There is a secret consciousness in error that makes it shrink from examination, even when talking most of free inquiry. After having imprudently advanced, it retreated with cowardice. Truth gave no challenge, but it stood firm: error challenged to the combat, and ran away. Besides, the prosperity of Wittenberg was an object of jealousy to the university of Leipsic. The monks and priests of the latter city begged and entreated their flocks from the pulpit to flee from the new heretics. They vilified Luther; they depicted him and his friends in the blackest colours, in order to excite the ignorant classes against

the doctors of the Reformation. Tetzel, who was still living, awoke to cry out from the depth of his retreat: "It is the devil who urges them to this contest."

All the Leipsic professors did not, however, entertain the same opinions: some belonged to the class of indifferents always ready to laugh at the faults of both parties. Among this body was the Greek professor, Peter Mosellanus. He cared very little about either John Eck, Carlstadt, or Martin Luther; but he flattered himself that he would derive much amusement from their disputation. "John Eck, the most illustrious of goosequill gladiators and of braggadocios," wrote he to his friend Erasmus, "John Eck, who like the Aristophanic Socrates despises even the gods themselves, will have a bout with Andrew Carlstadt. The match will end in loud cries. Ten such men as Democritus would find matter for laughter in it."

The timid Erasmus, on the contrary, was alarmed at the very idea of a combat, and his prudence would have prevented the discussion. "If you would take Erasmus's word," wrote he to Melancthon, "you would labour rather in cultivating literature than in disputing with its enemies. I think that we should make great progress by this means. Above all, let us never forget that we ought to conquer not only by our eloquence, but also by mildness and moderation." Neither the alarm of the priests nor the discretion of the pacificators could any longer prevent the combat. Each man got his arms ready.

CHAPTER 3

Arrival of Eck and of the Wittenbergers—Amsdorff—The Students—Carlstadt's Accident—Placard—Eck and Luther—The Pleissenburg—Judges proposed—Luther objects—He consents at last

While the electors were meeting at Frankfort to choose an emperor (June 1519), the theologians assembled at Leipsic for an act unnoticed by the world at large, but whose importance was destined to be quite as great for posterity.

Eck came first to the rendezvous. On the 21st of June he entered Leipsic with Poliander, a young man whom he had brought from Ingolstadt to write an account of the disputation. Every mark of respect was paid to the scholastic doctor. Robed in his sacerdotal garments, and at the head of a numerous procession, he paraded the streets of the city on the festival of Corpus Christi. All were eager to see him: the inhabitants were on his side, he tells us himself; "yet," adds he, "a report was current in the town that I should be beaten in this combat."

On the day succeeding the festival (Friday, 24th June), which was the feast of Saint John, the Wittenbergers arrived, Carlstadt, who was to contend with Doctor Eck, sat alone in his carriage, and preceded all the rest. Duke Barnim of Pomerania, who was then studying at Wittenberg, and who had been named honorary rector of the university, came next in an open carriage: at each side were seated the two great divines—the fathers of the Reformation—Luther and Melancthon. The latter would not quit his friend. "Martin, the soldier of the Lord," he had said to Spalatin, "has stirred up this fetid pool. My spirit is vexed when I think of the disgraceful conduct of the papal theologians. Be firm, and abide with us! " Luther himself had wished that his Achates, as he called him, should accompany him.

John Lange, vicar of the Augustines, many doctors in law, several masters of arts, two licentiates in theology, and other ecclesiastics, among whom was Nicholas Amsdorff, closed the procession. Amsdorff, sprung from a noble family, valuing little the brilliant career to which his illustrious birth might have called him, had dedicated himself to theology. The theses on indulgences had brought him to a knowledge of the truth. He had immediately made a bold confession of faith. Possessing a strong mind and an ardent character, Amsdorff frequently excited Luther, who was naturally vehement enough, to acts that were perhaps imprudent. Born in exalted rank, he had no fear of the great, and he sometimes spoke to them with a freedom bordering on rudeness. "The Gospel of Jesus Christ," said he one day before an assembly of nobles,

"belongs to the poor and afflicted—not to you, princes, lords, and courtiers, who live continually in luxury and pleasures."

But these persons alone did not form the procession from Wittenberg. A great number of students followed their teachers: Eck affirms that they amounted to two hundred. Armed with pikes and halberds, they surrounded the carriages of the doctors, ready to defend them, and proud of their cause.

Such was the order in which the cortege of the reformers arrived in Leipsic. They had already entered by the Grimma gate, and advanced as far as St. Paul's cemetery, when one of the wheels of Carlstadt's carriage gave way. The archdeacon, whose vanity was delighted at so solemn an entry, rolled into the mud. He was not hurt, but he was compelled to proceed to his lodgings on foot. Luther's carriage, which followed next, rapidly outstripped him, and bore the reformer in safety to his quarters. The inhabitants of Leipsic, who had assembled to witness the entry of the Wittenberg champions, looked upon this accident as an evil omen to Carlstadt: and erelong the whole city was of opinion that he would be vanquished in the combat, but that Luther would come off victorious.

Adolphus of Merseburg was not idle. As soon as he heard of the approach of Luther and Carlstadt, and even before they had alighted from their carriages, he ordered placards to be posted upon the doors of all the churches, forbidding the opening of the disputation under pain of excommunication. Duke George, astonished at this audacity, commanded the town-council to tear down the placards, and committed to prison the bold agent who had ventured to execute the bishop's order. George has repaired to Leipsic, attended by all his court, among whom was that Jerome Emser at whose house in Dresden Luther had passed a remarkable evening. George made the customary presents to the respective combatants. "The duke," observed Eck with vanity, "gave me a fine deer; but he only gave a fawn to Carlstadt."

Immediately on hearing of Luther's arrival, Eck went to visit the Wittenberg doctor. "What is this! " asked he; "I am told that you refuse to dispute with me! "

Luther.—"How can I, since the duke has forbidden me?" Eck.—"If I cannot dispute with you, I care little about meeting

Carlstadt. It was on your account I came here." Then after a moment's silence he added: "If I can procure you the duke's permission, will you enter the lists with me?"

Luther, joyfully.—"Procure it for me, and we will fight."

Eck immediately waited on the duke, and endeavoured to remove his fears. He represented to him that he was certain of victory, and that the papal authority, far from suffering in the dispute, would come forth covered with glory. The ringleader must be attacked: if Luther remains standing, all stands with him; if he falls, everything will fall with him. George granted the required permission.

The duke had caused a large hall to be prepared in his palace of the Pleissenburg. Two pulpits had been erected opposite each other; tables were placed for the notaries commissioned to take down the discussion, and benches had been arranged for the spectators. The pulpits and benches were covered with handsome hangings. Over the pulpit of the Wittenberg doctor was suspended the portrait of Saint Martin, whose name he bore; over that of Doctor Eck, a representation of Saint George the champion. "We shall see," said the presumptuous Eck, as he looked at this emblem, "whether I shall not ride over my enemies." Everything announced the importance that was attached to this contest.

On the 25th June, both parties met at the palace to hear the regulations that were to be observed during the disputation. Eck, who had more confidence in his declamations and gestures than in his arguments, exclaimed, "We will dispute freely and extemporaneously; and the notaries shall not take down our words in writing."

Carlstadt.—"It has been agreed that the disputation should be reported, published, and submitted to the judgment of all men."

Eck.—"To take down everything that is said is dispiriting to the combatants, and prolongs the battle. There is an end to that animation which such a discussion requires. Do not check the flow of eloquence."

The friends of Doctor Eck supported his proposition, but Carlstadt persisted in his objections. The champion of Rome was obliged to give way.

Eck.—"Be it so; it shall be taken down. But do not let the notes be published before they have been submitted to the examination of chosen judges."

Luther.—"Does then the truth of Doctor Eck and his followers dread the light?"

Eck.—"We must have judges."

Luther.—"What judges?"

Eck.—"When the disputation is finished, we will arrange about selecting them."

The object of the partisans of Rome was evident. If the Wittenberg divines accepted judges, they were lost; for their adversaries were sure beforehand of those who would be applied to. If they refused these judges, they would be covered with shame, for their opponents would circulate the report that they were afraid to submit their opinions to impartial arbitrators.

The judges whom the reformers demanded were, not any particular individual, whose opinion had been previously formed, but all Christendom. They appealed to this universal suffrage. Besides, it was a slight matter to them if they were condemned, if, while pleading their cause before the whole world, they brought a few souls to the knowledge of the truth. "Luther," says a Romanist historian, "required all men for his judges; that is, such a tribunal that no urn could have been vast enough to contain the votes."

They separated. "See what artifices they employ," said Luther and his friends one to another. "They desire no doubt to have the pope or the universities for judges."

In fact, on the next morning the Romanist divines sent one of their number to Luther, who was commissioned to propose that their judge should be—the pope! "The pope! " said Luther; "how can I possibly agree to this?"

"Beware," exclaimed all his friends, "of acceding to conditions so unjust." Eck and his party held another council. They gave up the pope, and proposed certain universities. "Do not deprive us of the liberty which you had previously granted," answered Luther.— "We cannot give way on this point," replied they.—"Well then! " exclaimed Luther, "I will take no part in the discussion! "

Again the parties separated, and this matter was a general topic of conversation throughout the city. "Luther," everywhere exclaimed the Romanists, "Luther will not dispute! He will not acknowledge any judge! " His words were commented on and misrepresented, and his adversaries endeavoured to place them in the most unfavourable light. "What! does he really decline the discussion?" said the reformer's best friends. They went to him and expressed their alarm. "You refuse to take any part in the discussion! " cried they. "Your refusal will bring everlasting disgrace on your university and on your cause." This was attacking Luther on his weakest side.— "Well then! " replied he, his heart overflowing with indignation, "I accept the

conditions imposed upon me; but I reserve the right of appeal, and except against the court of Rome.

CHAPTER 4

Opening of the Disputation—Speech of Mosellanus—Veni, Sancte Spiritus—Portraits of Luther and Carlstadt—Doctor Eck—Carlstadt's Books—Merit of Congruity—Natural Powers—Scholastic Distinction—Point at which Rome and the Reformation diverge—Liberty given to Man by Grace—Carlstadt's Notes—Clamour of the Spectators—Melancthon during the Disputation—His Opinion—Eck's Manoeuvers—Luther Preaches—Citizens of Leipsic—Quarrels between the Students and Doctors

The 27th of June was the day appointed for the opening of the discussion. Early in the morning the two parties assembled in the college of the university, and thence went in procession to the Church of Saint Thomas, where a solemn mass was performed by order and at the expense of the duke. After the service, they proceeded to the ducal palace. At their head were Duke George and the Duke of Pomerania; after them came counts, abbots, knights, and other persons of distinction, and last of all the doctors of the two parties. A guard composed of seventysix citizens, armed with halberds, accompanied the train, with banners flying and to the sound of martial music. It halted at the castlegates.

The procession having reached the palace, each took his station in the hall appointed for the discussion. Duke George, the hereditary Prince John, Prince George of Anhalt, then twelve years old, and the Duke of Pomerania, occupied the seats assigned them.

Mosellanus ascended the pulpit to remind the theologians, by the duke's order, in what manner they were to dispute. "If you fall to quarrelling," said the speaker, "what difference will there be between a theologian in discussion and a shameless duelist? What is your object in gaining the victory, if it be not to recover a brother from the error of his ways? It appears to me that each of you should desire less to conquer than to be conquered! "

When this address was terminated, sacred music resounded through the halls of the Pleissenburg; all the assembly knelt down, and the ancient hymn of invocation to the Holy Ghost, Veni, Sancte Spiritus was sung. This was a solemn moment in the annals of the Reformation. Thrice the invocation was repeated, and while this solemn strain was heard, the defenders of the old doctrine and the champions of the new; the churchmen of the Middle Ages and those who sought to restore the church of the apostles, here assembled and confounded with one another, humbly bent their heads to the earth. The ancient tie of one and the same communion still bound together all

those different minds; the same prayer still proceeded from all those lips, as if pronounced by one heart.

These were the last moments of outward—of dead unity: a new unity of spirit and of life was about to begin. The Holy Ghost was invoked upon the Church, and was preparing to answer and to renovate Christendom.

The singing and the prayers being ended, they all rose up. The discussion was about to open; but as it was past the hour of noon, it was deferred until two o'clock.

The duke invited to his table the principal persons who were to be present at the discussion. After the repast, they returned to the castle. The great hall was filled with spectators. Disputations of this kind were the public meetings of that age. It was here that the representatives of their day agitated the questions that occupied all minds. The speakers were soon at their posts. That the reader may form a better idea of their appearance, we will give their portraits as drawn by one of the most impartial witnesses of the contest.

"Martin Luther is of middle stature, and so thin, in consequence of his studies, that his bones may almost be counted. He is in the prime of life, and has a clear and sonorous voice. His knowledge and understanding of the Holy Scriptures is unparallelled; he has the Word of God at his fingers' ends. Besides this, he possesses great store of arguments and ideas. One might perhaps desire a little more judgment in arranging his subjects. In conversation he is pleasing and affable; there is nothing harsh or austere about him; he can accommodate himself to everyone; his manner of speaking is agreeable and unembarrassed. He displays firmness, and has always a cheerful air, whatever may be his adversaries' threats; so that it is difficult to believe that he could undertake such great things without the Divine protection. He is blamed, however, for being more caustic, when reproving others, than becomes a theologian, particularly when putting forward novelties in religion.

"Carlstadt is of shorter stature; his complexion is dark and sunburnt, his voice unpleasing, his memory less trustworthy than Luther's, and he is more inclined to anger. He possesses, however, though in a smaller degree, the qualities that distinguish his friend.

"Eck is tall, broadshouldered, and has a strong and thorough German voice. He has good lungs, so that he would be heard well in a theatre, and would even make an excellent towncrier. His accent is rather vulgar than elegant. He has not that gracefulness so much extolled by Fabius and Cicero. His mouth, his eyes, and his

whole countenance give you the idea of a soldier or a butcher rather than of a divine. He has an excellent memory, and if he had only as much understanding, he would be really a perfect man. But he is slow of comprehension, and is wanting in judgment, without which all other qualities are useless. Hence, in disputing, he heaps together, without selection or discernment, a mass of passages from the Bible, quotations from the Fathers, and proofs of all kinds. He has, besides, an impudence almost beyond conception. If he is embarrassed, he breaks off from the subject he is treating of, and plunges into another; he sometimes even takes up his adversary's opinion, clothing it in other words, and with extraordinary skill attributes to his opponent the absurdity he had been himself defending."

Such, according to Mosellanus, were the men at that time attracting the attention of the crowd which thronged the great hall of the Pleissenburg.

The dispute began between Eck and Carlstadt. Eck's eyes were fixed for a moment on certain objects that lay on the desk of his adversary's pulpit, and which seemed to disturb him; they were the Bible and the holy Fathers. "I decline the discussion," exclaimed he suddenly, "if you are permitted to bring your books with you." Surprising that a divine should have recourse to books in order to dispute! Eck's astonishment was still more marvellous. "It is the figleaf which this Adam makes use of to hide his shame," said Luther. "Did not Augustine consult his books when arguing with the Manicheans?" What did that matter? Eck's partisans raised a great clamour. The other side did the same. "The man has no memory," said Eck. At last it was arranged, according to the wish of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, that each should rely upon his memory and his tongue only. "Thus then," said many, "the object of this disputation will not be to discover the truth, but what praise is to be conferred on the tongue and the memory of the disputants."

As we are unable to give the details of this discussion which lasted seventeen days, we shall, as an historian expresses it, imitate the painters, who, when they have to represent a battle, set the most memorable actions in the foreground, and leave the others in the distance.

The subject of discussion between Eck and Carlstadt was important. "Man's will, before his conversion," said Carlstadt, "can perform no good work: every good work comes entirely and exclusively from God, who gives man first the will to do, and then the power of accomplishing." This truth had been proclaimed by Scripture, which says: It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure; and by Saint Augustine, who, in his dispute with the Pelagians, had enunciated it in nearly the same terms. Every work in which the love of God and obedience towards Him do

not exist is deprived in the eyes of the Almighty of all that can render it good, even should it originate in the best of human motives. Now there is in man natural opposition to God—an opposition that the unaided strength of man cannot surmount. He has neither the will nor the power to overcome it. This must therefore effected by the Divine will.

This is the whole question of free will—so simple, and yet so decried by the world. Such had been the doctrine of the Church. But the schoolmen had so explained it that it was not recognizable. Undoubtedly (said they) the natural will of man can do nothing really pleasing to God; but it can do much towards rendering men meet to receive the grace of God, and more worthy to obtain it. They called these preparations a merit of congruity: "because it is congruous," said Thomas Aquinas, "that God should treat with particular favour him who makes good use of his own will." And, as regards the conversion to be effected in man, undoubtedly it must be accomplished by the grace of God, which (according to the schoolmen) should bring it about, but not to the exclusion of his natural powers." These powers (said they) were not destroyed by sin: sin only opposes an obstacle to their development; but so soon as this obstacle is removed (and it was this, in their opinion, that the grace of God had to effect) the action of these powers begins again. The bird, to use one of their favourite comparisons, that has been tied for some time, has in this state neither lost its ability nor forgotten the art of flying; but some hand must loose the bonds, in order that he may again make use of his wings. This is the case with man, said they.

Such was the question agitated between Eck and Carlstadt. At first Eck had appeared to oppose all Carlstadt's propositions on this subject; but finding his position untenable, he said: "I grant that the will has not the power of doing a good work, and that it receives this power from God"—"Do you acknowledge then," asked Carlstadt, overjoyed at obtaining so important a concession, "that every good work comes entirely from God?"—"The whole good work really proceeds from God, but not wholly," cunningly replied the scholastic doctor.—"Truly, this is a discovery not unworthy of the science of divinity," exclaimed Melancthon.—"An entire apple," continued Eck, "is produced by the sun, but not entirely and without the cooperation of the plant." Most certain it has never yet been maintained that an apple is produced solely by the sun.

Well then, said the opponents, plunging deeper into this important and delicate question of philosophy and religion, let us inquire how God acts upon man, and how man conducts himself under this action. "I acknowledge," said Eck, "that the first impulse in man's conversion proceeds from God, and that the will of man in this instance is entirely passive." Thus far the two parties were agreed. "I acknowledge,"

said Carlstadt, "that after this first impulse which proceeds from God, something must come on the part of man,— something that St. Paul denominates will, and which the fathers entitle consent." Here again they were both agreed: but from this point they diverged. "This consent of man," said Eck, "comes partly from our natural will, and partly from God's grace."—"No," said Carlstadt, "God must entirely create this will in man."—Upon this Eck manifested anger and astonishment at hearing words so fitted to make man sensible of his nothingness. "Your doctrine," exclaimed he, "converts a man into a stone, a log, incapable of any reaction! "—

"What! " replied the reformers, "the faculty of receiving this strength which God produces in him, this faculty which (according to us) man possesses, does not sufficiently distinguish him from a log or a stone?"—"But," said their antagonist, "by denying that man has any natural ability, you contradict all experience."—"We do not deny," replied they, "that man possesses a certain ability, and that he has the power of reflection, meditation, and choice. We consider this power and ability as mere instruments that can produce no good work, until the hand of God has set them in motion. They are like a saw in the hands of a sawyer."

The great doctrine of free will was here discussed; and was easy to demonstrate that the doctrine of the reformers did not deprive man of his liberty as a moral agent, and make him a mere passive machine. The liberty of a moral agent consists in his power of acting conformably to his choice. Every action performed without external constraint, and in consequence of the determination of the soul itself, is a free action. The soul is determined by motives; but we continually observe the same motives acting differently on different minds. Many men do not act in conformity with the motives of which, however, they acknowledge the full force. This inefficacy of motives proceeds from the obstacles opposed to them by the corruption of the understanding, and of the heart. But God, by giving man a new heart and a new spirit, removes these obstacles; and by removing them, far from depriving him of his liberty, He takes away, on the contrary, everything that prevented him from acting freely, from listening to the voice of his conscience, and, in the words of the Gospel, makes him free indeed. (John 8:36).

A trivial circumstance interrupted the discussion. We learn from Eck, that Carlstadt had prepared a number of arguments; and, like many public speakers of our own day, he was reading what he had written. Eck saw in this the tactics of a mere learner, and objected to it. Carlstadt, embarrassed, and fearing that he should break down if he were deprived of his papers, persisted. "Ah! " exclaimed the schoolman, proud of the advantage he thought he had obtained, "his memory is not so good as mine." The point was referred to the arbitrators, who permitted the reading

of extracts from the Fathers, but decided that in other respects the disputants should speak extempore.

This first part of the disputation was often interrupted by the noise of the spectators. They were in commotion, and frequently raised their voices. Any proposition that offended the ears of the majority immediately excited their clamours, and then, as in our own days, the galleries were often called to order. The disputants themselves were sometimes carried away by the heat of discussion.

Near Luther sat Melancthon, who attracted almost as much attention as his neighbour. He was of small stature, and appeared little more than eighteen years old. Luther, who was a head taller, seemed connected with him in the closest friendship; they came in, went out, and took their walks together. "To look at Melancthon," wrote a Swiss theologian who studied at Wittenberg, "you would say he was a mere boy; but in understanding, learning, and talent, he is a giant, and I cannot comprehend how such heights of wisdom and genius can be found in so small a body." Between the sittings, Melancthon conversed with Carlstadt and Luther. He aided them in preparing for the combat, and suggested the arguments with which his extensive learning furnished him; but during the discussion he remained quietly seated among the spectators, and carefully listened to the words of the theologians. From time to time, however, he came to the assistance of Carlstadt; and when the latter was near giving way under the powerful declamation of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, the young professor whispered a word, or slipped him a piece of paper, on which the answer was written. Eck having perceived this on one occasion, and feeling indignant that this grammarian, as he called him, should dare interfere in the discussion, turned towards him and said haughtily: "Hold your tongue, Philip; mind your studies, and do not disturb me." Perhaps Eck at that time foresaw how formidable an opponent he would afterwards find in this young man. Luther was offended at the gross insult directed against his friend. "Philip's judgment," said he, "has greater weight with me than that of a thousand Doctor Ecks."

The calm Melancthon easily detected the weak points of the discussion. "We cannot help feeling surprise," said he, with that wisdom and beauty which we find in all his words, "when we think of the violence with which these subjects were treated. How could any one expect to derive any profit from it? The Spirit of God loves retirement and silence: it is then that it penetrates deep into our hearts. The bride of Christ does not dwell in the streets and marketplaces, but leads her Spouse into the house of her mother." Each party claimed the victory. Eck strained every nerve to appear the conqueror. As the points of divergence almost touched each other, he frequently exclaimed that he had convinced his opponent; or else, like another

Proteus (said Luther), he suddenly turned round, put forth Carlstadt's opinions in other words, and asked him, with a tone of triumph, if he did not find himself compelled to yield. And the unskillful auditors, who could not detect the manoeuver of the sophist, applauded and exulted with him. In many respects they were not equally matched. Carlstadt was slow, and on some occasions did not reply to his adversary's objections until the next day. Eck, on the contrary, was a master in his science, and found whatever he required at the very instant. He entered the hall with a disdainful air; ascended the rostrum with a firm step; and there he tossed himself about, paced to and fro, spoke at the full pitch of his sonorous voice, had a reply ready for every argument, and bewildered his hearers by his memory and skill. And yet, without perceiving it, Eck conceded during the discussion much more than he had intended. His partisans laughed aloud at each of his devices; "but (said Luther) I seriously believe that their laughter was mere pretense, and that in their hearts they were annoyed at seeing their chief, who had commenced the battle with so many bravados, abandon his standard, desert his army, and become a shameless runaway."

Three or four days after the opening of the conference, the disputation was interrupted by the festival of Peter and Paul the apostles. On this occasion the Duke of Pomerania requested Luther to preach before him in his chapel. Luther cheerfully consented. But the place was soon crowded, and as the number of hearers kept increasing, the assembly was transferred to the great hall of the castle, in which the discussion was held. Luther chose his text from the Gospel of the day, and preached on the grace of God and the power of Saint Peter. What Luther ordinarily maintained before an audience composed of men of learning, he then set before the people. Christianity causes the light of truth to shine upon the humblest as well as the most elevated minds; it is this which distinguishes if from every other religion and from every system of philosophy.

The theologians of Leipsic, who had heard Luther preach, hastened to report to Eck the scandalous words with which their ears had been shocked. "You must reply," exclaimed they; "you must publicly refute these subtle errors." Eck desired nothing better. All the churches were open to him, and four times in succession he went into the pulpit to cry down Luther and his sermon. Luther's friends were indignant at this. They demanded that the Wittenberg divine should be heard in his turn. But it was all in vain. The pulpits were open to the adversaries of the evangelical doctrine; they were closed against those who proclaimed it. "I was silent," said Luther, "and was forced to suffer myself to be attacked, insulted, and calumniated, without even the power of excusing or defending myself."

It was not only the ecclesiastics who manifested their opposition to the evangelical doctors: the citizens of Leipsic were, in this respect, of the same opinion as the clergy. A blind fanaticism had rendered them the dupes of the falsehood and hatred that the priests were attempting to propagate. The principal inhabitants did not visit either Luther or Carlstadt. If they met them in the street, they did not salute them, and endeavoured to traduce their characters with the duke. But on the contrary they paid frequent visits to the Doctor of Ingolstadt, and ate and drank with him. The latter feasted with them, entertaining them with a description of the costly banquets to which he had been invited in Germany and Italy, sneering at Luther who had imprudently rushed upon his invincible sword, slowly quaffing the beer of Saxony the better to compare it with that of Bavaria, and casting amorous glances (he boasts of it himself) on the frail fair ones of Leipsic. His manners, which were rather free, did not give a favourable idea of his morals. They were satisfied with offering Luther the wine usually presented to the disputants. Those who were favourable disposed towards him, concealed their feelings from the public; many, like Nicodemus of old, visited him stealthily and by night. Two men alone honourably distinguished themselves by publicly declaring their friendship for him. They were Doctor Auerbach, whom we have already seen at Augsburg, and Doctor Pistor the younger.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the city. The two parties were like two hostile camps, and they sometimes came to blows. Frequent quarrels took place in the taverns between the students of Leipsic and those of Wittenberg. It was generally reported, even in the meeting of the clergy, that Luther carried a devil about with him shut up in a little box. "I don't know whether the devil is in the box or merely under his frock," said Eck insidiously; "but he is certainly in one or the other."

Several doctors of the two parties had lodgings during the disputation in the house of the printer Herbipolis. They became so outrageous, that their host was compelled to station a policeofficer, armed with a halberd, at the head of the table, with orders to prevent the guests from coming to blows. One day Baumgartner, an indulgencemerchant, quarrelled with a gentleman, a friend of Luther's, and gave way to such a violent fit of anger that he expired. "I was one of those who carried him to his grave," said Froschel, who relates the circumstance. In this manner did the general ferment in men's minds display itself. Then, as in our own times, the speeches in the pulpits found an echo in the drawingroom and in the streets.

Duke George, although strongly biassed in Eck's favour, did not display so much passion as his subjects. He invited Eck, Luther, and Carlstadt to meet each other at his table. He even begged Luther to come and see him in private; but it was not long before he displayed all the prejudices with which he had been inspired against the

reformer. “By your work on the Lord’s Prayer,” said the duke with displeasure, “you have misled the consciences of many. There are some people who complain that they have not been able to repeat a single paternoster for four days together.”

CHAPTER 5

The Hierarchy and Rationalism—The Two Peasants' Sons—Eck and Luther begin—The head of the Church—Primacy of Rome—Equality of Bishops—Peter the Foundationstone—Christ the Cornerstone—Eck insinuates that Luther is a Hussite—Luther on the Doctrine of Huss—Agitation among the Hearers—The Word alone—The Courtfool—Luther at Mass—Saying of the Duke—Purgatory—Close of the Discussion

On the 4th of July the discussion between Eck and Luther commenced. Everything seemed to promise that it would be more vio lent, more decisive, and more interesting than that which had just concluded, and which had gradually thinned the hall. The two combatants entered the arena resolved not to lay down their arms until victory declared its favour of one or the other. The general expectation was aroused, for the papal primacy was to be the subject of discussion. Christianity has two great adversaries: hierarchism and rationalism. Rationalism, in its application to the doctrine of man's ability, had been attacked by the reformers in the previous part of the Leipsic disputation. Hierarchism, considered in what is at once its summit and its base,—the doctrine of papal authority,—was to be contested in the second. On the one side appeared Eck, the champion of the established religion, vaunting of the discussion he had maintained, as a general boasts of his campaigns.

On the other side advanced Luther, who seemed destined to reap persecution and ignominy from this struggle, but who still presented himself with a good conscience, a firm resolution to sacrifice everything in the cause of truth, and an assurance grounded in faith in God, and in the deliverance He grants to all who trust in Him. New convictions had sunk deep into his soul; they were not as yet arranged into a system; but in the heat of the combat they flashed forth like lightning. Serious and daring, he showed a resolution that made light of every obstacle. On his features might be seen the traces of the storms his soul had encountered, and the courage with which he was prepared to meet fresh tempests. These combatants, both sons of peasants, and the representatives of the two tendencies that still divide Christendom, were about to enter upon a contest on which depended, in great measure the future prospects of the State and of the Church.

At seven in the morning the two disputants were in their pulpits, surrounded by a numerous and attentive assembly.

Luther stood up, and with a necessary precaution, he said modestly:—

"In the name of the Lord, Amen! I declare that the respect I bear to the sovereign pontiff would have prevented my entering upon this discussion, if the excellent Dr. Eck had not dragged me into it."

Eck.—"In thy name, gentle Jesus! before descending into the lists, I protest before you, most noble lords, that all that I may say is in submission to the judgment of the first of all sees, and of him who is its possessor."

After a brief silence, Eck continued:

"There is in the Church of God a primacy that cometh from Christ himself. The Church militant was formed in the image of the Church triumphant. Now, the latter is a monarchy in which the hierarchy ascends step by step up to God, its sole chief. For this reason Christ has established a similar order upon earth. What a monster the Church would be if it were without a head! "

Luther, turning towards the assembly.—"When Dr. Eck declares that the universal Church must have a head, he says well. If there is any one among us who maintains the contrary, let him stand up! As for me, it is no concern of mine."

Eck.—"If the Church militant has never been without a head, I should like to know who it can be, if not the Roman pontiff?"

Luther.—"The head of the Church militant is Christ himself, and not a man. I believe this on the testimony of God's Word. He must reign, says Scripture, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. Let us not listen to those who banish Christ to the Church triumphant in heaven. His kingdom is a kingdom of faith. We cannot see our Head, and yet we have one."

Eck, who did not consider himself beaten, had recourse to other arguments, and resumed:

"It is from Rome, according to Saint Cyprian, that sacerdotal unity has proceeded."

Luther.—"For the Western Church, I grant it. But is not this same Roman Church the offspring of that of Jerusalem? It is the latter, properly speaking, that is the nursingmother of all the churches."

Eck.—Saint Jerome declares that if an extraordinary power, superior to all others, were not given to the pope, there would be in the churches as many sects as there were pontiffs."

Luther.—"Given: that is to say, if all the rest of believers consent to it, this power might be conceded to the chief pontiff by human right. And I will not deny, that if all the believers in the world agree in recognizing as first and supreme pontiff either the Bishop of Rome, or of Paris, or of Magdeburg, we should acknowledge him as such from the respect due to this general agreement of the Church; but that has never been seen yet, and never will be seen. Even in our own days, does not the Greek Church refuse its assent to Rome?"

Luther was at that time prepared to acknowledge the pope as chief magistrate of the Church, freely elected by it; but he denied that he was pope of Divine right. It was not till much later that he denied that submission was in any way due to him: and this step he was led to take by the Leipsic disputation. But Eck had ventured on ground better known to Luther than to himself. The latter could not, indeed, maintain his thesis that the papacy had existed during the preceding four centuries only. Eck quoted authorities of an earlier date, to which Luther could not reply. Criticism had not yet attacked the False Decretals. But the nearer the discussion approached the primitive ages of the Church, the greater was Luther's strength. Eck appealed to the Fathers; Luther replied to him from the Fathers, and all the bystanders were struck with his superiority over his rival.

"That the opinions I set forth are those of Saint Jerome," said he, "I prove by the epistle of St. Jerome himself to Evagrius: 'Every bishop,' says he, 'whether at Rome, Eugublum, Constantinople, Rhegium, Tanis, or Alexandria, is partaker of the same merit and of the same priesthood. The power of riches, the humiliation of poverty, are the only things that make a difference in the rank of the bishops.'"

From the writings of the Fathers, Luther passed to the decisions of the councils, which consider the Bishop of Rome as only the first among his peers.

"We read," said he, "in the decree of the Council of Africa, 'The bishop of the first see shall neither be called prince of the pontiffs, nor sovereign pontiff, nor by any other name of that kind; but only bishop of the first see.' If the monarchy of the Bishop of Rome was of Divine right," continued Luther, "would not this be an heretical injunction?"

Eck replied by one of those subtle distinctions that were so familiar to him:—

"The bishop of Rome, if you will have it so, is not universal bishop, but bishop of the universal Church."

Luther.—"shall make no reply to this: let our hearers form their own opinion of it."—"Certainly," added he directly, "this is an explanation very worthy of a theologian, and calculated to satisfy a disputant who thirsts for glory. It is not for nothing, is seems, that I have remained at great expense at Leipsic, since I have learnt that the pope is not, in truth, the universal bishop, but the bishop of the universal Church! "

Eck.—"Well then, I will come to the point. The worthy doctor calls upon me to prove that the primacy of the Church of Rome is of Divine right. I will prove it by this expression of Christ: Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my Church. Saint Augustine, in one of his epistles, has thus explained the meaning of this passage 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock (that is to say, on Peter) I will build my Church.' It is true that in another place the same father has explained that by this rock we should understand Christ himself, but he has not retracted his former exposition."

Luther.—"If the reverend doctor desires to attack me, let him first reconcile these contradictions in Saint Augustine. For it is most certain that Augustine has said many times that the rock was Christ, and perhaps not more than once that it was Peter himself. But even should Saint Augustine and all the Fathers say that the Apostle is the rock of which Christ speaks, I would resist them, singlehanded, in reliance upon the Holy Scriptures, that is, on Divine right; for it is written: Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Peter himself terms Christ the chief cornerstone, and a living stone on which we are built up a spiritual house."

Eck.—"I am surprised at the humility and modesty with which the reverend doctor undertakes to oppose, alone, so many illustrious Fathers, and pretends to know more than the sovereign pontiffs, the councils, the doctors, and the universities! It would be surprising, no doubt, if God had hidden the truth from so many saints and martyrs—until the advent of the reverend father! "

Luther.—"The Fathers are not against me. Saint Augustine and Saint Ambrose, both most excellent doctors, teach as I teach. Super isto articulo fidei, fundata est Ecclesia, says Saint Ambrose, when explaining what is meant by the rock on which the Church is built. Let my opponent then set a curb upon his tongue. To express

himself as he does, will only serve to excite contention, and not be to discuss like a true doctor."

Eck had no idea that his opponent's learning was so extensive, and that he would be able to extricate himself from the toils that were drawn around him. "The reverend doctor," said he, "has come well armed into the lists. I beg your lordships to excuse me, if I do not exhibit such accuracy of research. I came here to discuss, and not to make a book."—Eck was surprised but not beaten. As he had no more arguments to adduce, he had a recourse to a wretched and spiteful trick, which, if it did not vanquish his antagonist, must at least embarrass him greatly. If the accusation of being Bohemian, a heretic, a Hussite, can be fixed upon Luther, he is vanquished; for the Bohemians were objects of abhorrence in the Church.

The scene of combat was not far from the frontiers of Bohemia; Saxony, after the sentence pronounced on John Huss by the Council of Constance, had been exposed to all the horrors of a long and ruinous war; it was ts boast to have resisted the Hussites at that time; the university of Leipsic had been founded in opposition to the tendencies of John Huss; and this discussion was going on in the presence of princes, nobles, and citizens, whose fathers had fallen in that celebrated contest. To insinuate that Luther and Huss are of one mind, will be to inflict a most terrible blow on the former. It is to this stratagem that the Ingolstadt doctor now has recourse: "From the earliest times, all good Christians have acknowledged that the Church of Rome derives its primacy direct from Christ himself, and not from human right. I must confess, however, that the Bohemians, while they obstinately defended their errors, attacked this doctrine. I beg the worthy father's pardon, if I am an enemy of the Bohemians, because they are enemies of the Church, and if the present discussion has called these heretics to my recollection; for, in my humble opinion, the doctor's conclusions are in every way favourable to these errors. It is even asserted that the Hussites are loudly boasting of it."

Eck had calculated well: his partisans received this perfidious insinuation with the greatest favour. There was a movement of joy among the audience. "These insults," said the reformer afterwards, "tickled them much more agreeably than the discussion itself."

Luther.—"I do not like and I never shall like a schism. Since on their own authority the Bohemians have separated from our unity, they have done wrong, even if the Divine right had pronounced in favour of their doctrines; for the supreme Divine right is charity and oneness of mind."

It was during the morning sitting of the 5th July that Luther had made use of this language. The meeting broke up shortly after, as it was the hour of dinner. Luther felt ill at ease. Had he not gone too far in thus condemning the Christians of Bohemia? Did they not hold the doctrines that Luther is now maintaining? He saw all the difficulties of his position. Shall he rise up against a council that condemned John Huss, or shall he deny that sublime idea of a universal Christian Church which had taken full possession of his mind? The unshaken Luther did not hesitate. He will do his duty, whatever may be the consequences. Accordingly when the assembly met again at two in the afternoon, he was the first to speak. He said with firmness:

"Among the articles of faith held by John Huss and the Bohemians, there are some that are most christian. This is a positive certainty. Here, for instance, is one: 'That there is but one universal Church;' and here is another: 'It is not necessary for salvation to believe the Roman Church superior to all others.' It is of little consequence to me whether these things were said by Wickliffe or by Huss they are truth."

Luther's declaration produced a great sensation among his hearers. Huss—Wickliffe—those odious names, pronounced with approbation by a monk in the midst of a catholic assembly! An almost general murmur ran round the hall. Duke George himself felt alarmed. He fancied he saw that banner of civil war upraised in Saxony which had for so many years desolated the states of his maternal ancestors. Unable to suppress his emotion, he placed his hands on his hips, shook his head, and exclaimed aloud, so that all the assembly heard him, "He is carried away by rage! " The whole meeting was agitated: they rose up, each man speaking to his neighbour. Those who had given way to drowsiness awoke. Luther's friends were in great perplexity; while his enemies exulted. Many who had thus far listened to him with pleasure began to entertain doubts of his orthodoxy. The impression produced on Duke George's mind by these words was never effaced; from this moment he looked upon the reformer with an evil eye, and became his enemy.

Luther did not suffer himself to be intimidated by these murmurs. One of his principal arguments was, that the Greeks had never recognised the pope, and yet they had never been declared heretics; that the Greek Church had existed, still existed, and would exist, without the pope, and that it as much belonged to Christ as the Church of Rome did. Eck, on the contrary, impudently maintained that the Christian and the Roman Church were one and the same; that the Greeks and Orientals, in abandoning the pope, had also abandoned the christian faith, and were indisputably heretics. "What! " exclaimed Luther, "are not Gregory of Naziangum, Basil the Great, Epiphanius, Chrysostom, and an immense number besides of Greek

bishops—are they not saved? and yet they did not believe that the Church of Rome was above the other Churches! It is not in the power of the Roman pontiffs to make new articles of faith. The christian believer acknowledges no other authority than Holy Scripture. This alone is the right Divine. I beg the worthy doctor to concede that the Roman pontiffs were men, and that he will not make them gods."

Eck then resorted to one of those jests which give a specious air of triumph to him who employs them.

"The revered father is a very poor cook," said he; "he has made a terrible hodgepodge of Greek saints and heretics; so that the odour of sanctity in the one prevents us from smelling the poison of the others."

Luther, interrupting Eck with warmth.—"The worthy doctor is becoming abusive. In my opinion, there can be no communion between Christ and Belial."

Luther had made a great stride in advance. In 1516 and 1517, he had only attacked the sermons of the indulgence hawkers and the scholastic doctrines, but had respected the papal decrees. Somewhat later he had rejected these decrees, and had appealed to a council. Now he had thrown off even this latter authority, declaring that no council could lay down a new article of faith, and claim to be infallible. Thus had all human authorities fallen successively before; the sands that the rain and the torrents carry with them had disappeared; and for rebuilding the ruined house of the Lord nothing remained but the everlasting rock of the Word of God. "Reverend father," said Eck, "if you believe that a council, regularly assembled, can err, you are in my eyes nothing better than a heathen and a publican! "

Such were the discussions that occupied the two doctors. The assembly listened with earnestness; but their attention sometimes flagged, and the bystanders were delighted when any incident occurred to amuse and excite them. It often happens that the most serious matters are mixed up with others the most ridiculous. This was the case at Leipsic.

Duke George, according to the custom of the times, had a courtfool. Some wags said to him: "Luther maintains that a courtfool may marry, while Eck says that he cannot." Upon this, the fool took a great dislike to Eck, and every time he entered the hall in the duke's train, he looked at the theologian with a threatening air. The Chancellor of Ingolstadt, who was not above indulging in buffoonery, closed one eye (the fool was blind of an eye) and with the other began to squint at the little gentleman, who, losing his temper, overwhelmed the doctor with abuse. The whole

assembly (says Peifer) burst into laughter, and this interlude somewhat diminished the extreme tension of their minds.

At the same time scenes were enacting in the city and in the churches, that showed the horror inspired in the Romish partisans by Luther's bold assertions. It was from the convents attached to the pope's interest that the loudest clamours proceeded. One Sunday, the Wittenberg doctor entered the Dominican church before high mass. There were present only a few monks repeating low mass at the smaller altars. As soon as it was known in the cloister that the heretic Luther was in the church, the monks ran in hastily, snatched up the remonstrance, and carrying it to the tabernacle, there shut it up carefully, watching over it lest the host should be profaned by the heretical eyes of the Wittenberg Augustine. At the same time those who were reading mass hurriedly caught up the various ornaments employed in the service, deserted the altar, fled across the church, and took refuge in the vestry, as if, says an historian, Satan had been at their heels.

The subject of the discussion furnished matter for conversation in every place. In the inns, the university, and the court, each man expressed his opinion. However great might have been Duke George's exasperation, he did not obstinately refuse to be convinced. One day, as Eck and Luther were dining with him, he interrupted their conversation by saying: "Whether the pope be pope by human or by Divine right, nevertheless, he is pope." Luther was much pleased at these words. "The prince," said he, "would never have made use of them, had he not been struck by my arguments."

The discussion on the papal primacy had lasted five days. On the 8th of July, they proceeded to the doctrine of Purgatory. This spread over a little more than two days. Luther still admitted this doctrine; but denied that it was taught in Scripture or in the Fathers in the manner that his opponent and the schoolmen pretended. "Our Doctor Eck," said he, alluding to the superficial character of his adversary's mind, "has this day skimmed over Scripture almost without touching it—as a spider runs upon water."

On the 11th of July they came to Indulgences. "It was a mere joke," said Luther; "the dispute was ridiculous. The indulgences fell outright, and Eck was nearly of my opinion." Eck himself said: "If I had not disputed with Doctor Martin on the papal supremacy, I should almost have agreed with him."

The discussion next turned on Repentance, Absolution of the Priest, and Satisfactions. Eck, according to his usual practice, quoted the scholastic doctors, the Dominicans, and the pope's canons. Luther closed the disputation with these words:

"The reverend doctor flees from the Scriptures, as the devil from before the cross. As for me, with all due respect to the Fathers, I prefer the authority of Holy Writ, and this test I would recommend to our judges."

Here ended the dispute between Eck and Luther. Carlstadt and the Ingolstadt doctor kept up the discussion two days longer on human merits in good works. On the 16th of July the business was concluded, after having lasted twenty days, by a speech from the rector of the university. As soon as he had finished, loud music was heard, and the solemnity was concluded by singing the Te Deum.

But during the chanting of this solemn thanksgiving, men's minds were no longer as they had been during the Veni Spiritus at the opening of the discussion. Already the presentiments of many had been realized. The blows that the champions of the two doctrines had aimed at each other had inflicted a deep wound upon the papacy.

CHAPTER 6

Interest felt by the Laity—Luther's Opinion—Confession and Boasts of Doctor Eck—Effects of the Disputation—Poliander—Cellarius—The Young Prince of Anhalt—The Students of Leipsic—Cruciger—Melancthon's Call—Luther's Emancipation

These theological disputes, to which the men of the world would now be unwilling to consecrate a few brief moments, had been followed and listened to for twenty successive days with great attention; laymen, knights, and princes had manifested a constant interest. Duke Barnim of Pomerania and Duke George were remarkably regular in their attendance. But, on the contrary, some of the Leipsic theologians, friends of Doctor Eck, slept soundly, as an eyewitness informs us. It was necessary to wake them up at the close of the disputation, for fear they should lose their dinners.

Luther quitted Leipsic first; Carlstadt followed him; but Eck remained several days after their departure.

No decision had been come to on the discussion. Everyone commented on it according to his own feelings. "At Leipsic," said Luther, "there was great loss of time, but no seeking after truth. We have been examining the doctrines of our adversaries these two years past, so that we have counted all their bones. Eck, on the contrary, has hardly grazed the surface; but he made more noise in one hour than we have in two long years."

In his private letters to his friends, Eck confessed his defeat on certain points; but he had abundant reasons to account for it. "The Wittenbergers," wrote he to Hochstraten on the 24th July, "conquered me on several points: first, because they brought their books with them; secondly, because some of their friends took notes of the discussion, which they examined at their leisure; thirdly because they were many; two doctors (Carlstadt and Luther), Lange, vicar of the Augustines; two licentiates, Amsdorff, and a very presumptuous nephew of Reuchlin (Melancthon); three doctors of law, and several masters of arts, all of whom aided in the discussion, either in public or in private. But as for me, I appeared alone, the justice of my cause being my sole companion." Eck forgot Emser, and the bishop and doctors of Leipsic.

If such avowals escaped from Eck in his familiar correspondence, his behavior in public was very different. The doctor of Ingolstadt and the Leipsic divines loudly vaunted of what they called their victory. They circulated false reports in every direction. All the mouthpieces of their party repeated their selfcongratulations. "Eck

is triumphing everywhere," wrote Luther. But in the camp of Rome each man disputed his share of the laurels. "If we had not come to Eck's support," said the men of Leipsic, "the illustrious doctor would have been overthrown."—"The Leipsic divines are very good sort of people," said the Ingolstadt doctor, "but I expected too much of them. I did everything singlehanded."—"You see," said Luther to Spalatin, "that they are singing a new Iliad and a new Aeneid. They are so kind as to make a Hector or a Turnus of me, while Eck, in their eyes, is Achilles or Aeneas. They have but one doubt remaining, whether the victory was gained by the arms of Eck or by those of Leipsic. All that I can say to clear up the subject is this, Doctor Eck never ceased bawling, and the Leipsic divines did nothing but hold their tongues."

"Eck is conqueror in the eyes of those who do not understand the matter, and who have grown gray under the old schoolmen," said the elegant, witty, and wise Mosellanus; "but Luther and Carlstadt are victorious in the opinion of those who possess any learning, understanding, and modesty."

The Leipsic disputation was not destined, however, to evaporate in smoke. Every work performed with devotion bears fruit. Luther's words had sunk with irresistible power into the minds of his hearers.

Many of those who daily thronged the hall of the castle were subdued by the truth. It was especially in the midst of its most determined adversaries that its victories were gained. Doctor Eck's secretary, familiar friend, and disciple, Poliander, was won to the Reformation; and in the year 1522, he publicly preached the Gospel at Leipsic. John Cellarius, professor of Hebrew, a man violently opposed to the reformed doctrines, was touched by the words of the eloquent doctor, and began to search the Scriptures more deeply. Erelong he gave up his station, and went to Wittenberg to study humbly at Luther's feet. Some time after he was pastor at Frankfort and at Dresden.

Among those who had taken their seats on the benches reserved for the court, and who surrounded Duke George, was a young prince, twelve years old, descended from a family celebrated for their combats against the Saracens—it was George of Anhalt. He was then studying at Leipsic under a private tutor. An eager desire for learning and an ardent thirst for truth already distinguished this illustrious youth. He was frequently heard repeating these words of Solomon: Lying lips become not a prince. The discussion at Leipsic awakened serious reflections in this boy, and excited a decided partiality for Luther. Some time after, he was offered a bishopric. His brothers and all his relations entreated him to accept it, wishing to push him to the highest dignities in the Church.

But he was determined in his refusal. On the death of his pious mother, who was secretly well disposed towards Luther, he became possessed of all the reformer's writings. He offered up constant and fervent prayers to God, beseeching Him to turn his heart to the truth, and often in the solitude of his closet, he exclaimed with tears: Deal with thy servant according to thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes. His prayers were heard. Convinced and carried away, he fearlessly ranged himself on the side of the Gospel. In vain did his guardians, and particularly Duke George, besiege him with entreaties and remonstrances. He was inflexible, and George exclaimed, half convinced by the reasoning of his ward: "I cannot answer him; but I will still remain in my own Church, for it is a hard matter to break in an old dog." We shall meet again with this amiable prince, one of the noblest characters of the Reformation, who preached in person to his subjects the words of everlasting life, and to whom has been applied the saying of Dion on the Emperor Marcus Antoninus: "He was consistent during the whole of his life; he was a good man, one in whom there was no guile."

But it was the students in particular who received Luther's words with enthusiasm. They felt the difference between the spirit and energy of the Wittenberg doctor, and the sophistical distinctions, the empty speculations of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt. They saw that Luther relied upon the Word of God, and that Eck's opinions were grounded on human tradition. The effect was instantaneous. The lecturerooms of the university of Leipsic were speedily deserted after the disputation. One circumstance, indeed, contributed to this result: the plague seemed on the point of breaking out in that city. But there were other universities (Erfurth, Ingolstadt, &c.) to which the students might have gone. The power of truth drew them to Wittenberg, where the number of students was soon doubled.

Among those who removed from the one university to the other, was observed a youth of sixteen years, of melancholy disposition, speaking seldom, and who, in the midst of the conversations and sports of his fellowstudents, often appeared absorbed in his own reflections. His parents had at first thought him of weak intellect; but soon found him so quick in learning, and so constantly occupied with his studies, that they formed the greatest expectations of him. His uprightness and candour, his modesty and piety, won him the affection of all, and Mosellanus pointed him out as a model to the whole university. His name was Gaspard Cruciger, a native of Leipsic. The new student of Wittenberg was afterwards the friend of Melancthon, and Luther's assistant in the translation of the Bible.

The Leipsic disputation bore still greater fruits. Here it was that the theologian of the Reformation received his call. Melancthon sat modest and silent listening to the discussion, in which he took very little part. Till that time literature had been his

sole occupation. The conference gave him a new impulse, and launched the eloquent professor into the career of divinity. From that hour his extensive learning bowed before the Word of God. He received the evangelical truth with the simplicity of a child; explained the doctrine of salvation with a grace and perspicuity that charmed all his hearers; and trod boldly in that path so new to him, for, said he, "Christ will never abandon his followers." Henceforward the two friends walked together, contending for liberty and truth,—the one with the energy of St. Paul, the other with the meekness of St. John. Luther has admirably expressed the difference of their callings. "I was born," said he, "to contend on the field of battle with factions and with wicked spirits. This is why my works abound with war and tempests. It is my task to uproot the stock and the stem, to clear away the briars and underwood, to fill up the pools and the marshes. I am the rough woodman who has to prepare the way and smooth the road. But Philip advances quietly and softly; he tills and plants the ground; sows and waters it joyfully, according to the gifts that God has given him with so liberal a hand."

If Melancthon, the tranquil sower, was called to the work by the disputation of Leipsic, Luther, the hardy woodman, felt his arm strengthened by it, and his courage reinvigourated. The greatest effect of this discussion was that wrought in Luther himself. "The scales of scholastic theology," said he, "fell then entirely from before my eyes, under the triumphant presidence of Doctor Eck." The veil which the School and the Church had conjointly drawn before the sanctuary was rent for the reformer from top to bottom. Driven to new inquiries, he arrived at unexpected discoveries. With as much indignation as astonishment, he saw the evil in all its magnitude. Searching into the annals of the Church, he discovered that the supremacy of Rome had no other origin than ambition on the one hand, and ignorant credulity on the other. The narrow point of view under which he had hitherto looked upon the Church was succeeded by a deeper and more extended range. He recognised in the Christians of Greece and of the East true members of the Catholic Church; and instead of a visible chief, seated on the banks of the Tiber, he adored, as sole chief of the people of God, an invisible and eternal Redeemer, who, according to his promise, is daily in the midst of every nation upon earth, with all who believe in His name.

The Latin Church was no longer in Luther's estimation the universal Church; he saw the narrow barriers of Rome fall down, and exulted in discovering beyond them the glorious dominions of Christ. From that time he comprehended how a man might be a member of Christ's Church, without belonging to the pope's. But, above all, the writings of Huss produced a deep impression upon him. He there found, to his great surprise, the doctrine of St. Paul and of St. Augustine,—that doctrine at which he himself had arrived after so many struggles. "I believed and I taught all the doctrines

of John Huss without being aware of it: and so did Staupitz. In short, although unconscious of it, we are all Hussites. Paul and Augustine were so themselves. I am confounded, and know not what to think.—Oh! how terribly have men deserved the judgments of God, seeing that the Gospel truth, which has been unveiled and published this century past, has been condemned, burnt, and stifled Wo, wo to the world! "

Luther separated from the papacy, and then felt towards it a decided aversion and holy indignation; and all the witnesses that in every age had risen up against Rome came in turns before him and testified against her, each revealing some abuse or error. "Oh! what thick darkness! " exclaimed he.

He was not allowed to be silent on this sad discovery. The insolence of his adversaries, their pretended triumph, and the efforts they made to extinguish the light, decided his soul. He advanced along the path in which God conducted him, without anxiety as to the goal to which it would lead him. Luther has pointed to this moment as that of his emancipation from the papal yoke. "Learn from me," said he, "how difficult a thing is to throw off errors confirmed by the example of all the world, and which, through long habit, have become a second nature to us. I had then been seven years reading and publicly explaining the Holy Scriptures with great zeal, so that I knew them almost by heart. I had also all the firstfruits of knowledge and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; that is to say, I knew that we are justified and saved not by our works, but by faith in Christ; and I even maintained openly that the pope is not the head of the Christian Church by Divine right. And yet I could not see the consequences that flowed from this; namely, that the pope is necessarily and certainly of the devil. For what is not of God must needs be of the devil." Luther adds further on: "I no longer permit myself to be indignant against those who are still attached to the pope, since I, who had for so many years studied the Holy Scriptures so attentively, still clung with so much obstinacy to popery."

Such were the real results of the Leipsic disputation,—results of more importance than the disputation itself. It was like those first successes which discipline an army and excite its courage.

CHAPTER 7

Eck attacks Melancthon—Melancthon's Defense—Interpretation of Holy Scripture—Luther's Firmness—The Bohemian Brothers—Emser—Staupitz

Eck gave way to all the intoxication of what he wished to represent as a victory. He inveighed against Luther; heaped charge upon charge against him; wrote to Frederick; and desired, like a skilful general, to take advantage of the confusion that always follows a battle, to obtain important concessions from that prince. While wait

ing for the measures that were to be taken against his adversary's person, he called down fire upon his writings, even on those he had not read. He begged the elector to summon a provincial council: "Let us exterminate these vermin," said the coarse doctor, "before they multiply beyond all bounds."

It was not upon Luther alone that he vented his anger. His imprudence called Melancthon into the lists. The latter, connected by tender ties of friendship with the excellent Oecolampadius, wrote him an account of the disputation, speaking of Dr. Eck in terms of commendation. Nevertheless, the pride of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt was wounded. He immediately took up the pen against "that grammarian of Wittenberg, who was not ignorant, indeed, of Latin and Greek, but who had dared to publish a letter in which he had insulted him Dr. Eck."

Melancthon replied, and this was his first theological writing. It is characterized by all that exquisite urbanity which distinguished this excellent man. Laying down the fundamental principles of hermeneutics, he showed that we ought not to interpret Scripture by the Fathers but the Fathers by Scripture. "How often has not Jerome been mistaken! " said he; "how frequently Augustine! how frequently Ambrose! how often their opinions are different! and how often they retract their errors! There is but one Scripture, inspired by the Holy Ghost, and pure and true in all things.

"Luther does not follow certain ambiguous explanations of the ancients, say they; and why should he? When he explains the passage of Saint Matthew: Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, he says the same thing as Origen, who alone is a host; as Augustine in his homily; and as Ambrose in his sixth book upon Saint Luke; I will mention no others.—What then, will you say the Fathers contradict one another?—And is there anythingastonishing in that? I believe in the Fathers, because I believe in Scripture. The meaning of Scripture is one and simple, like heavenly truth itself. It is obtained by comparing scripture with scripture: it is deduced from the thread and connection of the discourse. There is a philosophy that

is enjoined us as regards the Divine Scriptures: and that is, to bring all human opinions and maxims to it, as to a touchstone by which to try them."

For a very long period such powerful truths had not been set forth with so much elegance. The Word of God was restored to its place, and the Fathers to theirs. The simple method by which we may arrive at the real meaning of Scripture was firmly laid down. The Word floated above all the difficulties and all the explanations of the School. Melancthon furnished the means of replying to all those who, like Dr. Eck, should perplex this subject, even to the most distant ages. The feeble grammarian had risen up; and the broad and sturdy shoulders of the scholastic gladiator had bent under the first movement of his arm.

The weaker Eck was, the louder he clamoured. By his boastings and his accusations, he hoped to secure the victory that he had lost in his discussions. The monks and all the partisans of Rome reechoed his clamours. From every part of Germany, reproaches were poured upon Luther; but he remained unaffected by them. "The more I find my name covered with opprobrium, the more do I glory in it," said he at the conclusion of the explanations he published on the Leipsic propositions. "The truth, that is to say Christ, must needs increase, and I must decrease. The voice of the Bride and the Bridegroom causes me a joy that far surpasses the terrors inspired by their clamours. Men are not the authors of my sufferings, and I entertain no hatred towards them. It is Satan, the prince of wickedness, who desires to terrify me. But He who is within us is mightier than he that is in the world. The judgment of our contemporaries is bad, that of posterity will be better."

If the Leipsic disputation augmented Luther's enemies in Germany, it also increased the number of his friends in foreign countries. "What Huss was in Bohemia in other days, you now are in Saxony, dear Martin," wrote the Bohemian brethren to him; "for this reason, pray and be strong in the Lord! "

About this time the war broke out between Luther and Emser, then professor at Leipsic. The latter wrote to Dr. Zack, a zealous Romancatholic of Prague, a letter in which his design appeared to be to deprive the Hussites of their notion that Luther belonged to their party. Luther could not doubt that by seeming to justify him, the learned Leipsicker was endeavouring to fix upon him the suspicion of adhering to the Bohemian heresy, and he accordingly resolved to tear aside the veil under which his former host of Dresden desired to conceal his hostility. With this intent he published a letter, addressed "To Emser the Goat" (his adversary's crest was a goat), and concluded by these words, so clearly depicting his character: "My maxim is,—to love all men, but to fear none."

While new friends and enemies thus sprung up around Luther, his old friends seemed to be deserting him. Staupitz, who had brought the reformer from the obscurity of his cloister at Erfurth, began to evince some coolness towards him. Luther had soared too high for Staupitz, who could not follow him. "You abandon me," wrote Luther to him. "All day long I have been very sad on your account, as a weaned child cries after its mother. I dreamt of you last night (continues the reformer): you were leaving me, while I groaned and shed bitter tears. But you stretched out your hand, bade me be calm, and promised to return to me again."

The pacificator Miltitz was desirous of making a fresh attempt to calm the agitation of men's minds. But what hold could he have over men still agitated by the emotions the struggle had excited? His endeavours proved unavailing. He was the bearer of the famous Golden Rose presented to the elector, but the latter did not condescend to receive it in person. Frederick knew the artifices of Rome, and all hope of deceiving him was relinquished.

CHAPTER 8

The Epistle to the Galatians—Christ for us—Blindness of Luther's Opponents—Earliest Ideas on the Lord's Supper—Is the Sacrament without Faith sufficient?—Luther a Bohemian—Eck attacked—Eck goes to Rome

Luther, far from retreating, advanced daily. It was at this time that he aimed one of his most violent blows against error in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians. The second Commentary is undoubtedly superior to the first; but in the first he expounded with great power the doctrine of justification by faith. Each expression of the new apostle was full of life, and God made use of him to inculcate a knowledge of Himself in the hearts of the people. "Christ gave this inestimable treasure—for our sins. Where now are those who vaunt of the power of our will?—where are the power and the strength of the law? Since our sins were so great that nothing could take them away except a ransom so immeasurable, shall we still claim to obtain righteousness by the strength of our own will, by the power of the law, or by the teaching of men? What shall we do with all these artifices, with all these delusions? Alas! we shall make hypocrites of ourselves, whom nothing in the world can save."

But while Luther was thus laying down the doctrine that there is no salvation for men out of Christ, he also showed that this salvation transforms man, and makes him abound in good works. "He who has truly heard the Word of Christ (said the Reformer), and who keeps it, is immediately clothed with the spirit of charity. If you love the man who has made you a present of twenty florins, or done you any important service, or in any other manner testified his affection, how much more ought you to love Him who has given you not gold or silver, but himself, who has even received so many wounds for your sake, who for you has sweated drops of blood, and who died for you; in a word, who, by paying for all your sins, has swallowed up death, and obtained for you in heaven a Father full of love! If you love Him not, you have not heard with your heart the things that He has done; you have not believed them, for faith worketh by love."—"This Epistle is my epistle," said Luther, speaking of the Epistle to the Galatians: "I am wedded to it."

His adversaries compelled him to advance more quickly than he would have done without them. At this period Eck incited the Franciscans of Juterbock to attack him again. Luther, in his reply, not content with repeating what he had already taught, attacked errors that he had newly discovered. "I should like to know," said he, "in what part of Scripture the power of canonizing the saints has been given to the popes; and also what necessity, what utility there is in canonizing them For that matter," added he sarcastically, "let them canonise as much as they like! "

Luther's new attacks remained unanswered. The blindness of his enemies was as favourable to him as his own courage. They passionately defended secondary matters, and when Luther laid his hand on the foundations of the Roman doctrine, they saw them shaken without uttering a wont. They busied themselves in defending the outworks, while their intrepid adversary was advancing into the body of the place, and there boldly planting the standard of truth. Accordingly, they were afterwards astonished when they beheld the fortress they were defending undermined and on fire, and crumbling into ruins in the midst of the flames, while they were flattering themselves that it was impregnable, and were still braving those who led the assault. Thus are all great catastrophes effected.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was now beginning to occupy Luther's thoughts. He looked in vain for this holy supper in the Mass. One day, shortly after his return from Leipsic, he went into the pulpit. Let us listen to his words, for they are the first he uttered on a subject that has since rent the Church of the Reformation into two parties. He said: "In the holy sacrament of the altar there are three things we must observe: the sign, which should be outward, visible, and in a bodily shape; the thing signified, which is inward, spiritual, and in the mind of man; and faith, which makes use of both." If definitions had been carried no farther, unity would not have been destroyed.

Luther continued: "It would be a good thing if the Church, by a general council, should order both kinds to be given to the believer; not however that one kind is not sufficient, for faith alone would suffice." This bold language pleased his hearers. A few of them were however alarmed and irritated. "It is false and scandalous," said they.

The preacher continued: "There is no closer, deeper, or more indivisible union than that which takes place between the food and the body which the food nourishes. Christ is so united to us in the sacrament, that he acts as if he were ourselves. Our sins assail him; his righteousness defends us."

But Luther was not satisfied with setting forth the truth; he attacked one of the most fundamental errors of Rome. That Church maintains that the Sacrament operates of itself, independently of the disposition of the communicant. Nothing can be more convenient than such an opinion. Hence the ardour with which the sacrament is sought,—hence the profits of the Romish clergy. Luther attacked this doctrine, and opposed it by the contrary doctrine, by virtue of which faith and the concurrence of the heart are necessary.

This energetic protest was of a nature to overthrow the ancient superstitions; and yet it is most astonishing that no one paid any attention to it. Rome passed by that which should have called up a shriek of distress, and fell impetuously on the unimportant remark Luther had made at the beginning of his discourse, touching the communion in both kinds. This sermon having been published in December, a cry of heresy was raised in every quarter. "It is nothing more nor less than the doctrine of Prague," was the observation at the court of Dresden, where the sermon arrived during the festival of Christmas; "the work, besides, is in German, in order that the common people may understand it." The prince's devotion was disturbed, and on the third day of the festival he wrote to his cousin Frederick: "Since the publication of this sermon, the number of those who receive the Eucharist in both kinds has increased in Bohemia by six thousand. Your Luther, from being a professor at Wittenberg, is about to become bishop of Prague and archheretic! "—"He was born in Bohemia! " said some, "of Bohemian parents; he was brought up in Prague, and taught from Wickliffe's books! "

Luther thought it his duty to contradict these rumours in a writing where he seriously gives an account of his family. "I was born at Eisleben," said he, "and christened in St. Peter's Church. Dresden is the nearest place to Bohemia that I have ever visited."

Duke George's letter did not estrange the elector from Luther. A few days after, this prince invited the doctor to a splendid banquet which he gave the Spanish ambassador, and there Luther valiantly contended against Charles's minister. The elector had begged him, through his chaplain, to defend his cause with moderation. "Too much folly is displeasing to me," replied Luther to Spalatin; "but too much discretion is displeasing to God. The Gospel cannot be defended without tumult and without scandal. The Word of God is a sword,—a war,—a ruin,—a stumblingblock,—a destruction,—a poison; and, as Amos says, it meets us like a bear in the road or a lioness in the forest. I seek nothing, I ask nothing. There is One greater that I, who seeketh and asketh. If He should fall, I lose nothing; if He stand, I am profited nothing."

Everything announced that Luther would need faith and courage now more than ever. Eck was forming plans of revenge. Instead of the laurels that he had reckoned on gaining, the Leipsic gladiator had become the laughingstock of all the sensible men of his nation. Several biting satires were published against him. One was the Epistle of Ignorant Canons, written by Oecolampadius, and which cut Eck to the quick. Another was a Complaint against Eck, probably from the pen of the excellent

Pirckheimer of Nuremberg, overflowing with a sarcasm and dignity of which Pascal's Provincial Letters can alone give us any idea.

Luther manifested his displeasure at several of these writings. "It is better to attack openly," said he, "than to bite from behind a hedge."

What a disappointment for the chancellor of Ingolstadt! His fellowcountrymen abandoned him. He prepared to cross the Alps to seek foreign support. Wherever he went, he vented his threats against Luther, Melancthon, Carlstadt, and the elector himself. "From his lofty language," said the Wittenberg doctor, "one might take him to God Almighty." Inflamed with anger and the desire of revenge, Eck published, in February 1520, a work on the primacy of St. Peter. In this treatise, which was utterly destitute of all sound criticism, he maintained that this apostle was the first of the popes, and had dwelt twenty-five years in Rome. After this he set out for Italy, to receive the reward of his pretended triumphs, and to forge in Rome, under the shadow of the papal capitol, more powerful thunderbolts than the frail weapons of the schoolmen that had shivered in his hands.

Luther foresaw all the perils that his opponent's journey might draw upon him; but he feared not. Spalatin, in alarm, begged him to propose peace. "No," replied Luther, "so long as he continues his clamours, I cannot withdraw my hands from the contest. I trust everything to God. I consign my bark to the winds and to the waves. The battle is the Lord's. Why should you imagine that Christ will advance his cause by peace? Did he not fight with his own blood, and all the martyrs after him?"

Such, at the opening of the year 1520, was the position of the combatants of Leipsic. The one was rousing all the papacy to crush his rival: the other waited for war with the same calmness that men look for peace. The new year was destined to see the storm burst forth.

BOOK VI—The Papal Bull—1520

CHAPTER 1

Character of Maximilian—Candidates for the Empire—Charles—Francis I—Disposition of the Germans—The Crown offered to Frederick—Charles elected Emperor

A new actor was about to appear on the stage. God designed to bring the Wittenberg monk face to face with the most powerful monarch that had appeared in Christendom since the days of Charlemagne. He selected a prince in the vigour of youth, and to whom everything seemed to announce a long reign—a prince whose sceptre extended over a considerable part of the old world, and even the new, so that (according to a celebrated saying) the sun never went down on his vast dominions; and to him He opposed that lowly Reformation, begun in the secluded cell of a convent at Erfurth by the anguish and the sighs of a poor monk.

The history of this monarch and of his reign was destined, it would seem, to teach the world an important lesson. It was to show the nothingness of all the strength of man when it presumes to measure itself with the weakness of God. If a prince, a friend to Luther, had been called to the imperial throne, the success of the Reformation might have been ascribed to his protection. If even an emperor opposed to the new doctrines, but yet a weak ruler, had worn the diadem, the triumph of this work might have been accounted for by the weakness of the monarch. But it was the haughty conqueror at Pavia who was destined to vail his pride before the power of God's Word; and the whole world beheld the man, who found it an easy task to drag Francis I a prisoner to Madrid, obliged to lower his sword before the son of a poor miner.

The emperor Maximilian was dead, and the electors had met at Frankfort to choose a successor. This was an important event for all Europe under the existing circumstances. All Christendom was occupied with this election. Maximilian had not been a great prince; but his memory was dear to the people. They were delighted to call to recollection his presence of mind and his good nature. Luther used often to converse with his friends about him, and one day related the following anecdote of this monarch:

A mendicant was once following him and begging alms, calling him brother: "for (said he) we are both descended from the same father, Adam. I am poor (continued he), but you are rich, and you ought therefore to help me." The emperor turned round

at these words, and said to him: "There is a penny for you; go to all your other brothers, and if each one gives you as much, you will be richer than I am."

It was not a goodnatured Maximilian that was destined to wear the imperial crown. The times were changing; men of overweening ambition were about to dispute the throne of the emperors of the West; a strong hand was to grasp the reins of the empire, and long and bloody wars were on the point of succeeding a profound peace.

Three kings claimed the crown of the Caesars from the assembly at Frankfort. A youthful prince, grandson of the last emperor, born in the first year of the century, and consequently nineteen years old, appeared first. His name was Charles, and he was born at Ghent. His paternal grandmother, Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, had bequeathed to him Flanders and the rich domains of Burgundy. His mother, Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, and wife of Philip the Emperor Maximilian's son, had transmitted to him the united crowns of the two Spains, Naples, and Sicily, to which Christopher Columbus had recently added a new world. His grandfather's death now put him in possession of the hereditary states of Austria.

This young prince, endowed with great intelligence, and amiable whenever it pleased him to be so, joined to a taste for military exercises, in which the famous dukes of Burgundy had long distinguished themselves,—to the subtlety and penetration of the Italians,—to the respect for existing institutions which still characterizes the house of Austria, and which promised a firm defender to the papacy,—an extensive knowledge of public affairs which he had acquired under the direction of Chievres; for, from the age of fifteen years, he had attended all the deliberations of his councils. Qualities so various were covered and concealed, as it were, by his Spanish taciturnity and reserve; there was an air of melancholy in his long visage. "He was pious and silent," said Luther; "I will wager that he does not talk so much in a year as I do in a day." If Charles had grown up under free and christian influences, he would perhaps have been one of the most meritorious princes recorded in history; but politics absorbed his whole life, and blighted his naturally amiable character.

The youthful Charles, not content with the sceptres he already grasped in his hand, aspired to the imperial dignity. "It is a beam of sunshine that casts a splendour upon the house on which it falls," said many; "but stretch forth the hand to seize it, and you find nothing." Charles, on the contrary, looked upon it as the summit of all earthly grandeur, and a means of obtaining a magical influence over the minds of nations.

Francis I, king of France, was the second candidate. The young paladins of the court of this chivalrous sovereign were ever repeating that he ought, like Charlemagne, to be emperor of all the West, and reviving the exploits of the knights of old, attack the Crescent that threatened the empire, crush the infidels, and recover the Holy Sepulchre.

"You should convince the dukes of Austria that the imperial crown is not hereditary," said the ambassadors of Francis to the electors. "Besides, in the present state of affairs, Germany requires, not a youth of nineteen, but a prince who with a tried judgment combines talents already proved. Francis will unite the arms of France and Lombardy with those of Germany to make war on the Mussulmans. As sovereign of the duchy of Milan, he is already a member of the empire." The French ambassadors strengthened their arguments by four hundred thousand crowns which they expended in buying votes, and in banquets which the guest generally quitted in a state of inebriation.

Lastly, Henry VIII of England, jealous of the influence the choice of the electors would give Francis or Charles, also entered the lists; but he soon left these two powerful rivals to dispute the crown between them.

The electors were not very favourably disposed towards either. "Our people," thought they, "will consider the King of France as a foreign master, and this master may wrest even from us that independence of which the great lords of his own kingdom have recently been deprived." As for Charles, it was an old maxim with the electors never to select a prince who already played an important part in the empire. The pope participated in these fears. He was opposed to the King of Naples, his neighbour, and to the King of France, whose enterprising spirit alarmed him. "Choose rather one of yourselves," was the advice he sent to the electors. The Elector of Treves proposed to nominate Frederick of Saxony; and the imperial crown was laid at the feet of this friend to Luther.

Such a choice would have gained the approbation of the whole of Germany. Frederick's wisdom and love for the people were well known. During the revolt of Erfurth, he had been advised to take the city by storm. He refused, that he might avoid bloodshed. "But it will not cost five men," was the reply.—"A single man would be too many," answered the prince. It appeared that the election of the protector of the Reformation would secure the triumph of that work. Ought not Frederick to have seen a call from God in this wish of the electors? Who could have been better suited to preside over the destinies of the empire than this wise prince? Who could have been stronger against the Turks than a truly Christian emperor? The refusal of the Elector

of Saxony, so extolled by historians, may have been a fault on the part of this prince. Perhaps to him must be partly ascribed the contests that devastated Germany in afterdays. But it is a difficult matter to decide whether Frederick deserves to be blamed for want of faith, or honoured for his humility. He thought that the very safety of the empire required him to refuse the crown. "We need an emperor more powerful than myself to preserve Germany," said this modest and disinterested prince. "The Turk is at our gates. The King of Spain, whose hereditary possessions of Austria border on the threatened frontier, is its natural defender."

The Roman legate, seeing that Charles would be elected, declared that the pope withdrew his objections; and on the 28th of June the grandson of Maximilian was nominated emperor. "God," said Frederick not long after, "hath given him to us in His favour and in His anger." The Spanish envoys offered 30,000 gold florins to the Elector of Saxony, as a testimonial of their master's gratitude; but this prince refused them, and forbade his ministers to accept of any present. At the same time, he secured the liberties of Germany by a capitulation to which Charles's envoys swore in his name. The circumstances under which the latter assumed the imperial crown seemed, moreover, to give a stronger pledge than these oaths in favour of German liberty and of the work of the Reformation. This youthful prince was jealous of the laurels that his rival Francis I had gathered at Marignan. The struggle would still be continued in Italy, and the interval thus employed would doubtless suffice for the Reformation to gain strength. Charles quitted Spain in May 1520, and was crowned at AixlaChapelle on the 22nd of October.

CHAPTER 2

Luther's Letter to the Emperor—His Danger—Frederick's Instructions to his envoy at Rome—Luther's Sentiments—Melancthon's Fears—The German Nobles favour the Reformation—Schaumburg—Sickingen—Ulric of Hutten—Luther's Confidence—Erasmus defends Luther—Abstemius—Hedio—Luther becomes more free—Faith the Source of Works—What gives Faith?—Luther judging his own Writings

Luther had foreseen that the cause of the Reformation would soon be carried before the new emperor. He wrote to Charles, while this prince was yet at Madrid: "If the cause that I defend," said he, "is worthy of appearing before the throne of the Majesty of heaven, it ought not to be unworthy of engaging the attention of a prince of this world. O Charles! first of the kings of the earth! I throw myself a suppliant at the feet of your most serene majesty. Deign to receive under the shadow of your wings, not by me, but the cause of that eternal truth, for the defence of which God has intrusted you with the sword." The young monarch laid aside this singular letter from a German monk, and made no reply to it.

While Luther was vainly turning towards Madrid, the storm seemed to increase around him. Fanaticism was kindling in Germany. Hochstraten, indefatigable in his attempts at persecution, had extracted certain theses from Luther's writings. At his demand, the universities of Cologne and Louvain had condemned these works. That of Erfurth, still exasperated at Luther's preference for Wittenberg, was about to follow their example. But having been informed of it, the doctor wrote to Lange so spirited a letter, that the Erfurth divines were dismayed and kept silent. The condemnation pronounced at Cologne and Louvain sufficed, however, to inflame men's minds. Nay, more: the priests of Meissen, who had espoused Emser's quarrel, said publicly (Melancthon is our authority) that he who should kill Luther would be without sin. "Now is the time," said Luther, "when men will think they do Christ a service by putting us to death." These homicidal words were destined to produce their fruit in due season.

One day, says a biographer, as Luther was in front of the Augustine cloister, a stranger, who held a pistol concealed under his cloak, accosted him in these words: "Why do you go thus alone?"—"I am in God's hands," replied Luther. "He is my strength and my shield. What can man do unto me?" Upon this the stranger turned pale (adds the historian), and fled away trembling. Serra Longa, the ambassador at the Augsburg conference, wrote to the elector about this time: "Let not Luther find an asylum in the states of your highness; let him be rejected of all, and stoned in the

face of heaven; that will be more pleasing to me than if I received ten thousand crowns from you."

But it was particularly in the direction of Rome that the storm was gathering. Valentine Teutleben, a Thuringian nobleman, vicar to the Archbishop of Mentz, and a zealous partisan of the papacy, was the Elector of Saxony's representative at the papal court. Teutleben, ashamed of the protection accorded by his master to an heretical monk, was impatient at seeing his mission paralysed by this imprudent conduct. He imagined that, by alarming the elector, he would induce him to abandon the rebellious divine. "They will not listen to me here," wrote he to his master, "because of the protection you show to Luther." But the Romans were deceived if they thought to frighten the prudent Frederick. This prince was aware that the will of God and the movements of nations were more irresistible than the decrees of the papal chancery. He ordered his envoy to intimate to the pope that, far from defending Luther, he had always left him to defend himself; besides, he had already called upon him to quit Saxony and the university; that the doctor had declared his willingness to obey, and that he would not then be in the electoral states, if the legate himself, Charles of Miltitz, had not entreated the prince to keep him near at hand, for fear that, by going to other countries, Luther would act with greater liberty than even in Saxony.

Frederick went farther than this: he desired to enlighten Rome. "Germany," continues he in his letter, "now possesses a great number of learned men, well taught in every language and science; the laity themselves begin to have understanding, and to love the Holy Scriptures; if, therefore, the reasonable conditions of Dr. Luther are rejected, there is great cause to fear that peace will never be reestablished. Luther's doctrine has struck deep root into many hearts. If, instead of refuting it by the testimony of the Bible, you strive to destroy him by the thunderbolts of the ecclesiastical authority, great scandals will arise, and ruinous and terrible revolts will be excited."

The elector, having the greatest confidence in Luther, communicated Teutleben's letter to him, with another that he had received from Cardinal Saint George. The reformer was agitated as he read them. He immediately perceived the dangers by which he was surrounded. His soul was for a time quite overwhelmed. But it was in such moments that the whole strength of his faith shone forth. Often weak, and ready to fall into dejection, he rose again, and appeared greater in the midst of the tempest. He longed to be delivered from such trials; but he saw at what price peace was offered to him, and he indignantly rejected it. "Hold my peace! " exclaimed he, "I am disposed to do so, if they will permit me; that is, if they will make others keep silence. If any

one desires my places, let him take them; if any one desires to destroy my writings, let him burn them. I am ready to keep quiet, provided they do not require that the truth of the Gospel should be silent also. I do not ask for a cardinal's hat; I ask not for gold, or for anything that Rome values. There is nothing in the world they cannot obtain from me, provided they will not shut up the way of salvation against Christians. Their threats do not alarm me, their promises cannot seduce me."

Animated with such sentiments, Luther soon recovered his militant disposition, and preferred the christian warfare to the calm of solitude. One night was sufficient to bring back his desire of overthrowing Rome. "I have taken my part," wrote he on the morrow; "I despise the fury of Rome, and contemn her favours. No more reconciliation, no more communication with her for ever. Let her condemn me, let her burn my writings! In my turn, I will condemn and publicly burn the pontifical law,—that nest of every heresy. The moderation I have hitherto shown has been unavailing; I now renounce it! "

His friends were far from being thus tranquil. Great was the consternation at Wittenberg. "We are in a state of extraordinary expectation," said Melancthon; "I would rather die than be separated from Luther. If God does not help us, we shall all perish."—"Our dear Luther is still alive," wrote he a month later, in his anxiety; "may it please God to grant him a long life! for the Roman sycophants are making every exertion to put him to death. Let us pray that this sole avenger of sacred theology may long survive."

These prayers were heard. The warning the elector had given Rome through his envoy was not without foundation. Luther's words had found an echo everywhere—in cottages and convents, in the homes of the citizens and in the castles of the nobles, in the universities and in the palaces of kings. "If my life," he had said to Duke John of Saxony, "has been instrumental to the conversion of a single man, I shall willingly consent to see all my books perish." It was not one man, it was a great multitude, that had found the light in the writings of the humble doctor. Everywhere, accordingly, were men to be found ready to protect him. The sword intended to slay him was forging in the Vatical; but heroes were springing up in Germany to shield him with their bodies. At the moment when the bishops were chafing with rage, when princes kept silence, when the people were in expectation, and when the first murmurs of the thunder were beginning to be heard from the Seven Hills, God aroused the German nobles to make a rampart for his servant.

Sylvester of Schaumburg, one of the most powerful knights of Franconia, sent his son to Wittenberg at this time with a letter for the reformer. "Your life is in

danger," wrote he. "If the support of the electors, princes, or magistrates fail you, I entreat you to beware of going to Bohemia, where in former times learned men have had much to undergo; rather come to me. God willing, I shall soon have collected more than a hundred gentlemen, and with their help I shall be able to protect you from every danger."

Francis of Sickingen, the hero of his age, of whose intrepid courage we have already been witnesses, loved the reformer, because he found him worthy of being loved, and also because he was hated by the monks. "My services, my goods, and my body, all that I possess," wrote he to Luther, "are at your disposal. You desire to maintain the christian truth: I am ready to aid you in the work." Harmurth of Cronberg held the same language. Lastly, Ulric of Hutten, the poet and valiant knight of the sixteenth century, never ceased speaking in Luther's favour. But what a contrast between these two men! Hutten wrote to the reformer: "It is with swords and with bows, with javelins and bombs, that we must crush the fury of the devil." Luther on receiving these letters exclaimed: "I will not have recourse to arms and bloodshed in defense of the Gospel. By the Word the earth has been subdued; by the Word the Church has been saved; and by the Word also it shall be reestablished."— "I do not despise his offer," said he at another time on receiving Schaumburg's letter, which we have mentioned above, "but I will rely upon nothing but Jesus Christ." It was not thus the Roman pontiffs spoke when they waded in the blood of the Waldenses and Albigenses. Hutten felt the difference between his cause and Luther's, and he accordingly wrote to him with noble-mindedness: "As for me, I am busied with the affairs of men; but you soar far higher, and are occupied solely with those of God." He then set out to win, if possible, Charles and Ferdinand to the side of truth.

Luther at this time met with a still more illustrious protector. Erasmus, whom the Romanists so often quote against the Reformation, raised his voice and undertook the reformer's defense, after his own fashion, however, that is to say, without any show of defending him. On the 1st of November 1519, this patriarch of learning wrote to Albert, elector of Mentz and primate of all Germany, a letter in which, after describing in vivid colours the corruption of the Church, he says: "This is what stirred up Luther, and made him oppose the intolerable imprudence of certain doctors. For what other motive can we ascribe to a man who seeks not honours and who cares not for money? Luther has dared doubt the virtue of indulgences; but others before him had most unblushingly affirmed it. He feared not to speak, certainly with little moderation, against the power of the Roman pontiff; but others before him had extolled it without reserve. He has dared contemn the decrees of St. Thomas, but the Dominicans had set them almost above the Gospel. He has dared give utterance to his scruples about confession, but the monks continually made use of this ordinance

as a net in which to catch and enslave the consciences of men. Pious souls were grieved at hearing that in the universities there was little mention of the evangelical doctrine; that in the assemblies of Christians very little was heard of Christ; that nothing was there talked of, except the power of the pontiff, and the opinions of the Romish doctors; and that the whole sermon was a mere matter of lucre, flattery, ambition, and imposture. It is to such a state of affairs that we should ascribe Luther's violent language." Such as Erasmus's opinion on the state of the Church and on the reformer. This letter, which was published by Ulric Hutten, then residing at the court of Mentz, made a profound impression.

At the same time, men more obscure than Erasmus and than all the knights, but were destined to be more powerful auxiliaries, rallied round Luther in every direction. Doctor Botzhemus Abstemius, canon of Constance, wrote to him thus: "Now that you have become the friend of the universe, or at least of the better part of the world, that is to say, of good and true Christians, you must also become mine, whether you will or not! I am so delighted with your writings, that nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be living at a time when not only profane but also sacred literature is resuming its pristine splendour." And at nearly the same period Gaspard Hedio, preacher at Basle, wrote to the reformer: "Most dear sir, I see that your doctrine is of God, and that it cannot be destroyed; that it becomes daily more efficacious; and that every hour it is winning souls to Christ by turning them away from sin and attracting them to real piety. Do not halt therefore, O liberator, but exert all your power to restore the yoke of Christ, so light and easy to bear. Be yourself the general, and we will follow after you, like soldiers whom nothing can tear from you."

Thus at one time Luther's enemies oppress him, at another his friends spring up to defend him. "My bark," said he, "floats to and fro, the sport of the winds; hope and fear prevail by turns; but what matters it! " And yet these testimonies of sympathy were not without influence upon his mind. "The Lord reigns," said he, "I see him there, as if I could touch him." Luther felt that he was not alone; his words had borne fruit, and this thought filled him with fresh courage. The fear of compromising the elector no longer checked him, when he found other defenders ready to brave the anger of Rome. He became more free, and if possible more determined. This is an important epoch in the development of Luther's character. "Rome ought to understand," wrote he at this period to the elector's chaplain, "that, even should she succeed by her threats in expelling me from Wittenberg, she would only injure her cause. It is not in Bohemia, but in the very heart of Germany that those are to be found who are ready to defend me against the thunders of the papacy. If I have not done my enemies all the harm I am preparing for them, they must ascribe it neither to my moderation nor to their tyranny, but to the elector's name and to the interests of the university of

Wittenberg, which I feared to compromise: now that I have such fears no longer, they will see me fall with fresh vigour upon Rome and upon her courtiers."

And yet it was not on the great that Luther fixed his hopes. He had been often solicited to dedicate a book to Duke John, the elector's brother. He had not done so. "I am afraid," said he, "that the suggestion comes from himself. Holy Scripture should subserve the glory of God's name alone." Luther now recovered from his fears, and dedicated his sermon on Good Works to Duke John. This is one of the writings in which the reformer lays down with the greatest force the doctrine of justification by faith,—that powerful truth, whose strength he sets far above the sword of Hutten, the army of Sickengen, and the protection of dukes and electors.

"The first, the noblest, the sublimest of all works," says he, "is faith in Jesus Christ. It is from this work that all other works must proceed: they are but the vassals of faith, and receive their efficacy from it alone.

"If a man feels in his heart the assurance that what he has done is acceptable to God, the work is good, if it were merely the lifting up of a straw; but if he have not this assurance, his work is not good, even should he raise the dead. A heathen, a Jew, a Turk, a sinner, can perform all the other works; but to trust firmly in God, and to feel an assurance that we are accepted by him, is what a Christian, strong in grace, alone is capable of doing.

"A Christian who possesses faith in God does everything with liberty and joy; while the man who is not at one with God is full of care and kept in bondage; he asks himself with anguish how many works he should perform; he runs to and fro; he questions this man and that; he nowhere finds peace, and does everything with sorrow and fear.

"Consequently, I have always extolled faith. But in the world it is otherwise. There, the essential thing is to have many works—works high and great, and of every dimension, without caring whether they are quickened by faith. Thus, men build their peace, not on God's good pleasure, but on their won merits, that is to say, on sand. (Matthew 7:27.)

"To preach faith (it has been said) is to prevent good works; but if a man should possess the strength of all men united, or even of all creatures, this sole obligation of living in faith would be a task too great for him ever to accomplish. If I say to a sick man: 'Be well, and thou shalt have the use of thy limbs,' will any one say that I forbid

him to use his limbs? Must not health precede labour? It is the same when we preach faith: it should go before works in order that the works themselves should exist.

"Where then, you will say, can we find this faith, and how can we receive it? This is in truth what it is most important to know. Faith comes solely from Jesus, who was promised and given freely.

"O man! figure Jesus Christ to yourself, and contemplate how God in him has shown thee his mercy, without any merit on thy part going before. Draw from this image of his grace the faith and assurance that all thy sins are forgiven thee. Works cannot produce it. It flows from the blood, and wounds, and death of Christ; thence it wells forth into our hearts. Christ is the rock whence flow milk and honey." (Deuteronomy 32.)

As we cannot notice all Luther's writings, we have quoted a few short passages from this discourse on Good Works, in consequence of the opinion the reformer himself entertained of it. "In my own judgment," said he, "it is the best I ever published." And he added immediately this deep reflection: "But I know that when I please myself with what I write, the infection of that bad leaven hinders it from pleasing others." Melancthon, in forwarding this discourse to a friend, accompanied it with these words: "There is no one among all the Greek and Latin writers who has ever come nearer than Luther to the spirit of St. Paul."

CHAPTER 3

The Papacy attacked—Appeal to the Nobility—The three Walls—All Christians are Priests—The Magistrate should chastise the Clergy—Roman Corruptions—Ruin of Italy—Dangers of Germany—The Pope—The Legates—The Monks—Marriage of Priests—Celibacy—Festivals—The Bohemians—Charity—The Universities—The Empire—The Emperor should retake Rome—Unpublished Book—Luther's Moderation—Success of the Address

But there was another evil in the Church besides the substitution of a system of meritorious works for the grand idea of grace and amnesty. A haughty power had arisen in the midst of the shepherds of Christ's flock. Luther prepared to attack this usurped authority. Already a vague and distant rumour announced the success of Dr. Eck's intrigues at Rome. This rumour aroused the militant spirit of the reformer, who, in the midst of all his troubles, had studied in his retirement the rise, progress, and usurpations of the papacy. His discoveries had filled him with surprise. He no longer hesitated to make them known, and to strike the blow which, like Moses' rod in ancient times, was to awaken a people who had long slumbered in captivity. Even before Rome had time to publish her formidable bull, it was he who hurled his declaration of war against her. "The time to be silent is past," exclaimed he; "the time to speak is come! At last, we must unveil the mysteries of Antichrist." On the 23rd of June 1520, he published his famous Appeal to his Imperial Majesty and to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation, on the Reformation of Christianity. This work was the signal of the attack that was to decide both the rupture and the victory.

"It is not through presumption," said he at the opening of this address, "that I, a man of the people, venture to speak to your lordships. The misery and oppression that at this hour weigh down all the states of Christendom, and particularly Germany, extort from me a cry of distress. I must call for help; I must see if God will not give his Spirit to some man in our own country, and thus stretch forth his hand to save our wretched nation. God has placed over us a young and generous prince, and has thus filled our hearts with great expectations. But on our parts we must do everything that lies in our power.

"Now the first requisite is, not to trust in our own strength, or in our lofty wisdom. If we begin a good work with confidence in ourselves, God overthrows and destroys it. Frederick I, Frederick II, and many other emperors besides, before whom the world trembled, have been trodden under foot by the popes, because they trusted more in their own strength than in God. Therefore they could not but fall. It is against the powers of hell that we have to contend in this struggle. Hoping nothing from the

strength of arms, humbly trusting in the Lord, looking more to the distress of Christendom than to the crimes of the wicked—this is how we must set to work. Otherwise the work will have a prosperous look at the beginning; but suddenly, in the midst of the contest, confusion will enter in, evil minds will cause incalculable disasters, and the whole world will be deluged with blood. The greater our power, the greater also is our danger, if we do not walk in the fear of the Lord."

After this prelude, Luther continues thus:—

"The Romans have raised around themselves three walls to protect them against every kind of reformation. Have they been attacked by the temporal power?—they have asserted that it had no authority over them, and that the spiritual power was superior to it. Have they been rebuked by Holy Scripture?—they have replied that no one is able to interpret it except the pope. Have they been threatened with a council?—no one (said they) but the sovereign pontiff has authority to convoke one.

"They have thus despoiled us of the three rods destined to correct them, and have given themselves up to every wickedness. But now may God be our helper, and give as one of those trumpets that overthrew the walls of Jericho. With our breath let us throw down those barriers of paper and straw which the Romans have built around them, and upraise the rods which punish the wicked, by exposing the wiles of the devil."

Luther now begins the attack. He shakes to its foundation that papal monarchy which for ages had combined the people of the West in one body under the sceptre of the Roman bishop. That there is no sacerdotal caste in Christianity, is the truth which he powerfully sets forth at the beginning,—a truth hidden from the eyes of the Church from the earliest ages.

"It has been said," writes Luther, "that the pope, the bishops, the priests, and all those who people the convents, form the spiritual or ecclesiastical state; and that the princes, the nobility, the citizens, and peasants, form the secular or lay estate. This is a fine story. Let no person, however, be startled at it. All Christians belong to the spiritual state, and there is no other difference between them than that arising from the functions which they discharge. We have all one baptism, one faith; and this is it which constitutes the spiritual man. The unction, the tonsure, ordination, consecration by the bishop or the pope, may make a hypocrite, but never a spiritual man. We are all consecrated priests by baptism, as Saint Peter says: Ye are priests and kings, although it does not belong to all to exercise such offices, for no one can take what is common to all without the consent of the community. But if we possess

not this Divine consecration, the pope's anointing can never make a priest. If ten brothers, sons of a king, having equal claims to the inheritance, select one of them to administer it for them they would all be kings, and yet only one of them would be the administrator of their common power. So it is with the Church. If a few pious laymen were banished to a desert place, and if, not having among them a priest consecrated by a bishop, they should agree to choose one of their own number, married or not, this man would be as truly a priest as if all the bishops in the world had consecrated him. Thus Augustine, Ambrose, and Cyprian were elected.

"Hence it follows that laymen and priests, princes and bishops, or, as they say, the clergy and laity, have nothing but their functions to distinguish them. They have all the same estate, but have not all the same work to perform.

"If this be true, why should not the magistrate chastise the clergy? The secular power was established by God to punish the wicked and to protect the good. And it must be allowed to act throughout all Christendom, whomsoever it may touch, be he pope, bishop, priest, monk, or nun. St. Paul says to all Christians: Let everyone (and consequently the pope also) be subject unto the higher powers, for they bear not the sword in vain."

Luther, having in like manner overthrown the two other walls, passes in review all the corruptions of Rome. He sets forth, in an eminently popular style of eloquence, the evils that had been pointed out for centuries past. Never had a nobler protest been heard. The assembly before which Luther spoke was the Church; the power whose corruptions he attacked was that papacy which for ages had oppressed all nations with its weight; and the reformation he so loudly called for was destined to exercise its powerful influence over all Christendom,—in all the world,—so long as the human race shall endure.

He begins with the pope. "It is a horrible thing," says he, "to behold the man who styles himself Christ's vicegerent displaying a magnificence that no emperor can equal. Is this being like the poor Jesus, or the humble Peter? He is (say they) the lord of the world! But Christ, whose vicar he boasts of being, has said, My kingdom is not of this world. Can the dominions of a vicar extend beyond those of his superior?"

Luther now proceeds to describe the effects of the papal rule. "Do you know what is the use of cardinals? I will tell you. Italy and Germany have many convents, religious foundations, and richly endowed benefices. How can this wealth be drawn to Rome? Cardinals have been created; these cloisters and prelacies have been given to them; and now Italy is almost deserted, the convents are in ruins, the bishoprics

devoured, the cities decayed, the inhabitants corrupted, religious worship is expiring, and preaching abolished! And why is this? Because all the wealth of the churches must go to Rome. The Turk himself would never have so ruined Italy! "

Luther next turns to his fellowcountrymen:

"And now that they have thus sucked all the blood of their own nation, they come into Germany; they begin tenderly; but let us be on our guard, or Germany will erelong be like Italy! We have already a few cardinals. Before the dull Germans comprehend our design (think they) they will no longer have either bishopric, convent, or benefice, penny or farthing left. Antichrist must possess the treasures of the earth. Thirty or forty cardinals will be created in one day.

Bamberg will be given to one, the bishopric of Wurtzburg to another; rich cures will be attached to them, until the cities and churches are desolate. And then the pope will say: I am Christ's vicar, and the shepherd of his flocks. Let the Germans be submissive! "

Luther's indignation is kindled: "What! shall we Germans endure such robberies and such extortions from the pope? If the kingdom of France has been able to defend itself, why should we permit ourselves to be thus ridiculed and laughed at? Oh! if they only despoiled us of our goods! But they lay waste the churches, fleece the sheep of Christ, abolish religious worship, and annihilate the Word of God."

Luther here exposes "the practices of Rome" to obtain the money and the revenues of Germany. Annats, palliums, commendams, administrations, reversions, incorporations, reserves, &c.—he passes them all in review; and then he says: "Let us endeavour to check such desolation and wretchedness. If we desire to march against the Turks, let us march against those who are the worst Turks of all. If we hang thieves, and decapitate highway robbers, let us not permit Romish avarice to escape, which is the greatest of thieves and robbers, and that too in the name of St. Peter and of Jesus Christ! Who can suffer this? Who can be silent? All that the pope possesses, has he not gained by plunder? For he has neither bought it, nor inherited it from St. Peter, nor gained it by the sweat of his brow. Whence then has he all this?"

Luther proposes remedies for these evils, and calls energetically upon the nobility of Germany to put an end to these Romish depredations. He then comes to the reformation of the pope himself: "Is it not ridiculous," says he, "that the pope pretends to be the lawful heir to the empire? Who gave it him? Was it Jesus Christ, when he said: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, but it shall not

be so among you? (Luke 22:25, 26.) How is it possible to govern an empire, and at the same time preach, pray, study, and take care of the poor? Jesus Christ forbade his ministers to carry with them either gold or two coats, because they would be unable to discharge the duties of their ministry if they were not free from all other care; and yet the pope would govern the empire and still remain pope."

Luther continues stripping the sovereign pontiff: "Let the pope renounce every claim on the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. He has no more right to it than I have. It is unjustly and in opposition to all the commandments of Christ that he possesses Bologna, Imola, Ravenna, the Romagna, the March of Ancona, &c. No man that warreth, says Saint Paul, entangleth himself with the affairs of this life. (2 Timothy 2:4.) Yet the pope, who pretends to be the leader of the Church militant, entangles himself with the affairs of this life more than any emperor or king. We must relieve him from all this toil. Let the emperor put the bible and a prayerbook into the pope's hands, in order that he may leave the cares of government to the kings, and confine himself to preaching and praying."

Luther will no more suffer the pope's spiritual power in Germany than his temporal power in Italy. "First of all," says he, "we must expel from every German state those papal legates, with their pretended benefits which they sell us at their weight in gold, and which are downright impositions. They take our money, and for what? to legalize their ill-gotten gains, to absolve from all oaths, to teach us to be wanting in fidelity, to instruct us how to sin, and to lead us direct to hell. Hearest thou this, O pope! not most holy, but most sinful pope! —May God from his throne in heaven soon hurl thee from thy throne into the bottomless pit! "

The christian tribune pursues his course. After having called the pope to his bar, he summons before him all the corruptions that form the papal train, and purposes sweeping from the floor of the Church the rubbish by which it was encumbered. He begins with the monks:—

"And now then I come to that sluggish troop which promises much but does little. Do not be angry, my dear sirs, my intentions are good: what I have to say is a truth at once sweet and bitter; namely, no more cloisters must be built for mendicant friars. We have, indeed, too many already, and would to God that they were all pulled down. Strolling through a country like beggars never has done and never can do good."

The marriage of the clergy now has its turn, and this is the first time Luther speaks of it:—

"To what a sad state have the clergy fallen, and how many priests do we not find burdened with women, and children, and remorse, and yet no one comes to their aid! It is all very well for the pope and the bishops to let things go on as before, and for that to continue lost which is lost; but I am determined to save my conscience, and to open my mouth freely: after that, let the pope, the bishops, and any one who pleases, take offense at it! I assert, then, that according to the appointment of Christ and his apostles, each city should have a pastor or bishop, and that this pastor may have a wife, as Saint Paul writes to Timothy: A bishop must be the husband of one wife (1 Timothy 3:2), and as is still practiced in the Greek Church. But the devil has persuaded the pope, as the same apostle says to Timothy (1 Timothy 4:1 to 3), to forbid the clergy to marry. And hence have proceeded miseries so numerous that we cannot mention all. What is to be done? How can we save so many pastors, in whom we have no fault to find, except that they live with a woman, to whom they would with all their heart be legitimately married? Ah let them quiet their consciences! let them take this woman as their lawful wife, and let them live virtuously with her not troubling themselves whether the pope is pleased or not. The salvation of your soul is greater consequence to you than tyrannical and arbitrary laws, that do not emanate from the Lord."

It is in this way that the Reformation aimed a restoring purity of morals in the Church. The reformer continues:—

"Let all festivals be abolished, and let none but Sunday be observed; or if people desire to keep the great Christian festivals, let them be celebrated only in the morning, and let the rest of the day be like any other workingday. For as on those days men do nothing but drink, gamble, indulge in every sin, or remain idle, they offend God on the festivals more than at other times."

He next attacks the commemorations, which he styles mere taverns; and after them the fasts and religious fraternities.—He not only desires to put an end to abuses, he wishes also to put away schism. "It is high time," says he, "that we busied ourselves seriously with the cause of the Bohemians,—that we put a stop to envy and hatred,—and that we united with them." After proposing some excellent means of reconciliation, he adds: "We must convince heretics by Scripture, as did the ancient Fathers, and not subdue them by fire. In this latter system, the executioners would be the most learned doctors in the world Oh! would to God that on both sides we stretched forth our hands in brotherly humility, instead of being inflexible in the sentiment of our strength and of our right! Charity is more necessary than the papacy of Rome. I have now done all that is in my power. If the pope and his adherents oppose this, the responsibility will fall on them. The pope should be ready to renounce his

papacy, all his possessions, and all his honours, if he could by that means save a single soul. But he would rather see all the world perish than bate even a hair's breadth of the power he has usurped! I am clear of these things."

Luther next proceeds to the universities and schools:—

"I am much afraid that the universities will prove to be the great gates of hell, unless they diligently labour in explaining the Holy Scriptures, and engraving them in the hearts of youth. I advise no one to place his child where the Scriptures do not reign paramount. Every institution in which men are not unceasingly occupied with the Word of God must become corrupt." Weighty words, upon which governments, learned men, and parents in every age should seriously meditate!

Towards the end of this appeal he returns to the empire and to the emperor:—

"The pope, unable to manage at his will the ancient masters of the Roman empire, conceived a plan of taking away their title and their empire, and bestowing them on us Germans. Thus it happened that we became the vassals of the pope. For the pope took possession of Rome, and compelled the emperor by an oath never to reside there; whence it is that the emperor is emperor of Rome, without Rome. We possess the name: the pope has the country and the cities. We have the title and arms of the empire; the pope its treasures, power, privileges, and liberties. The pope eats the fruit, and we play with the husk. It is thus that the pride and tyranny of the Romans have always abused our simplicity.

"But now may God, who has given us such an empire, be our helper! Let us act in conformity with our name, title, and arms; let us preserve our liberty; and let the Romans learn to appreciate what God has given us by their hands! They boast of having given us an empire. Well then, let us take what belongs to us! Let the pope resign to us Rome and every portion of the empire that he still holds! Let him put an end to his taxes and extortions! Let him restore our liberty, our power, our property, our honour, our souls, and our bodies! Let the empire be all that an empire ought to be, and let the sword of princes no longer be constrained to bow before the hypocritical pretensions of a pope! "

In these words there are not only energy and enthusiasm, but also a lofty strain of reasoning. Did any orator ever speak thus to the nobility of the empire, and to the emperor himself? Far from being surprised that so many German states separated from Rome, ought we not rather to feel astonished that all Germany did not march to the banks of the Tiber to resume that imperial power whose attributes the popes had

so imprudently placed on the brow of its sovereign? Luther concludes this courageous appeal in these words:—

"I can very well imagine that I have pitched my song too high, proposed many things that will seem impossible, and attacked many errors rather too violently. But what can I do? Let the world be offended with me, rather than God! They can but take away my life. I have often proposed peace to my adversaries. But God, by their instrumentality, has compelled me continually to cry louder and louder against them. I have still another song in reserve against Rome. If their ears itch, I will sing it them, and loudly too. Dost thou clearly understand, O Rome, what I mean?"

This is probably an allusion to a work on the papacy that Luther had some intention of publishing, but which was withheld. About this time the Rector Burkhardt wrote to Spengler: "There is also a little treatise De execranda Venere Romanorum; but it is kept in reserve." The title promised something very offensive; and we should rejoice that Luther had the moderation not to publish this writing.

"If my cause is just," continues he, "it will be condemned by all the world, and justified only by Christ in heaven. Let them come on, then, pope, bishops, priests, monks, and doctors! let them put forth all their zeal! let them give the rein to all their fury! These are, in truth, the men who ought to persecute the truth, as every age has witnessed."

Whence did this monk acquire so clear an understanding of public affairs, which even the states of the empire often found so difficult to elucidate? Whence did this German derive the courage which made him raise his head in the midst of a nation so long enslaved, and aim such violent blows at the papacy? What was the mysterious power that animated him? Might we not be led to say that he had heard these words addressed by God to a man of the olden time: Behold, I have made thy face strong against their faces. As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead: fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks.

This exhortation, which was addressed to the German nobility, soon reached all those for whom it had been written. It circulated through Germany with inconceivable rapidity. Luther's friends trembled; Staupitz and those who desired to employ mild measures found the blow too severe. "In our days," replied Luther, "everything that is handled gently falls into oblivion, and no one cares about it." At the same time he gave striking evidence of singlemindedness and humility. He did not yet know himself. "I cannot tell what to say of myself," wrote he. "Perhaps I am

Philip's (Melancthon's) forerunner. I am preparing the way for him, like Elias, in spirit and in power. It is he who will one day trouble Israel and the house of Ahab."

But there was no need to wait for another than him who had already appeared. The house of Ahab was already shaken. The Appeal to the German Nobility was published on the 26th June 1520; in a short time four thousand copies were sold, a number unprecedented in those days. The astonishment was universal. This writing produced a powerful sensation among the people. The vigour, life, perspicuity, and generous boldness that breathed throughout made it a truly popular work. The people felt at last that he who spoke to them loved them also. The confused views of a great number of wise men were cleared up. The Romish usurpations became evident to every mind. No one at Wittenberg any longer doubted that the pope was Antichrist. Even the elector's court, so circumspect and timid, did not disapprove of the reformer: it waited patiently. But the nobility and the people did not wait. The nation was reanimated. Luther's voice had shaken it; it was won over, and rallied round the standard that he had uplifted. Nothing could have been more advantageous to the reformer than this publication. In the palaces and castles, in the homes of the citizens and the cottages of the peasants, all were now prepared, and defended as it were with a breastplate, against the sentence of condemnation that was about to fall upon this prophet of the people. All Germany was on fire.

Let the bull arrive! not by such means will the conflagration be extinguished.

CHAPTER 4

Preparations at Rome—Motives for Papal Resistance—Eck at Rome—The King of Crowns—Eck prevails—The Pope is the World—God brings about the Separation—A Swiss Priest pleads for Luther—The Roman Consistory—Exordium of the Bull—Luther condemned

Every preparation was made at Rome for condemning the defender of the liberty of the Church. That Church had long been living in a state of haughty security. For several years the monks had been accusing Leo X of caring only for luxury and pleasure, of occupying himself solely with the chase, the theatre, and music, while the Church was tottering to its fall. At length, aroused by the clamours of Dr. Eck, who had come from Leipsic to invoke the power of the Vatican, pope, cardinals, monks, and all Rome, awoke, and thought of saving the papacy.

Rome indeed was compelled to have recourse to the severest measures. The gauntlet had been thrown down; the combat must be to the death. Luther did not attack the abuses of the Roman pontificate, but the pontificate itself. At his command he would have had the pope to descend humbly from his throne, and become a simple pastor or bishop on the banks of the Tiber. All the dignitaries of the Roman hierarchy were to renounce their wealth and their worldly glory, and become elders and deacons of the churches of Italy. All that splendour and power, which for ages had dazzled the West, was to vanish and give place to the humble simplicity of the primitive christian worship. God might have brought this about; He will do so in his own time; but it could not be expected from man. And even should any pope have been so disinterested or bold as to be willing to overthrow the ancient and costly edifice of the Roman Church, thousands of priests and bishops would have stretched out their hands to prevent its fall. The pope had received his power on the express condition of maintaining what was confided to him.

Rome thought herself divinely appointed to the government of the Church. We cannot therefore be astonished that she prepared to strike the most terrible blows. And yet she hesitated at first. Many cardinals and the pope himself were opposed to violent measures. The skilful Leo saw clearly that a decision, the execution of which depended on the very doubtful compliance of the civil power, might seriously compromise the authority of the Church. He was aware, besides, that the violent measures hitherto employed had only served to aggravate the mischief. Is it not possible to gain over this Saxon monk? asked the Roman politicians of one another. Will all the power of the Church, will all the craft of Italy fail?—They must negotiate still.

Eck accordingly met with powerful obstacles.

He neglected nothing that might prevent such impious conces sions. In every quarter of Rome he vented his rage, and called for revenge. The fanatical portion of the monks soon leagued with him. Strengthened by their alliance, he assailed the pope and cardinals with fresh courage. In his opinion, every attempt at conciliation would be useless. These (said he) are idle dreams with which you soothe yourselves at a distance from the danger. He knew the peril, for he had contended with the audacious monk. He saw that there should be no delay in cutting off this gangrened limb, for fear the disease should infect the whole body. The impetuous disputant of Leipsic parried objection after objection, and with difficulty persuaded the pope. He desired to save Rome in spite of herself. He made every exertion, passing many hours together in deliberation in the pontiff's cabinet. He excited the court and the cloisters, the people and the Church. "Eck is stirring up the bottomless pit against me," said Luther; he is setting fire to the forests of Lebanon."

But the victory, at the very moment Dr. Eck made most sure of it, appeared suddenly to escape from his hands. There existed even in Rome a respectable party to a certain extent favourable to Luther. On this point we have the testimony of a Roman citizen, one of whose letters, written in January 1521, has fortunately been preserved. "You should know," says he, "that in Rome there is scarcely an individual, at least among men of sound judgment, who is not aware that in many respects Luther speaks the truth." These respectable persons resisted the demands of Dr. Eck. "We should take more time for reflection," said they; "Luther should be opposed by moderation and by reason, and not by anathemas." Leo X was again staggered. But immediately all that was bad in Rome burst out into violent fury. Eck mustered his recruits, and from all quarters, but especially from among the Dominicans, auxiliaries rallied round him, overflowing with anger and apprehension lest their victim should escape. "It is unbecoming the dignity of the Roman pontiff," said they, "to give a reason to every little wretch that presumes to raise his head; on the contrary, these obstinate people should be crushed by force, lest others, after them, should imitate their audacity. It was in this way that the punishment of John Huss, and of his disciple Jerome, terrified many; and if the same thing had been done to Reuchlin, Luther would never have dared what he has done."

At the same time the theologians of Cologne, Louvain, and other universities, and even princes of Germany, either by letter or through their envoys, daily urged the pope in private by the most pressing entreaties. But the most earnest solicitations proceeded from a banker who, by his wealth, possessed great influence at Rome, and

who was familiarly styled "the king of crowns." The papacy has always been more or less in the hands of those who have lent it money. This banker was Fugger, the treasurer of the indulgences. Inflamed with anger against Luther, and very uneasy about his profits and his wares, the Augsburg merchant strained every nerve to exasperate the pope: "Employ force against Luther," said he, "and I will promise you the alliance and support of several princes." It would even appear that it was he who had sent Eck to Rome.

This gave the decisive blow. The "king of crowns" was victor in the pontifical city. It was not the sword of the Gaul, but wellstored purses that were on this occasion thrown into the balance. Eck prevailed at last. The politicians were defeated by the fanatics in the papal councils. Leo gave way, and Luther's condemnation was resolved upon. Eck breathed again. His pride was flattered by the thought that it was he who had decided the destruction of his heretical rival, and thus saved the Church. "It was fortunate," said he, "that I came to Rome at this time, for they were but little acquainted with Luther's errors. It will one day be known how much I have done in this cause."

Few were more active in supporting Doctor Eck than Sylvester Mazzolini de Prierio, master of the sacred palace. He had just published a work in which he laid down that not only did the infallible decision of all controverted points belong to the pope alone, but that the papal dominion was the fifth monarchy prophesied by Daniel, and the only true monarchy; that the pope was the first of all ecclesiastical princes, the father of all secular rulers, the chief of the world, and, essentially, the world itself. In another writing, he affirmed that the pope is as much superior to the emperor, as gold is more precious than lead; that the pope may elect and depose both emperors and electors, establish and annul positive rights, and that the emperor, though backed by all the laws and nations of Christendom, cannot decide the least thing against the pope's will. Such was the voice that issued from the palace of the sovereign pontiff; such was the monstrous fiction which, combined with the scholastic doctrines, pretended to extinguish the dawning truth. If this fable had not been unmasked as it has been, and even by learned men in the Romish communion, there would have been neither true religion nor true history. The papacy is not only a lie in the face of the Bible; it is so even in the face of the annals of all nations. Thus the Reformation, by breaking its charm, emancipated not only the Church, but also kings and people. It has been said that the Reformation was a political work; in this sense it is true; but this is only a secondary sense.

Thus did God send forth a spirit of infatuation on the Roman doctors. The separation between truth and error had not become necessary; and error was the

instrument of its accomplishment. If they had come to an agreement, it could only have been at the expense of truth; but, to take away the smallest part of itself, is to prepare the way for its complete annihilation. It is like the insect which is said to die if one of its antennae be removed. Truth requires to be entire in all its members, in order to display that energy by which it is enabled to gain wide and salutary victories, and to propagate itself through future ages. To mingle a little error with truth is like throwing a grain of poison into a wellfilled dish; this one grain is sufficient to change the nature of the food, and will cause death, slowly perhaps, but surely. Those who defend Christ's doctrine against the attacks of its adversaries, as jealously keep watch upon its remotest outworks as upon the body of the place; for no sooner has the enemy gained a footing in the least of these positions, than his victory is not far distant.

The Roman pontiff resolved, at the period we have now reached, to rend the Church, and the fragment that remains in his grasp, however splendid it may be, ineffectually conceals under its gorgeous ornaments the deleterious principle by which it is attacked. Wherever the Word of God is, there is life. Luther, however great his courage, would probably have kept silence, if Rome had been silent herself, and had affected to make a few apparent concessions. But God had not abandoned the Reformation to the weak heart of man. Luther was in the hands of One more farsighted than himself. Divine Providence made use of the pope to break every link between the past and the future, and to launch the reformer into a new path, unknown and undistinguishable to his eyes, the approaches of which he never could have found unaided. The pontifical bull was the letter of divorcement that Rome gave to the pure Church of Jesus Christ in the person of him who was then its humble but faithful representative; and the Church accepted it, from that hour to depend solely on her Head who is in heaven.

While, at Rome, Luther's condemnation was urged forward with so much violence that an humble priest, living in one of the simple towns of Helvetia, and who had never held any communication with the reformer, was deeply affected at the thought of the blow impending over him; and, while the friends of the Wittenberg doctor trembled and remained silent, this child of the Swiss mountains resolved to employ every means in his power to arrest the formidable bull. His name was Ulrich Zwingle. William des Faucons, secretary to the pope's legate in Switzerland and who, in the legate's absence, was intrusted with the affairs of Rome, was his friend. "So long as I live," had said the nuncio ad interim to him a few days before, "you may count on my doing all that can be expected from a true friend." The Helvetian priest, trusting to this assurance, went to the nuncio's office (such at least is the conclusion we draw from one of his letters). He had no fear on his own part of the dangers to which the evangelical faith exposed him; he knew that a disciple of Christ should

always be ready to lay down his life. "All that I ask of Christ for myself," said he to a friend to whose bosom he confided his anxiety about Luther, "is, that I may endure with the heart of a man the evils that await me. I am a vessel of clay in His hands; let Him dash me in pieces or strengthen me, as seemeth good to Him."

But the Swiss evangelist feared for the Christian Church, if so formidable a blow should strike the reformer. He endeavoured to persuade the representative of Rome to enlighten the pope, and to employ all the means in his power to prevent Luther's excommunication. "The dignity of the holy see itself is interested in this," said Zwingle, "for if matters should come to such a point, Germany, overflowing with enthusiasm for the Gospel and for the doctor who preaches it, will despise the pope and his anathemas." This intervention proved of no effect: it would appear also that even at the time it was made, the blow had been already struck. Such was the first occasion in which the paths of the Saxon doctor and of the Swiss priest met. We shall again find the latter in the course of this history, and see him growing up and increasing to a lofty stature in the Church of the Lord.

Luther's condemnation being once resolved upon, new difficulties were raised in the consistory. The theologians were of opinion that the fulmination should be issued immediately; the lawyers, on the contrary, that it should be preceded by a summons. "Was not Adam first summoned?" said they to their theological colleagues; "so too was Cain: Where is thy brother Abel, demanded the Almighty." To these singular arguments drawn from the Holy Scriptures the canonists added motives derived from the natural law: "The evidence of a crime," said they, "cannot deprive a criminal of his right of defense." It is pleasing to find these principles of justice in a Roman assembly. But these scruples were not to the taste of the divines in the assembly, who, instigated by passion, thought only of going immediately to work. One man in particular then came forward whose opinions must of necessity have had great influence: this was De Vio, cardinal Cajetan, still labouring under extreme vexation at his defeat in Augsburg, and the little honour or profit he had derived from his German mission. De Vio, who had returned to Rome in ill health, was carried to the assembly on his couch. He would not miss this paltry triumph, which afforded him some little consolation. Although defeated at Augsburg, he desired to take part at Rome in condemning this indomitable monk, before whom he had witnessed the failure of all his learning, skill, and authority. Luther was not there to reply: De Vio thought himself invincible. "I have seen enough to know," said he, "that if the Germans are not kept under by fire and sword, they will entirely throw off the yoke of the Roman Church." Such a declaration from Cajetan could not fail to have great weight. The cardinal was avenged of his defeat and of the contempt of Germany. A final conference, which Eck attended, was held in the pope's presence at his villa of

Malliano. On the 15th of June the Sacred College decided on the condemnation, and sanctioned the famous bull.

"Arise, O Lord! " said the Roman pontiff, speaking at this solemn moment as God's vicegerent and head of the Church, "arise, judge thy cause, and call to mind the opprobrium which madmen continually heap on thee! Arise, O Peter; remember thy Holy Roman Church, mother of all churches, and queen of the faith! Arise, O Paul, for behold a new Porphyry attacks thy doctrines and the holy popes, our predecessors. Lastly, arise, ye assembly of saints, the holy Church of God, and intercede with the Almighty! "

The pope then proceeds to quote from Luther's works fortyone pernicious, scandalous, and poisonous propositions, in which the latter set forth the holy doctrines of the Gospel. The following propositions are included in the list:—

"To deny that sin remains in the child after baptism, is to trample under foot both Saint Paul and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"A new life is the best and sublimest penance."

"To burn heretics is contrary to the will of the Holy Ghost," &c

"So soon as this bull shall be published," continues the pope, "the bishops shall make diligent search after the writings of Martin Luther that contain these errors, and burn them publicly and solemnly in the presence of the clergy and laity. As for Martin himself, what have we not done? Imitating the longsuffering of God Almighty, we are still ready to receive him again into the bosom of the Church, and we grant him sixty days in which to forward us his recantation in a paper, sealed by two prelates; or else, which would be far more agreeable to us, for him to come to Rome in person, in order that no one may entertain any doubts of his obedience. Meanwhile, and from this very moment, he must give up preaching, teaching, and writing, and commit his works to the flames. And if he does not retract in the space of sixty days, we by these presents condemn both him and his adherents as open and obstinate heretics." The pope then pronounces a number of excommunications, maledictions, and interdicts, against Luther and his partisans, with orders to seize their persons and send them to Rome. We may easily conceive what would have become of these noble-minded confessors of the Gospel in the papal dungeons.

Thus was the tempest gathering over Luther's head. It might have been imagined, after the affair of Reuchlin, that the court of Rome would no longer make

common cause with the Dominicans and the Inquisition. But now the latter had the upper hand, and the ancient alliance was solemnly renewed. The bull was published; and for centuries Rome had not pronounced a sentence of condemnation that her arm had not followed up with death. This murderous message was about to leave the Seven Hills, and reach the Saxon monk in his cell. The moment was aptly chosen. It might be supposed that the new emperor, who had so many reasons for courting the pope's friendship, would be eager to deserve it by sacrificing to him an obscure monk. Already Leo X, the cardinals, nay all Rome, exulted in their victory, and fancied they saw their enemy at their feet.

CHAPTER 5

Wittenberg—Melancthon—His Marriage—Catherine—Domestic Life—Benevolence—Good Humour—Christ and Antiquity—Labour—Love of Letters—His Mother—Revolt of the Students

While the inhabitants of the eternal city were thus agitated, more tranquil scenes were passing at Wittenberg. Melancthon was there diffusing a mild but brilliant light. From fifteen hundred to two thousand auditors, collecting from Germany, England, the Low Countries, France, Italy, Hungary, and Greece, were often assembled around him. He was twenty-four years of age, and had not entered the ecclesiastical state. There were none in Wittenberg who were not delighted to receive the visits of this young professor, at once so learned and so amiable. Foreign universities, Ingolstadt in particular, desired to attract him within their walls. His Wittenberg friends were eager to retain him among them by the ties of marriage. Although Luther wished that his dear friend Philip might find a consort, he openly declared that he would not be his adviser in this matter. Others took this task upon themselves.

The young doctor frequented, in particular, the house of the burgomaster Krapp, who belonged to an ancient family. Krapp had a daughter named Catherine, a woman of mild character and great sensibility. Melancthon's friends urged him to demand her in marriage; but the young scholar was absorbed in his books, and would hear no mention of anything besides. His Greek authors and his Testament were his delight. The arguments of his friends he met with other arguments. At length they extorted his consent. All the preliminary steps were arranged, and Catherine was given him to wife. He received her very coldly, and said with a sigh: "It is God's will! I must renounce my studies and my pleasures to comply with the wishes of my friends." He appreciated, however, Catherine's good qualities. "The young woman," said he, "has just such a character and education as I should have asked of God: dexia o theos techmaizoito. Certainly she deserves a better husband." Matters were settled in the month of August; the betrothal took place on the 25th of September, and at the end of November the wedding was celebrated. Old John Luther with his wife and daughters visited Wittenberg on this occasion. Many learned men and people of note were present at the nuptials.

The young bride felt as much affection as the young professor gave evidence coldness. Always anxious about her husband, Catherine grew alarmed at the least prospect of any danger that threatened her dear partner. Whenever Melancthon proposed taking any step of such a nature as to compromise himself, she overwhelmed

him with entreaties to renounce it. "I was compelled," wrote Melancthon on one such occasion, "to give way to her weakness such is our lot." How many infidelities in the Church may have had a similar origin! Perhaps we should ascribe to Catherine's influence the timidity and fears with which her husband has so often been reproached. Catherine was an affectionate mother as well as loving wife. She was liberal in her alms to the poor. "O God! do not abandon me in my old age, when my hair begins to turn gray! " such was the daily prayer of this pious and timid woman. Melancthon was soon conquered by his wife's affection. When he had once tasted the joys of domestic life, he felt all their sweetness: he was formed for such pleasures. Nowhere did he feel himself happier than with Catherine and his children. A French traveller one day finding "the master of Germany" rocking his child's cradle with one hand, and holding a book in the other, started back with surprise. But Melancthon, without being disconcerted, explained to him with so much warmth the value of children in the eyes of God, that the stranger quitted the house wiser (to use his own words) than he had entered it.

Melancthon's marriage gave a domestic circle to the Reformation. There was from this time one house in Wittenberg always open to those who were inspired by the new life. The concourse of strangers was immense. They came to Melancthon on a thousand different matters; and the established regulations of his household enjoined him to refuse nothing to any one. The young professor was extremely disinterested whenever good was to be done. When all his money was spent, he would secretly carry his plate to some merchant, caring little about depriving himself of it, since it gave him wherewithal to comfort the distressed. "Accordingly it would have been impossible for him to provide for the wants of himself and family," says his friend Camerarius, "if a Divine and secret blessing had not from time to time furnished him the means." His good nature was extreme. He possessed several ancient gold and silver medals, remarkable for their inscriptions and figures. He showed them one day to a stranger who called upon him. "Take any one you like," said Melancthon.—"I should like them all," replied the stranger. I confess (says Philip) that this unreasonable request displeased me a little at first; I nevertheless gave them to him.

There was in Melancthon's writings a perfume of antiquity, which did not however prevent the sweet savour of Christ from exhaling from every part, while it communicated to them an inexpressible charm. There is not one of his letters addressed to his friends in which we are not reminded in the most natural manner of the wisdom of Homer, Plato, Cicero, and Pliny, Christ ever remaining his Master and his God. Spalatin had asked him the meaning of this expression of Jesus Christ, Without me ye can do nothing (John 15:5). Melancthon referred him to Luther. "Cur agam gestum, spectante Roscio? to use Cicero's words," said he. He then continues:

"This passage signifies that we must be absorbed in Christ, so that we ourselves no longer act, but Christ lives in us. As the Divine nature was incorporated with the human in the person of Christ, so man must be incorporated with Jesus Christ by faith."

The illustrious scholar generally retired to rest shortly after supper. At two or three o'clock in the morning he was again at his studies. It was during these early hours that his best works were written. His manuscripts usually lay on the table exposed to the view of every visiter, so that he was robbed of several. When he had invited any of his friends to his house, he used to beg one of them to read before sitting down to table some small composition in prose or verse. He always took some young men with him during his journeys. He conversed with them in a manner at once amusing and instructive. If the conversation languished, each of them had to recite in turn passages extracted from the ancient poets. He made frequent use of irony, tempering it, however, with great mildness. "He scratches and bites," said he of himself, "and yet he does no harm."

Learning was his passion. The great object of his life was to diffuse literature and knowledge. Let us not forget that in his estimation the Holy Scriptures ranked far above the writings of pagan authors. "I apply myself solely to one thing," said he, "the defence of letters. By our example we must excite youth to the admiration of learning, and induce them to live it for its own sake, and not for the advantage that may be derived from it. The destruction of learning brings with it the ruin of everything that is good: religion, morals, Divine and human things. The better a man is, the greater his ardour in the preservation of learning; for he knows that of all plagues, ignorance is the most pernicious."

Some time after his marriage, Melancthon, in company with Camerarius and other friends, made a journey to Bretten in the Palatinate, to visit his beloved mother. As soon as he caught sight of his birthplace, he got off his horse, fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for having permitted him to see it once more. Margaret almost fainted with joy as she embraced her son. She wished him to stay at Bretten, and begged him earnestly to adhere to the faith of his fathers. Melancthon excused himself in this respect, but with great delicacy, lest he should wound his mother's feelings. He had much difficulty in leaving her again; and whenever a traveller brought him news from his natal city, he was as delighted as if he had again returned (to use his own words) to the joys of his childhood. Such was the private life of one of the greatest instruments of the religious Revolution of the sixteenth century.

A disturbance, however, occurred to trouble these domestic scenes and the studious activity of Wittenberg. The students came to blows with the citizens. The rector displayed great weakness. We may imagine what was Melancthon's sorrow at beholding the excesses committed by these disciples of learning. Luther was indignant: he was far from desiring to gain popularity by an unbecoming conciliation. The opprobrium these disorders reflected on the university pierced him to the heart. He went into the pulpit, and preached forcibly against these seditions, calling upon both parties to submit to the magistrates. His sermon occasioned great irritation: "Satan," said he in one of his letters, "being unable to attack us from without, desires to injure us from within. I do not fear him; but I fear lest God's anger should fall upon us, for not having fully received His Word. These last three years I have been thrice exposed to great danger; at Augsburg in 1518, at Leipsic in 1519, and now in 1520 at Wittenberg. It is neither by wisdom nor by arms that the renovation of the Church will be accomplished, but by humble prayer and a bold faith, that puts Christ on our side. My dear friend, unite thy prayers with mine, that the evil spirit may not use this small spark to kindle a great conflagration."

CHAPTER 6

The Gospel in Italy—Sermon on the Mass—Babylonish Captivity of the Church—Baptism—Abolition of other Vows—Progress of Reform

But more terrible combats awaited Luther. Rome was brandishing the sword with which she was about to strike the Gospel. The rumour of the condemnation that was about to fall upon him, far from dispiriting the reformer, augmented his courage. He manifested no anxiety to parry the blows of this haughty power. It is by inflicting more terrible blows himself that he will neutralize those of his adversaries. While the transalpine assemblies are thundering out anathemas against him, he will bear the sword of the Word into the midst of the Italian people. Letters from Venice spoke of the favour with which Luther's sentiments were received there. He burnt with desire to send the Gospel across the Alps. Evangelists were wanted to carry it thither. "I wish," said he, "that we had living books, that is, preachers, and that we could multiply and protect them everywhere, that they might convey to the people a knowledge of holy things.

The prince could not undertake a more glorious task. If the people of Italy should receive the truth, our cause would then be impregnable." It does not appear that Luther's project was realized. In later years, it is true, evangelical men, even Calvin himself, sojourned for a short period in Italy; but for the present Luther's designs were not carried out. He had addressed one of the mighty princes of the world: if he had appealed to men of humble rank, but full of zeal for the kingdom of God, the result might have been different. At that period, the idea generally prevailed, that everything should be done by governments, and the association of simple individuals,—that power which is now effecting such great things in Christendom,—was almost unknown.

If Luther did not succeed in his projects for propagating the truth in distant countries, he was only the more zealous in announcing it himself. It was at this time that he preached his sermon on the Mass at Wittenberg. In this discourse he inveighs against the numerous sects of the Romish Church, and reproaches it, with reason, for its want of unity. "The multiplicity of spiritual laws," say he, "has filled the world with sects and divisions. Priests, monks, and laymen have come to hate each other more than the Christians hate the Turks. What do I say? Priests against priests, and monks against monks, are deadly enemies. Each one is attached to his own sect, and despises all others. The unity and charity of Christ are at an end." He next attacks the doctrine that the mass is a sacrifice, and has some virtue in itself. "What is most precious in every sacrament, and consequently in the eucharist," says he, "is the

promises and the Word of God. Without faith in this Word and these promises, the sacrament is dead; it is a body without a soul, a cup without wine, a purse without money, a type without fulfillment, a letter without spirit, a casket without jewels, a scabbard without a sword."

Luther's voice was not, however, confined to Wittenberg, and if he did not find missionaries to bear his instructions to distant lands, God had provided a missionary of a new kind. The printingpress was the successor of the Evangelists. This was the breachingbattery employed against the Roman fortress. Luther had prepared a mine the explosion of which shook the edifice of Rome to its lowest foundations. This was the publication of his famous book on the Babylonish Captivity of the Church, which appeared on the 6th of October 1520. Never did man, in so critical a position, display greater courage.

In this work he first sets forth with haughty irony all the advantages for which he is indebted to his enemies:—

"Whether I will it or not," said he, "I become wiser every day, urged on as I am by so many illustrious masters. Two years ago, I attacked indulgences, but with so much indecision and fear, that I am now ashamed of it. It is not, however, to be wondered at, for I was alone when I set this stone rolling." He thanks Prierio, Eck, Emser, and his other adversaries: "I denied," continued he, "that the papacy was of Divine origin, but I granted that it was of human right. Now, after reading all the subtleties on which these gentry have set up their idol, I know that the papacy is none other than the kingdom of Babylon, and the violence of Nimrod the mighty hunter. I therefore beseech all my friends and all the booksellers to burn the books that I have written on this subject, and to substitute this one proposition in their place: The papacy is a general chase led by the Roman bishop, to catch and destroy souls."

Luther next proceeds to attack the prevailing errors on the sacraments, monastic vows, &c. He reduces the seven sacraments of the Church to three; Baptism, Penance, and the Lord's Supper. After explaining the true nature of this Supper, he passes on to baptism; and it is here especially that he lays down the excellence of faith, and vigorously attacks Rome. "God," says he, "has preserved this sacrament alone free from human traditions. God has said: He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved. This promise of God should be preferred to the glory of all works, vows, satisfactions, indulgences, and all inventions of man. Now, on this promise, received by faith, depends our salvation. If we believe, our hearts are strengthened by the Divine promise; and though the believer should be forsaken of all, this promise in which he believes will never forsake him. With it, he will resist the adversary who

assaults his soul, and be prepared to meet death, and stand before the judgment seat of God. It will be his consolation in all his trials to say: God's promises never deceive; of their truth I received a pledge at my baptism; if God is for me, who shall be against me? Oh, how rich is the baptised Christian! Nothing can destroy him except he refuse to believe.

"Perhaps to what I have said on the necessity of faith, the baptism of little children may be objected. But as the Word of God is mighty to change the heart of a wicked man, who is not less deaf nor less helpless than an infant, so the prayers of the Church, to which all things are possible, change the little child, by the faith it pleases God to place in his heart, and thus purifies and renews it."

We state Luther's doctrine upon Baptism without pretending to approve it. The very scriptural idea that no sacrament can be useful without faith, led Luther to declare "that children themselves believe in baptism, that they have a faith peculiar to them;" and when it was objected to him that not having reason they could not have faith, he replied, "What has reason to do with faith and with the Word of God? Does it not on the contrary resist them? No man can attain to faith unless he becomes a fool, without reason, without intelligence, and like a little child." We must not be afraid to point out errors in the leaders of the Reformation: we do not pay them honours like those which Rome pays to its saints; we defend neither Calvin nor Luther, but only Christ and his word.

After having thus explained the doctrine of baptism, Luther wields it as a weapon against the papacy. In fact, if the Christian finds all his salvation in the renewal of his baptism by faith, what need has he of the Romish ordinances?

"For this reason, I declare," says Luther, "that neither pope, nor bishop, nor any man living, has authority to impose the least thing on a Christian, without his own consent. All that is done without it is an act of tyranny. We are free from all men. The vow that we made at our baptism is sufficient of itself, and more than we can ever fulfil. All other vows then, may be abolished. Let every man who enters the priesthood or any religious order be assured, that the works of a monk or of a priest differ in no respect before God from those of a peasant who tills his fields, or of a woman who manages her house. God estimates all things by the standard of faith. And it often happens that the simple labour of a serving man or maiden is more acceptable to God than the fasts and works of a monk, because the latter are void of faith Christians are God's true people, led captive to Babylon, and there stripped of what they had acquired by their baptism."

Such were the weapons by which the religious revolution we are relating was effected. First, the necessity of faith was reestablished, and then the reformers employed it as a weapon to dash to atoms every superstition. It is with this power of God, which removes mountains, that they attacked so many errors. These words of Luther, and many others like them, circulating through cities, convents, and rural districts, were the leaven that leavened the whole mass.

Luther terminates this famous writing on the Captivity of Babylon with these words:—"I hear that new papal excommunications are about to be fabricated against me. If it be true, this present book must be considered as part of my future recantation. The remainder will soon follow, to prove my obedience, and the complete work will form, with Christ's aid, such a whole as Rome has never heard or seen the like."

CHAPTER 7

Fresh Negotiations—The Augustines at Eisleben—Miltitz—Deputation to Luther—Miltitz and the Elector—Conference at Lichtemberg—Luther's Letter to the Pope—Book presented to the Pope—Union of Christ with the Believer—Liberty and Bondage

After such a publication, all hope of reconciliation between Luther and the pope must of necessity have vanished. The incompatibility of the reformer's faith with the doctrines of the Church must have struck the least discerning; but precisely at that very time fresh negotiations had been opened. Five weeks before the publication of the Captivity of Babylon, at the end of August 1520, the general chapter of the Augustine monks was held at Eisleben. The venerable Staupitz there resigned the general vicarship of the order, and it was conferred on Wenceslas Link, the same who had accompanied Luther to Augsburg. The indefatigable Miltitz suddenly arrived in the midst of the proceedings. He was ardently desirous of reconciling Luther with the pope. His vanity, his avarice, and above all, his jealousy and hatred, were deeply interested in this result. Eck and his boastings annoyed him; he knew that the Ingolstadt doctor had been decrying him at Rome, and he would have made every sacrifice to baffle, by a peace that should be promptly concluded, the schemes of this importunate rival. The interests of religion were mere secondary matters in his eyes.

One day, as he relates, he was dining with the Bishop of Leissen. The guests had already made pretty copious libations, when a new work of Luther's was laid before them. It was opened and read; the bishop grew angry; the official swore; but Miltitz burst into a hearty laugh. He dealt with the Reformation as a man of the world; Eck as a theologian.

Aroused by the arrival of Dr. Eck, Miltitz addressed the Chapter of the Augustines in a speech, delivered with a strong Italian accent, thinking thus to impose on his simple fellowcountrymen. "The whole Augustine order," said he, "is compromised in this affair. Show me the means of restraining Luther."—"We have nothing to do with the doctor," replied the fathers, "and cannot give you advice." They relied no doubt on the release from the obligations to his order which Staupitz had given Luther at Augsburg. Miltitz persisted: "Let a deputation from this venerable Chapter wait upon Luther, and entreat him to write to the pope, assuring him that he has never plotted against his person. That will be sufficient to put an end to the matter." The Chapter complied with the nuncio's demand, and commissioned, no doubt at his own request, the former vicargeneral and his successor (Staupitz and Link) to speak to Luther. This deputation immediately set out for Wittenberg, bearing a letter from Miltitz to the doctor, filled with expressions of the greatest respect.

"There is no time to lose," said he; "the thunderstorm, already gathering over the reformer's head, will soon burst forth; and then all will be over."

Neither Luther nor the deputies who shared in his sentiments expected any success from a letter to the pope. But that was an additional reason for not refusing to write one. Such a letter could only be a mere matter of form, which would set the justice of Luther's cause in a still stronger light. "This Italianised Saxon (Miltitz)," thought Luther, "is no doubt looking to his own private interest in making the request. Well, then, let it be so! I will write, in conformity with the truth, that I have never entertained any designs against the pope's person. I must be on my guard against attacking the see of Rome itself too violently. Yet I will sprinkle it with its own salt."

But not long after, the doctor was informed of the arrival of the bull in Germany; on the 3rd of October, he told Spalatin that he would not write to the pope, and on the 6th of the same month, he published his book on the Captivity of Babylon. Miltitz was not even yet discouraged. The desire of humbling Eck made him believe in impossibilities. On the 2nd of October, he had written to the elector full of hope: "All will go on well; but, for the love of God, do not delay any longer to pay me the pension that you and your brother have given me these several years past. I require money to gain new friends at Rome. Write to the pope, pay homage to the young cardinals, the relations of his holiness, in gold and silver pieces from the electoral mint, and add to them a few for me also, for I have been robbed of those that you gave me."

Even after Luther had been informed of the bull, the intriguing Miltitz was not discouraged. He requested to have a conference with Luther at Lichtemberg. The elector ordered the latter to go there; but his friends, and above all, the affectionate Melancthon, opposed it. "What! " thought they; "accept a conference with the nuncio in so distant a place, at the very moment when the bull is to appear which commands Luther to be seized and carried to Rome! Is it not clear that, as Dr. Eck is unable to approach the reformer on account of the open manner in which he has shown his hatred, the crafty chamberlain has taken upon himself to catch Luther in his toils?"

These fears had no power to stop the Wittenberg doctor. The prince has commanded, and he will obey, "I am setting out for Lichtemberg," he wrote to the chaplain on the 11th of October; "pray for me." His friends would not abandon him. Towards evening of the same day, he entered Lichtemberg on horseback, accompanied by thirty cavaliers, among whom was Melancthon. The papal nuncio arrived about the same time, with a train of four persons. Was not this moderate escort a mere trick to inspire confidence in Luther and his friends?

Miltitz was very pressing in his solicitations, assuring Luther that the blame would be thrown on Eck and his foolish vaunting, and that all would be concluded to the satisfaction of both parties. "Well then! " replied Luther, "I offer to keep silence henceforward, provided my adversaries are silent likewise. For the sake of peace, I will do everything in my power."

Miltitz was filled with joy. He accompanied Luther as far as Wittenberg. The reformer and the nuncio entered side by side into that city which Doctor Eck was already approaching, presenting with a threatening hand the formidable bull that was intended to crush the Reformation. "We shall bring this business to a happy conclusion," wrote Miltitz to the elector immediately; "thank the pope for the rose, and at the same time send forty or fifty florins to the Cardinal Quatuor Sanctorum."

Luther had now to fulfil his promise of writing to the pope. Before bidding Rome farewell for ever, he was desirous of proclaiming to her once more some important and salutary truths. Many readers, from ignorance of the sentiments that animated the writer, will consider his letter as a caustic writing, a bitter and insolent satire.

All the evils that afflicted Christendom he sincerely ascribed to Rome; on this ground, his language cannot be regarded as insolent, but as containing the most solemn warnings. The greater his affection for Leo, and the greater his love for the Church of Christ, the more he desires to lay bare the extent of its wound. The energy of his expressions is a scale by which to measure the energy of his affections. The moment is come for striking a decisive blow. We may almost imagine we see a prophet going round the city for the last time, reproaching it with its abominations, revealing the judgments of the Almighty, and calling out "Yet a few days more! "

The following is Luther's letter:—

"To the most holy Father in God, Leo X., Pope at Rome, be all health in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

"From the midst of the violent battle which for three years I have been fighting against dissolute men, I cannot hinder myself from sometimes looking towards you, O Leo, most holy Father in God! And although the madness of your impious flatterers has constrained me to appeal from your judgment to a future council, my heart has never been alienated from your holiness, and I have never ceased praying constantly and with deep groaning for your prosperity and for that of your pontificate.

It is true that I have attacked certain antichristian doctrines, and have inflicted a deep wound upon my adversaries, because of their impiety. I do not repent of this, for I have the example of Christ before me. What is the use of salt if it has lost its pungency; or of the edge of the sword, if it cuts not? Cursed be the man who does the Lord's work coldly! Most excellent Leo, far from ever having entertained an evil thought in your respect, I wish you the most precious blessings for eternity. I have done but one thing—upheld the Word of truth. I am ready to submit to you in everything; but as for this Word, I will not—I cannot abandon it. He who thinks differently from me, thinks erroneously.

"It is true that I have attacked the court of Rome; but neither you nor any man on earth can deny that it is more corrupt than Sodom and Gomorrah; and that the impiety prevailing there is past all hope of cure. Yes! I have been filled with horror at seeing that under your name the poor people of Christ have been made a sport of. This I opposed, and I will oppose it again; not that I imagine I shall be able, despite the opposition of flatterers, to prosper in anything connected with this Babylon, which is confusion itself; but I owe it to my brethren, in order that some may escape, if possible, from these terrible scourges.

"You are aware that Rome for many years past has inundated the world with all that could destroy both body and soul. The Church of Rome, once the foremost in sanctity, is become the most licentious den of robbers, the most shameless of all brothels, the kingdom of sin, of death, and of hell, which Antichrist himself, if he were to appear, could not increase in wickedness. All this is clearer than the sun at noonday.

"And yet, O Leo! you sit like a lamb in the midst of wolves, like Daniel in the lions' den! What can you do alone against such monsters? Perhaps there are three or four cardinals who combine learning and virtue. But what are they against so great a number! You would all die of poison, before being able to make trial of any remedy. The fate of the court of Rome is decreed; God's wrath is upon it, and will consume it. It hates good advice, dreads reform, will not mitigate the fury of its impiety, and thus deserves that men should speak of this city as of its mother: We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her. It was for you and your cardinals to have applied the remedy; but the sick man mocks the physician, and the horse will not obey the rein.

"Full of affection for you, most excellent Leo, I have always regretted that you, who are worthy of better times, should have been raised to the pontificate in such days as these. Rome merits you not, nor those who resemble you; she deserves to have

Satan himself for her king. So true it is that he reigns more than you in that Babylon. Would to God that, laying aside that glory which your enemies so loudly extol, you would exchange it for some small living, or would support yourself on your paternal inheritance; for none but Iscariots deserve such honour O my dear Leo, of what use are you in this Roman court, except that the basest men employ your name and power to ruin fortunes, destroy souls, multiply crimes, oppress the faith, the truth, and the whole Church of God? O Leo! you are the most unhappy of men, and you sit on the most dangerous of thrones! I tell you the truth because I mean you well.

"Is it not true that under the spreading firmament of heaven there is nothing more corrupt or more detestable than the Romish court? It infinitely exceeds the Turks in vices and corruption. Once it was the gate of heaven, now it is the mouth of hell; a mouth which the wrath of God keeps open so wide, that on witnessing the unhappy people rushing into it, I cannot but utter a warning cry, as in a tempest, that some at least may be saved from the terrible gulf.

"Behold, O Leo, my Father! why I have inveighed against this deathdealing see. Far from rising up against your person, I thought I was labouring for your safety, by valiantly attacking that prison, or rather that hell, in which you are shut up. To inflict all possible mischief on the court of Rome, is performing your duty. To cover it with shame, is to do Christ honour; in a word, to be a Christian is not to be a Roman.

"Yet finding that by succoring the see of Rome I lost both my labour and my pains, I transmitted to it this writing of divorcement, and said Farewell: Rome! He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still! and I devoted myself to the tranquil and solitary study of the Holy Scripture. Then Satan opened his eyes, and awoke his servant John Eck, a great adversary of Jesus Christ, in order to challenge me again to the lists. He was desirous of establishing, not the primacy of Saint Peter, but his own, and for that purpose to lead the conquered Luther in his triumphal train. His be the blame for all the disgrace with which the see of Rome is covered."

Luther relates his communications with De Vio, Miltitz, and Eck; he then continues:

"Now then, I come to you, most holy Father, and, prostrate at your feet, I beseech you to curb, if that be possible, the enemies of peace. But I cannot retract my doctrine. I cannot permit any rules of interpretation to be imposed on the Scriptures. The Word of God, which is the fountain whence all true liberty flows, must not be bound.

"O Leo! my Father! listen not to those flattering sirens who would persuade you that you are not a mere man, but a demigod, and can command and require whatever you please. You are the servant of servants, and the place where you are seated is the most dangerous and miserable of all. Believe those who depreciate you, and not those who extol you. I am perhaps too bold in presuming to teach so exalted a majesty, which ought to instruct all men. But I see the dangers that surround you at Rome; I see you driven to and fro, like the waves of the sea in a storm. Charity urges me, and it is my duty to utter a cry of warning and of safety.

"That I may not appear emptyhanded before your holiness, I present you a small book which I have dedicated to you, and which will inform you of the subjects on which should be engaged, if your parasites permitted me. It is a little matter, if its size be considered; but a great one, if we regard its contents; for the sum of the christian life is therein contained. I am poor, and have nothing else to offer you; besides, have you need of any other than spiritual gifts? I commend myself to your holiness, whom may the Lord Jesus preserve for ever! Amen! "

The little book which Luther presented to the pope was his discourse on Christian Liberty, in which the reformer demonstrates incontrovertibly, how, without infringing the liberty given by faith, a Christian may submit to all external ordinances in a spirit of liberty and charity. Two truths serve as a foundation to the whole argument: "The Christian is free and master in all things. The Christian is in bondage and a servant in all and to all. He is free and a master by faith; he is a servant and a slave by love."

He first explains the power of faith to make a Christian free. "Faith unites the soul to Christ, as a wife to her husband," says Luther to the pope. "All that Christ has, becomes the property of the believing soul; all that the soul has, becomes the property of Christ. Christ possesses every blessing and eternal salvation: they are henceforward the property of the soul. The soul possesses every vice and sin: they become henceforth the property of Christ. It is then the blessed exchange commences: Christ, who is God and man, Christ who has never sinned, and whose holiness is immaculate, Christ the Almighty and Everlasting, appropriating by his nuptial ring, that is, by faith, all the sins of the believer's soul, these sins are swallowed up and lost in Him; for there is no sin that can stand before His infinite righteousness. Thus, by means of faith, the soul is delivered from every sin, and clothed with the eternal righteousness of her husband, Jesus Christ. Blessed union! the rich, noble, and holy spouse, Jesus Christ, unites in marriage with that poor, guilty, and despised wife, delivers her from every ill, and adorns her with the most costly blessings. Christ, a priest and king, shares this

honour and glory with every Christian. The Christian is a king, and consequently possesses all things; he is a priest, and consequently possesses God. And it is faith, and not works, that brings him to such honour. The Christian is free of tall things, above all things, faith giving him abundantly of everything."

In the second part of his discourse, Luther gives another view of the truth. "Although the Christian is thus made free, he voluntarily becomes a slave, to act towards his brethren as God has acted towards him through Jesus Christ. I desire (says he) to serve freely, joyfully, and gratuitously, a Father who has thus lavished upon me all the abundance of his blessings: I wish to become all things for my neighbour, as Christ has become all things for me."—"From faith," continues Luther, "proceeds the love of God; from love proceeds a life full of liberty, charity, and joy. Oh! how noble and elevated is the christian life! But, alas! no one knows it, no one preaches it. By faith the Christian ascends to God; by love, he descends even to man, and yet he abides ever with God. This is true liberty—a liberty which surpasses all others as much as the heavens are above the earth."

Such is the work with which Luther accompanied his letter to Leo.

CHAPTER 8

The Bull in Germany—Eck's Reception—The Bull at Wittenberg—Zwingle's Intervention

While the reformer was thus addressing the Roman pontiff for the last time, the bull which anathematized him was already in the hands of the chiefs of the German Church, and at the threshold of Luther's dwellingplace. It would appear that no doubts were entertained at Rome of the success of the step just taken against the Reformation. The pope had commissioned two high functionaries of his court, Caraccioli and Aleander, to bear it to the Archbishop of Mentz, desiring him to see it put in execution. But Eck himself appeared in Saxony as the herald and agent of the great pontifical work.

The choice had long been doubtful. "Eck," wrote an inhabitant of Rome about this time, "was peculiarly adapted for this mission by his impudence, his dissimulation, his lies, his flattery, and other vices, that are held in high esteem at Rome: but his fondness for drinking, a failing towards which the Italians entertain a great aversion, was rather against his election." The influence, however, of his patron Fugger, "the king of crowns," prevailed in the end. This bad habit was even metamorphosed into a virtue in the ease of Dr. Eck. "He is just the man we want," said many of the Romans; "for these drunken Germans, what can be better than a drunken legate? Their temerity can only be checked by an equal degree of temerity." Further, it was whispered about that no man of sincerity and good sense would understand such a mission; and that even could such a man be found, the magnitude of the danger would soon make him abandon the place. The idea of nominating Aleander as Dr. Eck's colleague seemed most excellent. "A worthy pair of ambassadors," said some; "both are admirably suited for this work, and perfectly matched in effrontery, impudence, and debauchery."

The doctor of Ingolstadt had felt more than any other man the force of Luther's attack; he had seen the danger, and stretched forth his hand to steady the tottering edifice of Rome. He was, in his own opinion, the Atlas destined to bear on his sturdy shoulders the ancient Roman world now threatening to fall to ruins. Proud of the success of his journey to Rome,—proud of the commission he had received from the sovereign pontiff,—proud of appearing in Germany with the new title of protonotary and pontifical nuncio,—proud of the bull he held in his hands, and which contained the condemnation of his indomitable rival, his present mission was a more magnificent triumph than all the victories he had gained in Hungary, Bavaria, Lombardy, and Saxony, and from which he had previously derived so much renown.

But this pride was soon to be brought low. The pope, by confiding the publication of the bull to Eck, had committed a fault destined to destroy its effect. So great a distinction, accorded to a man not filling an elevated station in the Church, offended all sensible men. The bishops, accustomed to receive the bulls direct from the Roman pontiff, were displeased that this should be published in their dioceses by a nuncio created for the occasion. The nation, that had laughed at the pretended conqueror at Leipsic at the moment of his flight to Italy, was astonished and indignant at seeing him recross the Alps, bearing the insignia of a papal nuncio, and furnished with power to crush her chosen men. Luther considered this judgment brought by his implacable opponent, as an act of personal revenge; this condemnation was in his idea (says Pallavicini) the treacherous dagger of a mortal enemy, and not the lawful axe of a Roman lictor. This paper was no longer regarded as the bull of the supreme pontiff, but as the bull of Doctor Eck. Thus the edge was blunted and weakened beforehand by the very man who had prepared it.

The Chancellor of Ingolstadt had made all haste to Saxony. 'Twas there he had fought; 'twas there he wished to publish his victory. He succeeded in posting up the bull at Meissen, Merseburg, and Brandenburg, towards the end of September. But in the first of these cities it was stuck up in a place where no one could read it, and the bishops of the three sees did not press its publication. Even his great protector, Duke George, forbade the council of Leipsic to make it generally known before receiving an order from the Bishop of Merseburg; and this order did not come till the following year. "These difficulties are merely for form's sake," thought John Eck at first; for everything in other respects seemed to smile upon him. Duke George himself sent him a gilt cup filled with ducats. Even Miltitz, who had hastened to Leipsic at the news of his rival's presence, invited him to dinner. The two legates were boon companions, and Miltitz thought he could more effectually sound his rival over the bottle. "When he had drunk pretty freely, he began," says the pope's chamberlain, "to boast at a fine rate; he displayed his bull, and related how he intended bringing that scoundrel Martin to reason." But erelong the Ingolstadt doctor observed that the wind was changing. A great alteration had taken place in Leipsic during the past year. On St. Michael's day, some students posted up placards in ten different places, in which the new nuncio was sharply attacked. In alarm he fled to the cloister of St. Paul, in which Tetzel had already taken refuge, refused to see any one, and prevailed upon the rector to bring these youthful adversaries to account. But poor Eck gained little by this. The students wrote a ballad upon him, which they sung in the streets; Eck heard it from his retreat. Upon this he lost all his courage; the formidable champion trembled in every limb. Each day he received threatening letters. One hundred and fifty students arrived from Wittenberg, boldly exclaiming against the papal envoy. The wretched apostolical nuncio could hold out no longer. "I have no wish to see him

killed," said Luther, "but I am desirous that his schemes should fail." Eck quitted his asylum by night, escaped secretly from Leipsic, and went and hid himself at Coburg. Miltitz, who relates this, boasted of it more than the reformer. This triumph was not of long duration; all the conciliatory plans of the chamberlain failed, and he came to a melancholy end. Miltitz, being intoxicated, fell into the Rhine at Mentz, and was drowned.

Gradually, however, Eck's courage revived. He repaired to Erfurth, whose theologians had given the Wittenberg doctor several proofs of their jealousy. He insisted that the bull should be published in this city; but the students seized the copies, tore them in pieces, and flung the fragments into the river, saying: "Since it is a bull (a bubble), let it float! " "Now," said Luther, when he was informed of this, "the pope's paper is a real bull (bubble)."

Eck did not dare to appear at Wittenberg; he sent the bull to the rector, threatening to destroy the university if he did not conform to it. At the same time he wrote to Duke John, Frederick's brother and coregent: "Do not misconstrue my proceedings," said he; "for I am fighting on behalf of the faith, which costs me much care, toil, and money."

The Bishop of Brandenburg could not, even had he so wished, act in Wittenberg in his quality of ordinary; for the university was protected by its privileges. Luther and Carlstadt, both condemned by the bull, were invited to be present at the deliberations that took place on its contents. The rector declared that as the bull was not accompanied by a letter from the pope, he would not publish it. The university already enjoyed in the surrounding countries a greater authority than the pontiff himself. Its declaration served as a model for the elector's government. Thus the spirit that was in Luther triumphed over the bull of Rome.

While this affair was thus violently agitating the public mind in Germany, a solemn voice was heard in another country of Europe. One man, foreseeing the immense schism that the papal bull would cause in the Church, stood forward to utter a serious warning and to defend the reformer. It was the same Swiss priest whom we have mentioned before, Ulrich Zwingle, who, without any relations of friendship with Luther, published a writing full of wisdom and dignity,—the first of his numerous works. A brotherly affection seemed to attract him towards the reformer of Wittenberg. "The piety of the pontiff," said he, "calls upon him to sacrifice gladly all that he holds dearest, for the glory of Christ his king and the public peace of the Church. Nothing is more injurious to his dignity than his defending it by bribery or by terror. Before even Luther's writings had been read, he was cried down among the

people as a heretic, a schismatic, and as Antichrist himself. No one had given him warning, no one had refuted him; he begged for a discussion, and they were content to condemn him. The bull that is now published against him displeases even those who honour the pope's grandeur; for throughout it betrays signs of the impotent hatred of a few monks, and not those becoming the mildness of a pontiff, the vicar of a Saviour full of compassion. All men acknowledge that the true doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus

Christ has greatly degenerated, and that we need a striking public revival of laws and morality. Look to all men of learning and virtue; the greater their sincerity, the stronger is their attachment to the evangelical truth, and the less are they scandalized at Luther's writings. There is no one but confesses that these books have made him a better man, although perhaps they may contain passages that he does not approve of.—Let men of pure doctrine and acknowledged probity be chosen; let those princes above all suspicion, the Emperor Charles, the King of England, and the King of Hungary, themselves appoint the arbitrators; let these men read Luther's writings, hear him personally, and let their decision be ratified! Nichesato e tou christou paideia chai aletheia! "

This proposition emanating from the country of the Swiss led to no results. The great divorce must be accomplished; Christendom must be rent in twain; and even in its wounds will the remedy for all its ills be found.

CHAPTER 9

Luther's Appeal to God—His Opinion of the Bull—A Neutral Family—Luther on the Bull—Against the Bull of Antichrist—The Pope forbids Faith—Effects of the Bull—The Burning Pile of Louvain

In truth, what signified all this resistance of students, rectors, and priests? If the mighty hand of Charles unites with the pope's, will they not crush these scholars and grammarians? Who shall withstand the power of the pontiff of Christendom, and of the Emperor of the West? The bolt is discharged; Luther is cut off from the Church; the Gospel seems lost. At this solemn moment, the reformer does not conceal from himself the perils that surround him. He casts his looks to heaven. He prepares to receive, as from the hand of the Lord, the blow that seems destined to destroy him. His soul reposes at the foot of the throne of God. "What will happen?" said he. "I know not, and I care not to know, feeling sure that He who sitteth in heaven hath foreseen from all eternity the beginning, continuation, and end of all this affair. Wherever the blow may reach me, I fear not. The leaf of a tree does not fall to the ground without the will of our Father. How much less we ourselves It is a little matter to die for the Word, since this Word, which was made flesh for us, died itself at first. We shall arise with it, if we die with it, and passing where it has gone before, we shall arrive where it has arrived, and abide with it through all eternity."

Sometimes, however, Luther cannot restrain the contempt inspired by the manoeuvers of his enemies; we then find in him that mixture of sublimity and irony which characterizes him. "I know nothing of Eck," said he, "except that he has arrived with a long beard, a long bull, and a long purse; but I laugh at his bull."

On the 3rd of October he was informed of the papal brief. "It is come at last, this Roman bull," said he. "I despise and attack it as impious, false, and in every respect worthy of Eck. It is Christ himself who is condemned therein. No reasons are given in it: I am cited to Rome, not to be heard, but that I may eat my words. I shall treat it as a forgery, although I believe it true. Oh, that Charles V would act like a man! and that for the love of Christ he would attack these wicked spirits! I rejoice in having to bear such ills for the best of causes. Already I feel greater liberty in my heart; for at last I know that the pope is Antichrist, and that his throne is that of Satan himself."

It was not in Saxony alone that the thunders of Rome had caused alarm. A tranquil family of Swabia, one that had remained neutral, found its peace suddenly disturbed. Bilibald Pirckheimer of Nuremberg, one of the most distinguished men of his day, early bereft of his beloved wife Crescentia, was attached by the closest ties

of affection to his two young sisters, Charity, abbess of Saint Claire, and Clara, a nun in the same convent. These two pious young women served God in this seclusion, and divided their time between study, the care of the poor, and meditation on eternal life. Bilibald, a statesman, found some relaxation from his public cares in the correspondence he kept up with them. They were learned, read Latin, and studied the Fathers; but there was nothing they loved so much as the Holy Scriptures. They had never had any other instructor than their brother.

Charity's letters bear the impress of a delicate and loving mind. Full of the tenderest affection for Bilibald, she feared the least danger on his account. Pirckheimer, to encourage this timid creature, composed a dialogue between Charitas and Veritas (Charity and Truth), in which Veritas strives to give confidence to Charitas. Nothing could have been more touching, or better adapted to console a tender and anxious heart.

What must have been Charity's alarm when she heard it rumoured that Bilibald's name was posted up under the pope's bull on the gates of the cathedrals beside that of Luther! In fact, Eck, impelled by blind fury, had associated with Luther six of the most distinguished men in Germany, Carlstadt, Feldkirchen, Egranus, who cared little about it, Adelmann, Pirckheimer, and his friend Spengler, whom the public functions with which they were invested rendered particularly sensible to this indignity. Great was the agitation in the convent of St. Claire. How could they endure Bilibald's shame? Nothing is so painful to relatives as trials of this nature. The danger was truly urgent. In vain did the city of Nuremberg, the Bishop of Bamberg, and even the Dukes of Bavaria intercede in favour of Spengler and Pirckheimer; these noble-minded men were compelled to humble themselves before Dr. Eck, who made them feel all the importance of a Roman protonotary, and compelled them to write a letter to the pope, in which they declared that they did not adhere to the doctrines of Luther, except so far as they were conformable with the christian faith. At the same time Adelmann, with whom Eck had once disputed, as he rose from table, after a discussion on the great question then filling every mind, was forced to appear before the bishop of Augsburg, and clear himself upon oath from all participation in the Lutheran heresy. Yet vengeance and anger proved bad counsellors to Eck. The names of Bilibald and of his friends brought discredit on the bull. The character of these eminent men, and their numerous connections, served to increase the general irritation.

Luther at first pretended to doubt the authenticity of the bull. "I hear," says he in the first of his writings on the subject, "that Eck has brought a new bull from Rome, which resembles him so much that it might be called Doctor Eck,—so full is it of

falsehood and error. He would have us believe that it is the pope's doing, while it is only a forgery." After having set forth the reasons for his doubts, Luther concludes by saying: "I must see with my own eyes the lead, the seal, the strings, the clause, the signature of the bull, in fact the whole of it, before I value all these clamours even at a straw! "

But no one doubted, not even Luther himself, that it really emanated from the pope. Germany waited to see what the reformer would do. Would he stand firm? All eyes were fixed on Wittenberg. Luther did not keep his contemporaries long in suspense. He replied with a terrible discharge of artillery, publishing on the 4th of November 1520 his treatise Against the Bull of Antichrist.

"What errors, what deceptions," says he, "have crept among the poor people under the mantle of the Church and of the pretended infallibility of the pope! How many souls have thus been lost! how much blood spilt! how many murders committed! how many kingdoms devastated!

"I can pretty clearly distinguish," says he ironically, a little further on, "between skill and malice, and I set no high value on a malice so unskillful. To burn books is so easy a matter that even children can do it; much more, then, the Holy Father and his doctors. It would be well for them to show greater ability than that which is required to burn books Besides, let them destroy my works! I desire nothing better; for all my wish has been to lead souls to the Bible, so that they might afterwards neglect my writings. Great God! if we had a knowledge of Scripture what need would there be of any books of mine? I am free, by the grace of God, and bulls neither console nor alarm me. My strength and my consolation are in a place where neither men nor devils can reach them."

Luther's tenth proposition, condemned by the pope, was thus drawn up: "No man's sins are forgiven, unless he believes they are forgiven when the priest absolves him." By condemning this, the pope denied that faith was necessary in the sacrament. "They pretend," exclaims Luther, "that we must not believe our sins are forgiven when we receive absolution from the priest. And what then ought we to do? Listen, Christians, to this news from Rome. Condemnation is pronounced against that article of faith which we profess when we say: 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the forgiveness of sins.' If I were certain that the pope had really issued this bull at Rome (and he had no doubt about it), and that it was not invented by Eck, that prince of liars, I should like to proclaim to all Christians that they ought to consider the pope as the real Antichrist spoken of in Scripture. And if he would not discontinue publicly to proscribe the faith of the Church, then let even the temporal sword resist

him, rather than the Turk! For the Turk permits us to believe, but the pope forbids it."

While Luther was speaking thus forcibly, his dangers were increasing. His enemies' plan was to expel him from Wittenberg. If Luther and Wittenberg can be separated, Luther and Wittenberg would be ruined. One blow would thus free Rome both from the heretical doctor and the heretical university. Duke George, the Bishop of Merseburg, and the Leipsic theologians secretly applied themselves to the task. When Luther heard of it, he said: "I place the whole matter in God's hands." These intrigues were not entirely ineffectual: Adrian, Hebrew professor at Wittenberg, suddenly turned against the doctor. Great strength of faith was required to bear up against the blow inflicted by the court of Rome. There are some characters that will go along with the truth only to a certain point. Such was Adrian. Alarmed by this condemnation, he quitted Wittenberg, and repaired to Dr. Eck at Leipsic.

The bull was beginning to be carried into execution. The voice of the pontiff of Christendom was not powerless. For ages, fire and sword had taught submission to his decrees. The burning piles were erected at his voice. Everything seemed to announce that a terrible catastrophe would shortly put an end to the daring revolt of this Augustine monk. In October 1520 Luther's books were taken away from all the booksellers' shops in Ingolstadt and put under seal. The Electorarchbishop of Mentz, moderate as he was, felt obliged to banish Ulrich of Hutten from his court, and to imprison his printer. The papal nuncios had besieged the youthful emperor: Charles declared that he would protect the old religion; and in some of his hereditary possessions scaffolds were erected on which the writings of the heretic were to be reduced to ashes. Princes of the Church and councillors of state were present at these autosdafe.

Eck behaved with insolence, in every quarter threatening the great and the learned, and "filling everything with his smoke," as Erasmus says. "The pope," said Eck, "who has overthrown so many counts and dukes, will know how to bring these wretched grammarians to their senses. We must tell the Emperor Charles himself: You are but a cobbler." And his colleague Aleander, frowning like a schoolmaster who threatens his pupils with the rod, said to Erasmus: "We shall know how to get at this Duke Frederick, and teach him reason." Aleander was quite elated with his success. To hear the haughty nuncio talk, one would have thought that the fire which consumed Luther's books at Mentz was "the beginning of the end." These flames (said they one to another at Rome) will spread terror far and wide. It was so with many timid and superstitious minds; but even in the hereditary states of Charles, the only places in which they dared carry out the bull, the people, and sometimes the nobles,

often replied to these pontifical demonstrations by ridicule or by expressions of indignation. "Luther," said the doctors of Louvain, when they appeared before Margaret, governor of the Netherlands, "Luther is overturning the christian faith."—"Who is Luther?" asked the princess.—"An ignorant monk."—"Well, then," replied she, "do you who are so wise and so numerous write against him. The world will rather believe many wise men than an isolated and unlearned man." The Louvain doctors preferred an easier method. They erected a vast pile at their own expense. A great multitude thronged the place of execution. Students and citizens might be seen hastily traversing the crowd, bearing large volumes under their arms, which they threw into the flames. Their zeal edified both monks and doctors; but the trick was afterwards discovered—it was the Sermones Discipuli, Tartaretus, and other scholastic and papistical works, they had been throwing into the fire, instead of Luther's writings!

The Count of Nassau, viceroy of Holland replied to the Dominicans who solicited permission to burn the doctor's books: "Go and preach the Gospel with as much purity as Luther does, and you will have to complain of nobody." As the conversation turned upon the reformer at a banquet when the leading princes of the empire were present, the Lord of Ravenstein said aloud: "In the space of four centuries, a single Christian has ventured to raise his head, and him the pope wishes to put to death! "

Luther, sensible of the strength of his cause, remained tranquil in the midst of the tumult the bull had created. "If you did not press me so earnestly," said he to Spalatin, "I should keep silence, well knowing that the work must be accomplished by the counsel and power of God." The timid man was for speaking out, the strong desired to remain silent. Luther discerned a power that escaped the eyes of his friend. "Be of good cheer," continues the reformer. "It is Christ who has begun these things, and it is He that will accomplish them, whether I be banished or put to death. Jesus Christ is here present, and He who is within us is greater than he who is in the world."

CHAPTER 10

Decisive Step of the Reformer—Luther's Appeal to a General Council—Close Combat—The Bull burnt by Luther—Meaning of this daring Act—Luther in the Academy—Luther against the Pope—New Work by Melancthon—How Luther encourages his Friends—Progress of the Struggle—Melancthon's Opinions on the Weakhearted—Luther's Treatise on the Bible—Doctrine of Grace—Luther's Recantation

Duty obliged Luther to speak, that the truth might be manifested to the world. Rome has struck the blow: he will show how he has received it. The pope has put him under the ban of the Church; he will put the pope under the ban of Christendom. Hitherto the pontiff's commands have been allpowerful; he will oppose sentence to sentence, and the world shall know which has the greater strength. "I desire," said he, "to set my conscience at rest, by disclosing to all men the danger that threatens them;" and at the same time he prepared to make a fresh appeal to a general council. An appeal from the pope to a council was a crime. It is therefore by a new attack on the pontifical power that Luther presumes to justify those by which it had been preceded.

On the 17th November, a notary and five witnesses, among whom was Cruciger, met at ten o'clock in the morning in one of the halls of the Augustine convent where Luther resided. There, the public officer (Sarctor of Eisleben) immediately proceeding to draw up the minute of his protest, the reformer in presence of these witnesses said with a solemn tone of voice:—

"Considering that a general council of the Christian Church is above the pope, especially in matters of faith;

"Considering that the power of the pope is not above but inferior to Scripture; and that he has no right to slaughter the sheep of Christ's flock, and throw them into the jaws of the wolf;"I, Martin Luther, an Augustine friar, doctor of the Holy Scriptures at Wittenberg, appeal by these presents, in behalf of myself and of those who are or who shall be with me, from the most holy pope Leo to a future general and christian council.

"I appeal from the said pope, first, as an unjust, rash, and tyrannical judge, who condemns me without a hearing, and without giving any reasons for his judgment; secondly, as a heretic and an apostate, misled, hardened, and condemned by the Holy Scriptures, who commands me to deny that christian faith is necessary in the use of

the sacraments; thirdly, as an enemy, an antichrist, an adversary, an oppressor of Holy Scripture, who dares set his own words in opposition to the Word of God; fourthly, as a despiser, a calumniator, a blasphemer of the holy Christian Church, and of a free council, who maintains that a council is nothing of itself.

"For this reason, with all humility, I entreat the most serene, most illustrious, excellent, generous, noble, strong, wise, and prudent lords, namely, Charles emperor of Rome, the electors, princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, councillors, cities and communities of the whole German nation, to adhere to my protest, and to resist with me the antichristian conduct of the pope, for the glory of God, the defense of the Church and of the christian doctrine, and for the maintenance of the free councils of Christendom; and Christ, our Lord, will reward them bountifully by his everlasting grace. But if there be any who scorn my prayer, and continue to obey that impious man the pope, rather than God, I reject by these presents all responsibility, having faithfully warned their consciences, and I abandon them to the supreme judgment of God, with the pope and his adherents."

Such is Luther's bill of divorce; such is his reply to the pontiff's bull. A great seriousness pervades the whole of this declaration. The charges he brings against the pope are of the gravest description, and it is not heedlessly that he makes them. This protest was circulated through Germany, and sent to most of the courts of Christendom.

Luther had, however, a still more daring step in reserve, although this which he had just taken appeared the extreme of audacity. He would in no respect be behindhand with Rome. The monk of Wittenberg will do all that the sovereign pontiff dares do. He gives judgment for judgment; he raises pile for pile. The son of the Medici and the son of the miner of Mansfeldt have gone down into the lists; and in this desperate struggle, which shakes the world, one does not strike a blow which the other does not return. On the 10th of December, a placard was posted on the walls of the university of Wittenberg, inviting the professors and students to be present at nine o'clock in the morning, at the Eastern Gate, near the Holy Cross. A great number of doctors and students assembled, and Luther, walking at their head, conducted the procession to the appointed place. How many burning piles has Rome erected during the course of ages! Luther resolves to make a better application of the great Roman principle. It is only a few old papers that are about to be destroyed; and fire, thinks he, is intended for that purpose. A scaffold had been prepared. One of the oldest masters of arts set fire to it. As the flames rose high into the air, the formidable Augustine, wearing his frock, approached the pile, carrying the Canon Law, the

Decretals, the Clementines, the papal Extravagants, some writings by Eck and Emser, and the pope's bull.

The Decretals having been first consumed, Luther held up the bull, and said: "Since thou hast vexed the Holy One of the Lord, may everlasting fire vex and consume thee! " He then flung it into the flames. Never had war been declared with greater energy and resolution. After this Luther calmly returned to the city, and the crowd of doctors, professors, and students, testifying their approval by loud cheers, reentered Wittenberg with him. "The Decretals," said Luther, "resemble a body whose face is meek as a young maiden's, whose limbs are full of violence like those of a lion, and whose tail is filled with wiles like a serpent. Among all the laws of the popes, there is not one word that teaches us who is Jesus Christ." "My enemies," said he on another occasion, "have been able, by burning my books, to injure the cause of truth in the minds of the common people, and destroy their souls; for this reason, I consumed their books in return. A serious struggle has just begun. Hitherto I have been only playing with the pope. I began this work in God's name; it will be ended without me and by His might. If they dare burn my book, in which more of the Gospel is to be found (I speak without boasting) than in all the books of the pope, I can with much greater reason burn their, in which no good can be discovered."

If Luther had commenced the Reformation in this manner, such a step would undoubtedly have entailed the most deplorable results.

Fanaticism might have been aroused by it, and the Church thrown into a course of violence and disorder. But the reformer had preluded his work by seriously explaining the lessons of Scripture. The foundations had been wisely laid. Now, a powerful blow, such as he had just given, might not only be without inconvenience, but even accelerate the moment in which Christendom would throw off its bonds.

Luther thus solemnly declared that he separated from the pope and his church. This might appear necessary to him after his letter to Leo X. He accepted the excommunication that Rome had pronounced. He showed the christian world that there was now war unto death between him and the pope. He burnt his ships upon the beach, thus imposing on himself the necessity of advancing and of combating.

Luther had reentered Wittenberg. On the morrow, the lectureroom was more crowded than usual. All minds were in a state of excitement; a solemn feeling pervaded the assembly; they waited expecting an address from the doctor. He lectured on the Psalms,— a course that he had commenced in the month of March in the preceding year. Having finished his explanations, he remained silent a few

minutes, and then continued energetically: "Be on your guard against the laws and statutes of the pope. I have burnt his Decretals, but this is merely child's play. It is time, and more than time, that the pope were burnt; that is (explaining himself immediately), the see of Rome, with all its doctrines and abominations." Then assuming a more solemn tone, he added: "If you do not contend with your whole heart against the impious government of the pope, you cannot be saved. Whoever takes delight in the religion and worship of popery, will be eternally lost in the world to come."

"If you reject it," continued he, "you must expect to incur every kind of danger, and even to lose your lives. But it is far better to be exposed to such perils in this world than to keep silence! so long as I live, I will denounce to my brethren the sore and the plague of Babylon, for fear that many who are with us should fall back like the rest into the bottomless pit."

We can scarcely imagine the effect produced on the assembly by this discourse, the energy of which surprises us. "Not one among us," adds the candid student who has handed it down, "unless he be a senseless log of wood (as all the papists are, he says parenthetically), doubts that this is truth pure and undefiled. It is evident to all believers that Dr. Luther is an angel of the living God, called to feed Christ's wandering sheep with the Word of God."

This discourse and the act by which it was crowned mark an important epoch in the Reformation. The dispute at Leipsic had inwardly detached Luther from the pope. But the moment in which he burnt the bull, was that in which he declared in the most formal manner his entire separation from the Bishop of Rome and his church, and his attachment to the universal Church, such as it had been founded by the apostles of Jesus Christ. At the eastern gate of the city he lit up a fire that has been burning for three centuries.

"The pope," said he, "has three crowns; and for this reason: the first is against God, for he condemns religion; the second against the emperor, for he condemns the secular power; the third is against society, for he condemns marriage." When he was reproached with inveighing too severely against popery: "Alas! " replied he, "would that I could speak against it with a voice of thunder, and that each of my words was a thunderbolt! "

This firmness spread to Luther's friends and fellow countrymen. A whole nation rallied around him. The university of Wittemberg in particular grew daily more attached to this hero, to whom it was indebted for its importance and glory. Carlstadt

then raised his voice against that "furious lion of Florence," which tore all human and divine laws, and trampled under foot the principles of eternal truth. Melancthon, also, about this time addressed the states of the empire in a writing characterized by the elegance and wisdom peculiar to this amiable man. It was in reply to a work attributed to Emser, but published under the name of Rhadinus, a Roman divine. Never had Luther himself spoken with greater energy; and yet there was a grace in Melancthon's language that won its way to every heart.

After showing by various passages of Scripture that the pope is not superior to the other bishops: "What is it," says he to the states of the empire, "that prevents our depriving the pope of the rights that we have given him? It matters little to Luther whether our riches, that is to say, the treasures of Europe, are sent to Rome; but the great cause of his grief and our is, that the laws of the pontiffs and the reign of the pope not only endanger the souls of men but ruin them entirely. Each one may judge for himself whether it is becoming or not to contribute his money for the maintenance of Roman luxury; but to judge of religion and its sacred mysteries, is not within the scope of the commonalty. It is on this ground, then, that Luther appeals to your faith and zeal, and that all pious men unite with him,—some aloud, others with sighs and groans. Call to remembrance that you are Christians, ye princes of a christian people, and wrest these sad relics of Christendom from the tyranny of Antichrist. They are deceivers who pretend that you have no authority over priests. That same spirit which animated Jehu against the priest of Baal, urges you, by this precedent, to abolish the Roman superstition, which is much more horrible than the idolatry of Baal." Thus spoke the gentle Melancthon to the princes of Germany.

A few cries of alarm were heard among the friends of the Reformation. Timid minds inclined to extreme measures of conciliation, and Staupitz, in particular, expressed the deepest anxiety. "All this matter has been hitherto mere play," wrote Luther to him. "You have said yourself, that if God does not do these things, it is impossible they can be done. The tumult becomes more and more tumultuous, and I do not think it will ever be appeased, except at the last day." Thus did Luther encourage these affrighted minds. Three centuries have passed away, and the tumult has not yet subsided!

"The papacy," continued he, "is no longer what it was yesterday and the day before. Let it excommunicate and burn my writings! ... let it slay me! ... it shall not check that which is advancing. Some great portent is at our doors. I burnt the bull, at first with great trembling, but now I experience more joy from it than from any action I have ever done in my life."

We involuntarily stop, and are delighted at reading in Luther's great soul the mighty future that was preparing. "O my father," said he to Staupitz in conclusion, "pray for the Word of God and for me. I am carried away and tossed about by these waves."

Thus war was declared on both sides. The combatants threw away their scabbards. The Word of God reasserted its rights, and deposed him who had taken the place of God himself. Society was shaken. In every age selfish men are not wanting who would let human society sleep on in error and corruption; but wise men, although they may be timid, think differently. "We are well aware," said the gentle and moderate Melancthon, "that statesmen have a dread of innovation; and it must be acknowledged that, in this sad confusion which is denominated human life, controversies, and even those which proceed from the justest causes, are always tainted with some evil. It is requisite, however, that in the Church, the Word and commandments of God should be preferred to every mortal thing. God threatens with his eternal anger those who endeavour to suppress the truth. For this reason it was a duty, a christian duty, incumbent on Luther, and from which he could not draw back, especially as he was a doctor of the Church of God, to reprove the pernicious errors which unprincipled men were disseminating with inconceivable effrontery. If controversy engenders many evils, as I see to my great sorrow," adds the wise Philip, "it is the fault of those who at first propagated error, and of those who, filled with diabolical hatred, are now seeking to uphold it."

But all men did not think thus. Luther was overwhelmed with reproaches: the storm burst upon him from every quarter of heaven. "He is quite alone," said some; "he is a teacher of novelties," said others.

"Who knows," replied Luther, sensible of the call that was addressed to him from on high, "if God has not chosen and called me, and if they ought not to fear that, by despising me, they despise God himself? Moses was alone at the departure from Egypt; Elijah was alone in the reign of King Ahab; Isaiah alone in Jerusalem; Ezekiel alone in Babylon God never selected as a prophet either the highpriest or any other great personage; but ordinarily he chose low and despised men, once even the shepherd Amos. In every age, the saints have had to reprove the great, kings, princes, priests, and wise men, at the peril of their lives And was it not the same under the New Testament? Ambrose was alone in his time; after him, Jerome was alone; later still, Augustine was alone I do not say that I am a prophet; but I say that they ought to fear, precisely because I am alone and that they are many. I am sure of this, that the Word of God is with me, and that it is not with them.

"It is said also," continues he, "that I put forward novelties, and that it is impossible to believe that all the other doctors were so long in error.

"No! I do not preach novelties. But I say that all christian doctrines have been lost sight of by those who should have preserved them; namely, the learned and the bishops. Still I doubt not that the truth remained in a few hearts, even were it with infants in the cradle. Poor peasants and simple children now understand Jesus Christ better than the pope, the bishops, and the doctors.

"I am accused of rejecting the holy doctors of the Church. I do not reject them; but, since all these doctors endeavour to prove their writings by Holy Scripture, Scripture must be clearer and surer than they are. Who would think of proving an obscure passage by one that was obscurer still? Thus, the, necessity obliges me to have recourse to the Bible, as all the doctors have done, and to call upon it to pronounce upon their writings; for the Bible alone is lord and master.

"But (say they) men of power persecute him. Is it not clear, according to Scripture, that the persecutors are generally wrong, and the persecuted right; that the majority has ever been on the side of falsehood, and the minority with truth? Truth has in every age caused an outcry."

Luther next examines the propositions condemned in the bull as heretical, and demonstrates their truth by proofs drawn from the Holy Scriptures. With what vigour especially does he not maintain the doctrine of Grace!

"What! before and without grace, nature can hate sin, avoid it, and repent of it; while even after grace is come, this nature loves sin, seeks it, longs for it, and never ceases contending against grace, and being angry with it; a state which all the saints mourn over continually! It is as if men said that a strong tree, which I cannot bend by the exertion of all my strength, would bend of itself, as soon as I left if, or that a torrent which no dikes or barriers can check, would cease running as soon as it was left alone No! it is not by reflecting on sin and its consequences that we arrive at repentance; but it is by contemplating Jesus Christ, his wounds, and his infinite love. The knowledge of sin must proceed from repentance, and not repentance from the knowledge of sin. Knowledge is the fruit, repentance is the tree. In my country, the fruit grows on the tree; but it would appear that in the states of the holy Father the tree grows on the fruit."

The courageous doctor, although he protests, still retracts some of his propositions. Our astonishment will cease when we see the manner in which he does

it. After quoting the four propositions on indulgences, condemned by the bull, he simply adds:—

"In submission to the holy and learned bull, I retract all that I have ever taught concerning indulgences. If my books have been justly burnt, it is certainly because I made concessions to the pope on the doctrine of indulgences; for this reason I condemn them myself to the flames."

He retracts also with respect to John Huss: "I now say that not a few articles, but all the articles of John Huss are wholly christian. By condemning John Huss, the pope has condemned the Gospel. I have done five times more than he, and yet I much fear I have not done enough. Huss only said that a wicked pope is not a member of Christendom; but if Peter himself were now sitting at Rome, I should deny that he was pope by Divine appointment."

CHAPTER 11

Coronation of Charles the Fifth—The Nuncio Aleander—Shall Luther's Books be Burnt?—Aleander and the Emperor—The Nuncios and the Elector—Duke John's Son in Behalf of Luther—Luther's Calmness—The Elector protects Luther—Reply of the Nuncios—Erasmus at Cologne—Erasmus at the Elector's—Declaration of Erasmus—Advice of Erasmus—System of Charles V

The mighty words of the reformer sunk deep into men's hearts, and contributed to their emancipation. The sparks that flew from everyone of them were communicated to the whole nation. But still a greater question remained to be solved. Would the prince in whose states Luther was residing, favour or oppose the execution of the bull? The reply appeared doubtful. The elector, as well as all the princes of the empire, was at AixlaChapelle.

Here the crown of Charlemagne was placed on the head of the youngest but most powerful monarch of Christendom. An unusual pomp and magnificence were displayed in this ceremony. Charles V, Frederick, princes, ministers, and ambassadors, repaired immediately to Cologne. AixlaChapelle, where the plague was raging, seemed to pour its whole population into this ancient city on the banks of the Rhine.

Among the crowd of strangers who thronged this city were the two papal nuncios, Marino Caraccioli and Jerome Aleander. Caraccioli, who had already been ambassador at the court of Maximilian, was commissioned to congratulate the new emperor, and to treat with him on political matters. But Rome had discovered that, to succeed in extinguishing the Reformation, it was necessary to send into Germany a nuncio specially accredited for this work, and of a character, skill, and activity fitted for its accomplishment. Aleander had been selected. This man, afterwards invested with the purple of the cardinals, would appear to have been descended from a family of respectable antiquity, and not from Jewish parents, as it has been said. The guilty Borgia invited him to Rome to be the secretary of his son—of that Caesar before whose murderous sword all Rome trembled.

"Like master, like man," says an historian, who thus compares Aleander to Alexander VI. This judgment is in our opinion too severe. After Borgia's death, Aleander applied to his studies with fresh ardour. His knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, gained him the reputation of being the most learned man of his age. He devoted himself with his whole heart to everything he undertook. The zeal with which he studied languages was by no means inferior to that which he exerted

afterwards in persecuting the Reformation. Leo X attached him to his own service. Some historians speak of his epicurean manners; Romanists of the integrity of his life. It would appear that he was fond of luxury, parade, and amusement. "Aleander is living at Venice like a grovelling epicurean, and in high dignity," wrote his old friend Erasmus concerning him. All are agreed in confessing that he was violent, prompt in his actions, full of ardour, indefatigable, imperious, and devoted to the pope. Eck was the fiery and intrepid champion of the schools: Aleander the haughty ambassador of the proud court of the pontiffs. He seemed born to be a nuncio.

Rome had made every preparation to destroy the monk of Wittenberg. The duty of attending the coronation of the emperor, as the pope's representative, was a mere secondary mission in Aleander's eyes, yet calculated to facilitate his task by the respect in secured for him. But he was specially charged to prevail upon Charles to crush the rising Reformation.

As soon as Aleander arrived at Cologne, he and Caraccioli set every wheel in motion to have Luther's heretical works burnt throughout the empire, but particularly under the eyes of the German princes assembled in that city. Charles V had already given his consent with regard to his hereditary states. The agitation of men's minds was excessive. "Such measures," said they to Charles's ministers and the nuncios themselves, "far from healing the wound, will only increase it. Do you imagine that Luther's doctrines are found only in those books that you are throwing into the fire? They are written, where you cannot reach them, in the hearts of the nation. If you desire to employ force, it must be that of countless swords unsheathed to massacre a whole nation. A few logs of wood piled up to burn a few sheets of paper will effect nothing; and such arms are unbecoming the dignity of an emperor and of a pontiff."—The nuncio defended his burning piles: "These flames," said he, "are a sentence of condemnation written in colossal characters, equally intelligible to those who are near and those who are afar off,—to the learned and ignorant,—and even to those who cannot read."

But it was not in reality papers and books that the nuncio wanted: it was Luther himself. "These flames," resumed he, "are not sufficient to purify the infected air of Germany. If they terrify the simple, they do not punish the wicked. We require an imperial edict against Luther's person."

Aleander did not find the emperor so compliant when the reformer's life was in question, as when his books only were concerned.

"As I have but recently ascended the throne," said he to Aleander, "I cannot without the advice of my councillors and the consent of the princes strike such a blow as this against a numerous faction surrounded by so many powerful defenders. Let us first learn what our father, the Elector of Saxony, thinks of this matter; we shall afterwards see what reply we can make to the pope." The nuncios, therefore, proceeded to make trial of their artifices and eloquence on the elector.

The first Sunday in November, Frederick having attended mass in the Greyfriars' convent, Caraccioli and Aleander begged an audi ence. He received them in the presence of the Bishop of Trent and several of his councillors. Caraccioli first presented the papal brief.

Of a milder disposition than Aleander, he thought it his duty to win over the prince by his flatteries, and began by eulogizing him and his ancestors. "It is to you," said he, "that we look for the salvation of the Roman Church and of the Roman Empire."

But the impetuous Aleander, wishing to come to the point, hastily stepped forward and interrupted his colleague, who modestly gave way: "It is to me and Eck," said he, "that this business of Martin's has been intrusted. Look at the imminent dangers into which this man is plunging the christian republic. If we do not make haste to apply some remedy, the empire is ruined. Why were the Greeks destroyed, but because they abandoned the pope? You cannot remain united to Luther without separating from Jesus Christ. I require two things of you, in the name of his holiness: first, that you will burn Luther's writings; secondly, that you will inflict on him the punishment he deserves, or at least that you will deliver him up to the pope. The emperor and all the princes of the empire have declared their willingness to accede to our request; you alone hesitate still."

Frederick replied, through the medium of the Bishop of Trent: "This matter is too serious to be settled now. We will let you know our determination."

The situation in which Frederick was placed was a difficult one. What part ought he to take? On the one side were the emperor, the princes of the empire, and the supreme pontiff of Christendom, whose authority the elector had as yet no idea of throwing off; on the other, a monk, a feeble monk; for it was he only that they demanded. Charles's reign had just commenced. Ought Frederick, the oldest and wisest of all the princes of Germany, to sow disunion in the empire? Besides, how could he renounce that ancient piety which led him even to the sepulchre of Christ?

Other voices were then heard. A young prince, who afterwards wore the electoral crown, and whose reign was signalized by the greatest misfortunes, John Frederick, son of Duke John, the elector's nephew, and Spalatin's pupil, a youth seventeen years of age, had received in his heart a sincere love for the truth, and was firmly attached to Luther. When he saw the reformer struck by the Roman anathemas, he embraced his cause with the warmth of a young Christian and of a youthful prince. He wrote to the doctor and to his uncle, nobly entreating the latter to protect Luther against his enemies. On the other hand, Spalatin, frequently it is true very dejected, Pontanus, and the other councillors who were with the elector at Cologne, represented to the prince that he ought not to abandon the reformer.

In the midst of this general agitation, one man alone remained tranquil: it was Luther. While it was sought to preserve him by the influence of the great, the monk in his cloister at Wittenberg thought that it was rather for him to save the great ones of this world. "If the Gospel," wrote he to Spalatin, "was of a nature to be propagated or maintained by the powers of this world, God would not have intrusted it to fishermen. It belongs not to the princes and pontiffs of this age to defend the Word of God. They have enough to do to shelter themselves from the judgments of the Lord and his Anointed. If I speak, it is in order that they may attain a knowledge of the Divine Word, and that by it they may be saved."

Luther's expectation was not to be deceived. That faith, which a convent at Wittenberg concealed, exerted its power in the palaces of Cologne. Frederick's heart, shaken perhaps for a moment, grew stronger by degrees. He was indignant that the pope, in defiance of his earnest entreaties to examine into the matter in Germany, had decided upon it at Rome at the request of a personal enemy of the reformer, and that in his absence this opponent should have dared publish in Saxony a bull that threatened the existence of the university and the peace of his subjects. Besides, the elector was convinced that Luther was wronged. He shuddered at the thought of delivering an innocent man into the hands of his cruel enemies. Justice was the principle on which he acted, and not the wishes of the pope. He came to the determination of not giving way to Rome.

On the 4th of November, his councillors replied on his behalf to the Roman nuncios who came to the elector's, in the presence of the Bishop of Trent, that he had seen with much pain the advantage that Dr. Eck had taken of his absence to involve in the condemnation several persons who were not named in the bull; that since his departure from Saxony, it was possible that an immense number of learned and ignorant men, of the clergy and laity, might have united and adhered to the cause and appeal of Luther; that neither his imperial majesty nor any other person had

shown that Luther's writings had been refuted, and that they only deserved to be thrown into the fire; and finally he requested that Doctor Luther should be furnished with a safe-conduct, so that he might appear before a tribunal of learned, pious, and impartial judges.

After this declaration, Aleander, Caraccioli, and their followers retired to deliberate. This was the first time that the elector had publicly made known his intentions with regard to the reformer. The nuncios had expected quite a different course from him. Now (they had thought) that the elector, by maintaining his character for impartiality, would draw dangers upon himself the whole extent of which he could not foresee, he will not hesitate to sacrifice the monk. Thus Rome had reasoned. But her machinations were doomed to fail before a force that did not enter into her calculations,—the love of justice and of truth.

Being readmitted into the presence of the elector's councillors, the imperious Aleander said: "I should like to know what the elector would think, if one of his subjects should choose the king of France, or any other foreign prince, for judge." Seeing that nothing could shake the Saxon councillors, he said: "We will execute the bull; we will hunt out and burn Luther's writings. As for his person," added he, affecting a contemptuous indifference, "the pope is not desirous of staining his hands with the blood of the wretched man."

The news of the reply the elector had made to the nuncios having reached Wittenberg, Luther's friends were filled with joy. Melancthon and Amsdorff, especially, indulged in the most flattering anticipations. "The German nobility," said Melancthon, "will direct their course by the example of this prince, whom they follow in all things, as their Nestor. If Homer styled his hero the bulwark of the Greeks, why should we not call Frederick the bulwark of the Germans?"

The oracle of courts, the torch of the schools, the light of the world, Erasmus, was then at Cologne. Many princes had invited him, to be guided by his advice. At the epoch of the Reformation, Erasmus was the leader of the moderates; he imagined himself to be so, but without just cause; for when truth and error meet face to face, justice lies not between them. He was the chief of that philosophical and academical party which, for ages, had attempted to correct Rome, but had never succeeded; he was the representative of human wisdom, but that wisdom was too weak to batter down the high places of Popery. It needed that wisdom from God, which men often call foolishness, but at whose voice mountains crumble into dust. Erasmus would neither throw himself into the arms of Luther, nor sit at the pope's feet. He hesitated, and often wavered between these two powers, attracted at one time towards Luther,

then suddenly repelled in the direction of the pope. "The last spark of christian piety seems nearly extinguished," said he in his letter to Albert; "and 'tis this which has moved Luther's heart. He cares neither for money nor honours." But this letter, which the imprudent Ulrich of Hutten had published, caused Erasmus so much annoyance, that he determined to be more cautious in future. Besides, he was accused of being Luther's accomplice, and the latter offended him by his imprudent language. "Almost all good men are for Luther," said he; "but I see that we are tending towards a revolt I would not have my name joined with his. That would injure me without serving him." "So be it," replied Luther; "since that annoys you, I promise never to make mention either of you or of your friends." Such was the man to whom both the partisans and enemies of the Reformation applied.

The elector, knowing that the opinion of a man so much respected as Erasmus would have great influence, invited the illustrious Dutchman to visit him. Erasmus obeyed the order. This was on the 5th December. Luther's friends could not see this step without secret uneasiness. The elector was standing before the fire, with Spalatin at his side, when Erasmus was introduced. "What is your opinion of Luther?" immediately demanded Frederick. The prudent Erasmus, surprised at so direct a question, sought at first to elude replying. He screwed up his mouth, bit his lips, and said not a word. Upon this the elector, raising his eyebrows, as was his custom when he spoke to people from whom he desired to have a precise answer, says Spalatin, fixed his piercing glance on Erasmus.

The latter, not knowing how to escape from his confusion, said at last, in a half jocular tone: "Luther has committed two great faults: he has attacked the crown of the pope and the bellies of the monks." The elector smiled, but gave his visitor to understand that he was in earnest. Erasmus then laying aside his reserve, said: "The cause of all this dispute is the hatred of the monks towards learning, and the fear they have of seeing their tyranny destroyed. What weapons are they using against Luther?—clamour, cabals, hatred, and libels. The more virtuous a man is, and the greater his attachment to the Gospel, the less is he opposed to Luther. The severity of the bull has aroused the indignation of all good men, and no one can recognise in it the gentleness of a vicar of Christ. Two only, out of all the universities, have condemned Luther; and they have only condemned him, not proved him in the wrong. Do not be deceived; the danger is greater than some men imagine. Arduous and difficult things are pressing on. To begin Charles's reign by so odious an act as Luther's imprisonment, would be a mournful omen. The world is thirsting for evangelical truth; let us beware of setting up a blamable opposition. Let this affair be inquired into by serious men,—men of sound judgment; this will be the course most consistent with the dignity of the pope himself! "

Thus spoke Erasmus to the elector. Such frankness may perhaps astonish the reader; but Erasmus knew whom he was addressing. Spalatin was delighted. He went out with Erasmus, and accompanied him as far as the house of the Count of Nucnar, provost of Cologne, where Erasmus was residing. The latter, in an impulse of frankness, on retiring to his study, took a pen, sat down, wrote a summary of what he had said to the elector, and forwarded the paper to Spalatin; but erelong the fear of Aleander came over the timid Erasmus; the courage that the presence of the elector and his chaplain had communicated to him had evaporated; and he begged Spalatin to return the too daring paper, for fear it should fall into the hands of the terrible nuncio. But it was too late.

The elector, feeling reassured by the opinion of Erasmus, spoke to the emperor in a more decided tone. Erasmus himself endeavoured, in nocturnal conferences, like those of Nicodemus of old, to persuade Charles's councillors that the whole business should be referred to impartial judges. Perhaps he hoped to be named arbitrator in a cause which threatened to divide the christian world. His vanity would have been flattered by such an office. But at the same time, and not to lose his credit at Rome, he wrote the most submissive letters to Leo, who replied with a kindness that seriously mortified Aleander. From love to the pope, the nuncio would willingly have reprimanded the pope; for Erasmus communicated these letters from the pontiff, and they added still more to his credit. The nuncio complained of it to Rome. "Pretend not to notice this man's wickedness," was the reply; "prudence enjoins this: we must leave a door open to repentance."

Charles at the same time adopted a "seesaw" system, which consisted in flattering the pope and the elector, and appearing to incline by turns towards each, according to the necessities of the moment. One of his ministers, whom he had sent to Rome on Spanish business, arrived at the very moment that Doctor Eck was clamourously urging on Luther's condemnation. The wily ambassador immediately saw what advantage his master might derive from the Saxon monk. "Your Majesty," he wrote on the 12th May 1520 to the emperor, who was still in Spain, "ought to go into Germany, and show some favour to a certain Martin Luther, who is at the Saxon court, and who by the sermons he preaches gives much anxiety to the court of Rome." Such from the commencement was the view Charles took of the Reformation. It was of no importance for him to know on which side truth or error might be found, or to discern what the great interests of the German nation required. His only question was, what policy demanded, and what should be done to induce the pope to support the emperor. And this was well known at Rome. Charles's ministers intimated to Aleander the course their master intended following. "The emperor," said they, "will behave towards the pope as he behaves towards the emperor; for he has no desire to

increase the power of his rivals, and particularly of the King of France." At these words the imperious nuncio gave way to his indignation. "What! " replied he, "supposing the pope should abandon the emperor, must the latter renounce his religion? If Charles wishes to avenge himself thus let him tremble! this baseness will turn against himself." But the nuncio's threats did not shake the imperial diplomatists.

CHAPTER 12

Luther on Confession—Real Absolution—Antichrist—Luther's Popularity—Satires—Ulrich of Hutten—Lucas Cranach—The Carnival at Wittenberg—Staupitz intimidated—Luther's Labours—His Humility—Progress of the Reformation

If the legates of Rome failed with the mighty ones of this world, the inferior agents of the papacy succeeded in spreading trouble among the lower ranks. The army of Rome had heard the commands of its chief. Fanatical priests made use of the bull to alarm timid consciences, and well-meaning but unenlightened ecclesiastics considered it a sacred duty to act in conformity with the instructions of the pope. It was in the confessional that Luther had commenced his struggle against Rome; it was in the confessional that Rome contended against the reformer's adherents. Scouted in the face of the world, the bull became powerful in these solitary tribunals. "Have you read Luther's works?" asked the confessors; "do you possess any of them? do you regard them as true or heretical?" And if the penitent hesitated to pronounce the anathema, the priest refused absolution. Many consciences were troubled. Great agitation prevailed among the people. This skilful manoeuver bid fair to restore to the papal yoke the people already won over to the Gospel. Rome congratulated herself on having in the thirteenth century erected this tribunal, so skillfully adapted to render the free consciences of Christians the slaves of the priests. So long as this remains standing, her reign is not over.

Luther was informed of these proceedings. What can he do, unaided, to baffle this manoeuver? The Word, the Word proclaimed loudly and courageously, shall be his weapon. The Word will find access to those alarmed consciences, those terrified souls, and give them strength. A powerful impulse was necessary, and Luther's voice made itself heard. He addressed the penitents with fearless dignity, with a noble disdain of all secondary considerations. "When you are asked whether you approve of my books or not," said he, "reply: 'You are a confessor, and not an inquisitor or a gaoler. My duty is to confess what my conscience leads me to say: yours is not to sound and extort the secrets of my heart. Give me absolution, and then dispute with Luther, with the pope, with whomsoever you please; but do not convert the sacrament of penance into a quarrel and a combat.'—And if the confessor will not give way, then (continues Luther) I would rather go without absolution. Do not be uneasy: if man does not absolve you, God will. Rejoice that you are absolved by God himself, and appear at the altar without fear. At the last judgment the priest will have to give an account of the absolution he has refused you. They may deprive us of the sacrament, but they cannot deprive us of the strength and grace that God has connected with it. It is not in their will or in their power, but in our own faith, that God has placed

salvation. Dispense with the sacrament, altar, priest, and church; the Word of God, condemned by the bull, is more than all these things. The soul can do without the sacrament, but it cannot live without the Word. Christ, the true bishop, will undertake to give you spiritual food."

Thus did Luther's voice sink into every alarmed conscience, and make its way into every troubled family, imparting courage and faith. But he was not content simply with defending himself; he felt that he ought to become the assailant, and return blow for blow. A Romish theologian, Ambrose Catharinus, had written against him. "I will stir up the bile of this Italian beast," said Luther. He kept his word. In his reply, he proved, by the revelations of Daniel and St. John, by the epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Jude, that the reign of Antichrist, predicted and described in the Bible, was the Papacy. "I know for certain," said he in conclusion, "that our Lord Jesus Christ lives and reigns. Strong in this assurance, I should not fear many thousands of popes. May God visit us at last according to his infinite power, and show forth the day of the glorious advent of his Son, in which he will destroy the wicked one. And let all the people say, Amen! "

And all the people did say, Amen! A holy terror seized upon their souls. It was Antichrist whom they beheld seated on the pontifical throne. This new idea, which derived greater strength from the prophetic descriptions launched forth by Luther into the midst of his contemporaries, inflicted the most terrible blow on Rome. Faith in the Word of God took the place of that faith which the Church alone had hitherto enjoyed; and the power of the pope, long the object of adoration among nations, had now become a source of terror and detestation.

Germany replied to the papal bull by overwhelming Luther with its acclamations. Although the plague was raging at Wittenberg, new students arrived every day, and from four to six hundred disciples habitually sat at the feet of Luther and Melancthon in the halls of the academy. The two churches belonging to the convent and the city were not large enough for the crowd that hung listening to the reformer's words. The prior of the Augustines was fearful that these temples would fall under the weight of the hearers. But this spiritual movement was not confined within the walls of Wittenberg; it spread through Germany. Princes, nobles, and learned men from every quarter, addressed Luther in letters breathing consolation and faith. The doctor showed the chaplain more than thirty such.

The Margrave of Brandenburg came one day to Wittenberg, with several other princes, to visit Luther. "They desired to see the man," said the latter. In truth, all

were desirous of seeing the man whose words had moved the people, and made the pontiff of the West totter upon his throne.

The enthusiasm of Luther's friends increased every day. "What unheardof foolishness in Emser," exclaimed Melancthon, "who has ventured to measure himself with our Hercules, not perceiving the finger of God in everyone of Luther's actions, as Pharaoh would not see it in those of Moses." The gentle Melancthon found words of power to arouse those who seemed to be retrograding or even remaining stationary. "Luther has stood up for the truth," wrote he to John Hess, "and yet you keep silence! He is alive and prospering still, although the lion (Leo) is chafing and roaring. Bear in mind that it is impossible for Roman impiety to approve of the Gospel. How can this age be wanting in men like Judas, Caiaphas, Pilate, or Herod? Arm yourself, therefore, with the weapons of God's Word against such adversaries."

All Luther's writings, his Lord's Prayer, and particularly his new edition of the German Theology, were perused with avidity. Reading clubs were formed for the circulation of his works among their members. His friends reprinted them, and got them distributed by hawkers. They were recommended from the pulpit. There was a general wish for a German Church; and the people demanded that no one should henceforth be invested with any ecclesiastical dignity, unless he could preach to the people in the vulgar tongue, and that in every quarter the bishops of Germany should resist the papal power.

Nor was this all: biting satires against the principal ultramontanists were circulated throughout the provinces of the empire. The opposition rallied all its forces around this new doctrine, which gave it precisely what it stood in need of a justification in the eyes of religion. Most of the lawyers, wearied by the encroachments of the ecclesiastical tribunals, attached themselves to the reform, but the humanists, in particular, eagerly embraced this party. Ulrich Hutten was indefatigable. He addressed letters to Luther, to the legates, and to the most considerable men in Germany. "I tell you, and repeat it, Marino," said he to the legate Caraccioli, in one of his works, "the darkness with which you had covered our eyes is dispersed; the Gospel is preached; the truth is proclaimed; the absurdities of Rome are overwhelmed with contempt; your decrees languish and die; liberty is beginning to dawn upon us! "

Not content with employing prose, Hutten had recourse to verse also. He published his Outcry on the Lutheran Conflagration, in which, appealing to Jesus Christ, he beseeches him to consume with the brightness of his countenance all who dared deny his authority. Above all, he set about writing in German. "Hitherto," said

he, "I have written in Latin, a tongue not intelligible to everyone; but now I address all my fellowcountrymen! " His German rhymes unveiled to the people the long and disgraceful catalogue of the sins of the Roman court. But Hutten did not wish to confine himself to mere words; he was eager to interfere in the struggle with the sword; and he thought that the vengeance of God should be wrought by the swords and halberds of those valiant warriors of whom Germany was so proud. Luther opposed this mad project: "I desire not," said he, "to fight for the Gospel with violence and bloodshed. I have written to Hutten to this effect."

The celebrated painter Lucas Cranach published, under the title of the Passion of Christ and Antichrist, a set of engravings which represented on one side the glory and magnificence of the pope, and on the other the humiliation and sufferings of the Redeemer. The inscriptions were written by Luther. These engravings, designed with considerable skill, produced an effect beyond all previous example. The people withdrew from a church that appeared in every respect so opposed to the spirit of its Founder. "This is a very good work for the laity," said Luther.

Many persons wielded weapons against the papacy, that had but little connection with the holiness of a christian life. Emser had replied to Luther's book (To the Goat of Leipsic) by another whose title was To the Bull of Wittenberg. The name was not badly selected. But at Magdeburg Emser's work was suspended to the common gibbet, with this inscription: "The book is worthy of the place," and a scourge was hung at its side, to indicate the punishment the author merited. At Doeblin some persons wrote under the papal bull, in ridicule of its ineffectual thunders, "The nest is here, but the birds have flown."

The students at Wittenberg, taking advantage of the license of the carnival, dressed up one of their number in a costume similar to the pope's, and paraded him with great pomp through the streets of the city, but in a manner somewhat too ludicrous, as Luther observes. When they reached the great square, they approached the river, and some, pretending a sudden attack, appeared desirous of throwing the pope into the water.

But the pontiff, having little inclination for such a bath, took to his heels; his cardinals, bishops, and familiars imitated his example, dispersing into every quarter of the city. The students pursued them through the streets; and there was hardly a corner in Wittenberg where some Roman dignitary had not taken refuge from the shouts and laughter of the excited populace. "The enemy of Christ," says Luther, "who makes a mockery of kings, and even of Christ, richly deserves to be thus mocked himself." In our opinion he is wrong; truth is too beautiful to be thus polluted. She

should combat without the aid of ballads, caricatures, and the masquerades of a carnival. Perhaps, without these popular demonstrations, her success would be less apparent; but it would be purer, and consequently more lasting. However that may be, the imprudent and prejudiced conduct of the Roman court had excited universal antipathy; and this very bull, by which the papacy thought to crush the whole reformation, was precisely that which made the revolt burst out in every quarter.

Yet the reformer did not find intoxication and triumph in everything. Behind that chariot in which he was dragged by a people excited and transported with admiration, there was not wanting the slave to remind him of his miserable state. Some of his friends seemed inclined to retrace their steps. Staupitz, whom he designated his father, appeared shaken. The pope had accused him, and Staupitz had declared his willingness to submit to the decision of his holiness. "I fear," wrote Luther to him, "that by accepting the pope for judge, you seem to reject me and the doctrines I have maintained. If Christ loves you, he will constrain you to recall your letter. Christ is condemned, stripped, and blasphemed; this is a time not to fear, but to raise the voice. For this reason, while you exhort me to be humble, I exhort you to be proud; for you have too much humility, as I have too much pride. The world may call me proud, covetous, an adulterer, a murderer, antipope, one who is guilty of every crime What matters it! provided I am not reproached with having wickedly kept silence at the moment our Lord said with sorrow: I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me. (Psalm 162.) The Word of Jesus Christ is a Word not of peace, but of the sword. If you will not follow Jesus Christ, I will walk alone, will advance alone, and alone will I carry the fortress."

Thus Luther, like a general at the head of an army, surveyed the whole field of battle; and while his voice inspirited new soldiers to the conflict, he discovered those of his troops who appeared weak, and recalled them to the line of duty. His exhortations were heard everywhere. His letters rapidly followed each other. Three presses were constantly occupied in multiplying his writings. His words ran through the people, strengthening the alarmed consciences in the confessionals, upholding in the convents timid souls that were ready to faint, and maintaining the rights of truth in the palaces of princes.

"In the midst of the storms that assail me," wrote Luther to the elector, "I hoped to find peace at last. But now I see that this was the vain thought of a man. From day to day the waters rise, and already I am entirely surrounded by the waves. The tempest is bursting upon me with frightful tumult. In one hand I grasp the sword, with the other I build up the walls of Zion." His ancient ties are broken: the hand that had hurled against him the thunders of excommunication had snapped them asunder.

"Excommunicated by the bull," said he, "I am absolved from the authority of the pope and of the monastic laws. Joyfully do I welcome this deliverance. But I shall neither quit the habit of my order nor the convent." And yet, amid this agitation, he does not lose sight of the dangers to which his soul is exposed in the struggle. He perceives the necessity of keeping a strict watch over himself. "You do well to pray for me," wrote he to Pellican, who resided at Basle. "I cannot devote sufficient time to holy exercises; life is a cross to me. You do well to exhort me to modesty: I feel its necessity; but I am not master of myself; I am carried away by mysterious impulses. I wish no one ill; but my enemies press on me with such fury, that I do not sufficiently guard against the temptations of Satan. Pray, then, for me! "

Thus the reformer and the Reformation were hastening towards the goal whither God called them. The agitation was gaining ground. The men who seemed likely to be most faithful to the hierarchy began to be moved. "Those very persons," says Eck ingenuously enough, "who hold the best livings an the richest prebends from the pope, remain as mute as fishes. Many of them even extol Luther as a man filled with the Divine spirit, and style the defenders of the pope mere sophists and flatterers." The Church, apparently full of vigour, supported by treasures, governments, and armies, but in reality exhausted and feeble, having no love for God, no christian life, no enthusiasm for the truth, found itself face to face with men who were simple but courageous, and who, knowing that God is with those who contend in behalf of his Word, had no doubt of victory.

In every age it has been seen how great is the strength of an idea to penetrate the masses, to stir up nations, and to hurry them, if required, by thousands to the battlefield and to death. But if so great be the strength of a human idea, what power must not a heavendescended idea possess, when God opens to it the gates of the heart! The world has not often seen so much power at work; it was seen, however, in the early days of Christianity, and in the time of the Reformation; and it will be seen in future ages. Men who despised the riches and grandeur of the world, who were contented with a life of sorrow and poverty, began to be moved in favour of all that was holiest upon earth,—the doctrine of faith and of grace. All the religious elements were fermenting beneath the agitated surface of society; and the fire of enthusiasm urged souls to spring forward with courage into this new life, this epoch of renovation, which was so grandly opening before them, and whither Providence was hurrying the nations.

BOOK VII—The Diet of Worms 1521, January to May

CHAPTER 1

Victories of the Word of God—The Diet of Worms—Policy of Rome—Difficulties—Charles demands Luther—The Elector to Charles V—State of Feeling—Alarm of Aleander—The Elector departs without Luther—Aleander arouses Rome—Excommunication of Pope and Communion with Christ—Fulminations of the Bull—Luther's Motives in the Reformation

The Reformation, commenced by the struggles of an humble spirit in the cell of a cloister at Erfurth, had continually increased. An obscure individual, bearing in his hand the Word of Life, had stood firm before the mighty ones of the world, and they had shaken before him. He had wielded this arm of the Word of God, first against Tetzel and his numerous army; and those greedy merchants, after a brief struggle, had fled away: he next employed it against the Roman legate at Augsburg; and the legate in amazement had allowed the prey to escape him: somewhat later with its aid he contended against the champions of learning in the halls of Leipsic; and the astonished theologians had beheld their syllogistic weapons shivered in their hands: and, lastly, with this single arm, he had opposed the pope, when the latter, disturbed in his slumbers, had risen on his throne to blast the unfortunate monk with his thunders; and this same Word had paralysed all the power of this head of Christendom. A final struggle remained to be undergone. The Word was destined to triumph over the emperor of the West, over the kings and princes of the earth; and then, victorious over all the powers of the world, to uprise in the Church, and reign as the very Word of God.

The entire nation was agitated. Princes and nobles, knights and citizens, clergy and laity, town and country,—all participated in the struggle. A mighty religious revolution, of which God himself was the prime mover, but which was also deeply rooted in the lives of the people, threatened to overthrow the longvenerated chief of the Roman hierarchy. A new generation of a serious, deep, active, and energetic spirit, filled the universities, cities, courts, castles, rural districts, and frequently even the cloisters. A presentiment that a great transformation of society was at hand, inspired all minds with holy enthusiasm. What would be the position of the emperor with regard to this movement of the age? and what would be the end of this formidable impulse by which all men were carried along?

A solemn diet was about to be opened: this was the first assembly of the empire over which Charles was to preside. As Nuremberg, where it should have been held, in accordance with the Golden Bull, was suffering from the plague, it was convoked

to meet at Worms on the 6th January 1521. Never before had so many princes met together in diet; each one was desirous of participating in this first act of the young emperor's government, and was pleased at the opportunity of displaying his power. The youthful landgrave Philip of Hesse, among others, who was afterwards to play so important a role in the Reformation, arrived at Worms, about the middle of January, with six hundred horsemen, among whom were warriors celebrated for their valour.

But a much stronger motive inclined the electors, dukes, arch bishops, landgraves, margraves, counts, bishops, barons, and lords of the empire, as well as the deputies of the towns, and the ambassadors of the kings of Christendom, to throng with their brilliant trains the roads that led to Worms. It had been announced that, among other important matters to be laid before the diet, would be the nomination of a council of regency to govern the empire during Charles's absence, and the jurisdiction of the imperial chamber; but public attention was more particularly directed to another question, which the emperor had also mentioned in his letters of convocation: that of the Reformation. The great interests of worldly policy grew pale before the cause of the monk of Wittenberg. It was this which formed the principal topic of conversation between the noble personages who arrived at Worms.

Everything announced that the diet would be stormy, and difficult to manage. Charles, who was hardly twenty years of age, was pale, of weak health, and yet a graceful horseman, able to break a lance like others of his time; his character was as yet undeveloped; his air was grave and melancholy, although of a kindly expression, and he had not hitherto shown any remarkable talent, and did not appear to have adopted any decided line of conduct. The skilful and active William de Croi, lord of Chievres, his high chamberlain, tutor, and prime minister, who enjoyed an absolute authority at court, died at Worms: numerous ambitions here met; many passions came into collision; the Spaniards and the Belgians vied with each other in their exertions to creep into the councils of the young prince; the nuncios multiplied their intrigues; the German princes spoke out boldly. It might easily be foreseen that the underhanded practices of parties would have a principal share in the struggle.

But over all these scenes of agitation hovered a terrible will— the Roman papacy, which, inflexible as the destiny of the ancients, had unceasingly crushed for ages past every doctor, king, or people that had opposed its tyrannous progress. A letter written at Rome in the month of January 1521, and by a Roman citizen, reveals its intentions. "If I am not mistaken, the only business in your diet will be this affair of Luther, which gives us much more trouble than the Turk himself. We shall endeavour to gain over the young emperor by threats, by prayers, and feigned caresses. We shall strive to win the Germans by extolling the piety of their ancestors, and by making them rich

presents, and by lavish promises. If these methods do not succeed, we shall depose the emperor; absolve the people for their obedience; elect another (and he will be one that suits us) in his place; stir up civil war among the Germans, as we have just done in Spain; and summon to our aid the armies of the kings of France, England, and all the nations of the earth. Probity, honour, religion, Christ—we shall make light of all, provided our tyranny be saved." A very slight familiarity with the history of the papacy is sufficient to show that these words are a faithful description of its policy. It is identically what Rome has always done when she has had the power: only the times were now a little changed. We shall soon behold her busy at her task.

Charles opened the diet on the 28th January 1521, the festival of Charlemagne. His mind was filled with the high importance of the imperial dignity. He said, in his opening discourse, that no monarchy could be compared with the Roman empire, to which nearly the whole world had submitted in former times; that unfortunately this empire was a mere shadow of what it once had been; but that, by eans of his kingdoms and powerful alliances, he hoped to restore it to its ancient glory.

But numerous difficulties immediately presented themselves to the young emperor. What must he do, placed between the papal nuncio and the elector to whom he was indebted for his crown? How can he avoid displeasing either Aleander or Frederick? The first entreated the emperor to execute the pope's bull, and the second besought him to take no steps against the monk until he had been heard. Desirous of pleasing both parties, the young prince, during his stay at Oppenheim, had written to the elector to bring Luther with him to the diet, assuring him that no injustice should be shown to the reformer, that no violence should be used towards him, and that learned men should confer with him.

This letter, accompanied by others from Chievres and the count of Nassau, threw the elector into great perplexity. At every moment the alliance of the pope might become necessary to the young and ambitious emperor, and then Luther's fate was sealed. If Frederick should take the reformer to Worms, he might be leading him to the scaffold. And yet Charles's orders were precise. The elector commanded Spalatin to communicate to Luther the letters he had received. "The adversaries," said the chaplain to him, "are making every exertion to hasten on this affair."

Luther's friends were alarmed, but he himself did not tremble.

His health was at that time very weak; but that was a trifling matter for him. "If I cannot go to Worms in good health," replied he to the elector, "I will be carried there, sick as I am. For if the emperor calls me, I cannot doubt that it is the call of

God himself. If they desire to use violence against me, and that is very probable (for it is not for their instruction that they order me to appear), I place the matter in the Lord's hands. He still lives and reigns who preserved the three young men in the burning fiery furnace. If He will not save me, my life is of little consequence. Let us only prevent the Gospel from being exposed to the scorn of the wicked, and let us shed our blood for it, for fear they should triumph. It is not for me to decide whether my life or my death will contribute most to the salvation of all. Let us pray God that our young emperor may not begin his reign by dipping his hands in my blood. I would rather perish by the sword of the Romans. You know what chastisement was inflicted on the Emperor Sigismund after the murder of John Huss. You may expect everything from me except flight and recantation. Fly I cannot, and still less retract! "

Before receiving Luther's reply, the elector had formed his resolution. This prince, who was advancing in the knowledge of the Gospel, now became more decided in his conduct. He felt that the conference at Worms would not have a favourable result. "It appears a difficult matter," he wrote in reply to Charles, "to bring Luther with me to Worms; I beseech you to relieve me from this anxiety. Furthermore, I have never been willing to defend his doctrine, but only to prevent his being condemned without a hearing. The legates, without waiting for your orders, have permitted themselves to take a step at once dishonouring Luther and myself; and I much fear that they thus dragged Luther to commit a very imprudent act, which might expose him to great danger, if he were to appear before the diet." The elector alluded to the burning of the papal bull.

But the rumour of Luther's coming was already current through the city. Men eager for novelty were delighted; the emperor's courtiers were alarmed; but none showed greater indignation than the papal legate. On his journey, Aleander had been able to discover how far the Gospel announced by Luther had found an echo in all classes of society. Men of letters, lawyers, nobles, the inferior clergy, the regular orders, and the people, were gained over to the Reformation. These friends of the new doctrine walked boldly with heads erect; their language was fearless and daring; an invincible terror froze the hearts of the partisans of Rome. The papacy was still standing, but its buttresses were tottering; for their ears already distinguished a presage of destruction, like that indistinct murmur heard ere the mountain falls and crumbles into dust. Aleander on the road to Worms was frequently unable to contain himself. If he desired to dine or sleep in any place, neither the learned, the nobles, nor the priests, even among the supposed partisans of Rome, dared receive him; and the haughty nuncio was obliged to seek a lodging at inns of the lowest class. Aleander was frightened, and began to think his life in danger.

Thus he arrived at Worms, and to his Roman fanaticism was then superadded the feeling of the personal indignities he had suffered. He immediately used every exertion to prevent the appearance of the bold and formidable Luther. "Would it not be scandalous," said he, "to behold laymen examining anew a cause already condemned by the pope?" Nothing is so alarming to a Roman courtier as inquiry; and yet, should this take place in Germany, and not at Rome, how great would be the humiliation, even were Luther's condemnation to be agreed upon unanimously; but such a result appeared by no means certain. Will not Luther's powerful eloquence, which has already committed such ravages, drag many princes and lords into inevitable destruction? Aleander pressed Charles closely: he entreated, threatened, and spoke as the nuncio of the head of the Church. Charles submitted, and wrote to the elector that the time accorded to Luther having already elapsed, this monk lay under the papal excommunication, so that, if he would not retract what he had written, Frederick must leave him behind at Wittenberg. But this prince had already quitted Saxony without Luther. "I pray the Lord to be favourable to our elector," said Melancthon, as he saw him depart. "It is on him all our hopes for the restoration of Christendom repose. His enemies will dare anything, chai panta lithon chinesomenous; but God will confound the councils of Ahithophel. As for us, let us maintain our share of the combat by our teaching and by our prayers." Luther was deeply grieved at being forbidden to come to Worms.

It was not sufficient for Aleander that Luther did not appear at Worms; he desired his condemnation. He was continually soliciting the princes, prelates, and different members of the diet; he accused the Augustine monk not only of disobedience and heresy, but even of sedition, rebellion, impiety, and blasphemy. But the very tone of his voice betrayed the passions by which he was animated. "He is moved by hatred and vengeance, much more than by zeal and piety," was the general remark; and frequent and violent as were his speeches, he made no converts to his sentiments. Some persons observed to him that the papal bull had only condemned Luther conditionally; others could not altogether conceal the joy they felt at this humiliation of the haughtiness of Rome. The emperor's ministers on the one hand, the ecclesiastical electors on the other, showed a marked coldness; the former, that the pope might feel the necessity of leaguing with their master; the latter, that the pontiff might purchase their support at a dearer price. A feeling of Luther's innocence predominated in the assembly; and Aleander could not contain his indignation.

But the coldness of the diet made the legate less impatient than the coldness of Rome. Rome, which had had so much difficulty in taking a serious view of this quarrel of a "drunken German," did not imagine that the bull of the sovereign pontiff would be ineffectual to humiliate and reduce him. She had resumed all her carelessness,

and sent neither additional bulls nor money. But how could they bring this matter to an issue without money? Rome must be awakened. Aleander uttered a cry of alarm. "Germany is separating from Rome," wrote he to the Cardinal de Medicis; "the princes are separating from the pope. Yet a little more delay, yet a little more negotiation, and hope will be gone. Money! money! or Germany is lost."

Rome awake at this cry; the vassals of the papacy, emerging from their torpor, hastily forged their redoubtable thunderbolts in the Vatican. The pope issued a new bull; and the excommunication, with which the heretical doctor had as yet been only threatened, was decidedly pronounced against him and all his adherents. Rome, by breaking the last tie which still bound him to the Church, augmented Luther's liberty, and with increased liberty came an increase of strength. Cursed by the pope, he took refuge with fresh love at the feet of Christ. Ejected from the outward courts of the temple, he felt more strongly that he was himself a temple in which dwelt the living God.

"It is a great glory," said he, "that we sinners, by believing in Christ, and eating his flesh, possess within us, in all their vigour, his power, wisdom, and righteousness, as it is written, Whoso believeth in me, in him do I dwell. Wonderful abiding-place! marvellous tabernacle! far superior to that of Moses, and magnificently adorned within, with beautiful hangings, curtains of purple, and ornaments of gold; while without, as on the tabernacle that God commanded to be built in the desert of Sinai, we perceive nought but a rude covering of goats' hair and ram's skins. Often do Christians stumble, and, to look at them outwardly, they seem all weakness and reproach. But this matters not, for beneath this weakness and this foolishness dwells in secret a power that the world cannot know, and which yet overcometh the world; for Christ dwelleth in us. I have sometimes beheld Christians walking lamely and with great feebleness; but when came the hour of conflict or of appearing before the bar of the world, Christ suddenly stirred with them, and they became so strong and so resolute, that Satan fled away frightened from before their face."

Such an hour would soon strike for Luther; and Christ, in whose communion he dwelt, could not fail him. Meantime Rome rejected him with violence. The reformer and all his partisans were accursed, whatever their rank and power, and dispossessed, with their inheritors, of all their honours and goods. Every faithful Christian, who valued the salvation of his soul, was to flee at the sight of this accursed band. Wherever the heresy had been introduced, the priests were enjoined, on Sundays and festivals, at the hour when the churches were thronged with worshippers, to publish the excommunication with due solemnity. The altars were to be stripped of their ornaments and sacred vessels; the cross to be laid on the ground; twelve priests

holding tapers in their hands were first to light them, and immediately dashing them violently to the earth, to extinguish them under their feet; the bishop was then to proclaim the condemnation of these unbelievers; all the bells were to be rung; the bishops and priests were to utter their anathemas and maledictions, and preach boldly against Luther and his adherents.

The excommunication had been published in Rome twentytwo days, but probably had not yet reached Germany, when Luther, being informed that there was another talk of summoning him to Worms, wrote a letter to the elector, drawn up in such a manner that Frederick might show it to the diet. Luther was desirous of correcting the erroneous ideas of the princes, and of frankly laying before this august tribunal the true nature of a cause so misunderstood. "I rejoice with all my heart, most serene Lord," says he, "that his imperial majesty desires to summon me before him touching this affair. I call Jesus

Christ to witness, that it is the cause of the whole German nation, of the universal Church, of the christian world. Nay, of God himself and not of an individual, especially such a one as myself. I am ready to go to Worms, provided I have a safe-conduct, and learned, pious, and impartial judges. I am ready to answer for it is not from a presumptuous spirit, or to derive any advantage, that I have taught the doctrine with which I am reproached: it is in obedience to my conscience and to my oath as doctor of the Holy Scriptures: it is for the glory of God, for the salvation of the Christian Church, for the good of the German nation, and for the extirpation of so much superstition, abuse, evil, scandal, tyranny, blasphemy, and impiety." This declaration, drawn up at a moment so solemn for Luther, merits particular attention. Such were the motives of his actions, and the inward springs that led to the revival of christian society. This is very different from the jealousy of a monk or the desire of marriage!

CHAPTER 2

A Foreign Prince—Council of Politicians—Conference between the Confessor and the Chancellor—Inutility of these Manoeuvers—Aleander's Activity—Luther's Words—Charles yields to the Pope

But all this was of little consequence to politicians. However noble might have been the idea Charles had formed of the imperial dignity, Germany was not the centre of his interests and of policy. He understood neither the spirit nor the language of Germany. He was always a Duke of Burgundy, who to many other sceptres had united the first crown of Christendom. It was a remarkable circumstance that, at the moment of its most intimate transformation, Germany should elect a foreign prince, to whom the necessities and tendencies of the nation were but of secondary importance. Undoubtedly the emperor was not indifferent to the religious movement, but it had no meaning in his eyes except so far as it threatened the pope. War between Charles and Francis I was inevitable; the principal scene of that war would be Italy. The alliance of the pope became therefore daily more necessary to Charles's projects. He would have preferred detaching Frederick from Luther, or satisfying the pope without offending Frederick. Many of his courtiers manifested in the affair of the Augustine monk that disdainful coldness which politicians generally affect when there is any question of religion. "Let us avoid all extreme measures," said they. "Let us entangle Luther by negotiations, and reduce him to silence by some trifling concessions. The proper course is to stifle and not to fan the flame. If the monk falls into the net, we are victorious! By accepting a compromise, he will silence himself and ruin his cause. For form's sake we will decree certain exterior reforms; the elector will be satisfied; the pope will be gained; and matters will resume their ordinary course."

Such was the project formed by the emperor's confidants. The Wittenberg doctors seem to have divined this new policy. "They are trying to win men over secretly," said Melancthon, "and are working in the dark." Charles's confessor, John Glapio, a man of great weight, a skilful courtier, and a wily monk took upon himself the execution of the scheme. Glapio possessed the full confidence of Charles; and this prince, imitating the Spanish customs in this particular, intrusted him almost entirely with the care of matters pertaining to religion. As soon as Charles had been named emperor, Leo hastened to win over Glapio by favours which the confessor very gratefully acknowledged. He could make no better return to the pontiff's generosity than by crushing this heresy, and he applied himself to the task.

Among the elector's councillors was Gregory Bruck, or Pontanus, the chancellor, a man of intelligence, decision, and courage, who was a better theological scholar than many doctors, and whose wisdom was capable of resisting the wiles of the monks in Charles's court. Glapio, knowing the chancellor's influence, requested an interview with him, and introducing himself as if he had been a friend of the reformer, said with an air of kindness: "I was filled with joy, in reading Luther's first writings; I thought him a vigorous tree, which had put forth goodly branches, and gave promise to the Church of the most precious fruit. Many people, it is true, have entertained the same views before his time; yet no one but himself has had the noble courage to publish the truth without fear. But when I read his book on the Captivity of Babylon, I felt like one overwhelmed with blows from head to foot. I do not think," added the monk, "that brother Martin will acknowledge himself to be the author of it; I do not find in it either his usual style or learning." After some discussion, the confessor continued: "Introduce me to the elector, and in your presence I will show him Luther's errors."

The chancellor replied that the business of the diet left his highness no leisure, and besides he did not mix himself up with this matter. The monk was vexed at seeing his demand rejected. "Nevertheless," continued the chancellor, "since you say there is no evil without a remedy, explain yourself."

Assuming a confidential air, the confessor replied: "The emperor earnestly desires to see a man like Luther reconciled with the Church; for his books (previous to the publication of the treatise on the Captivity of Babylon) were rather agreeable to his majesty The irritation caused by the bull no doubt excited Luther to write the latter work. Let him then declare that he had not intention of troubling the repose of the Church, and the learned of every nation will side with him. Procure me an audience with his highness."

The chancellor went to Frederick. The elector well knew that any retraction whatsoever was impossible: "Tell the confessor," answered he, "that I cannot comply with his request; but continue your conference."

Glapio received this message with every demonstration of respect; and changing his line of attack, he said: "Let the elector name some confidential persons to deliberate on this affair."

The Chancellor.—"The elector does not profess to defend Luther's cause."

The Confessor.—"Well, then, you at least can discuss it with me Jesus Christ is my witness that I make this proposition from love to the Church and Luther, who has opened so many hearts to the truth."

The chancellor having refused to undertake a task which belonged to the reformer, prepared to withdraw.

"Stay," said the monk.

The Chancellor.—"What remains to be done?"

The Confessor.—"Let Luther deny that he wrote the Captivity of Babylon."

The Chancellor.—But the pope's bull condemns all his other writings."

The Confessor.—"That is because of his obstinacy. If he disclaims this book, the pope in his omnipotence can easily pardon him. What hopes may we not entertain, now that we have so excellent an emperor! "

Perceiving that these words had produced some effect on the chancellor, the monk hastily added: "Luther always desires to argue from the Bible. The Bible it is like wax, you may stretch it and bend it as you please. I would undertake to find in the Bible opinions more extravagant even than Luther's. He is mistaken when he changes every word of Christ into a commandment." And then wishing to act upon the fears of his hearer, he added: "What would be the result if today or tomorrow the emperor should have recourse to arms? Reflect upon this." He then permitted Pontanus to retire.

The confessor laid fresh snares. "A man might live ten years with him, and not know him at last," said Erasmus.

"What an excellent book is that of Luther's on Christian Liberty," said he to the chancellor, whom he saw again a few days after; "what wisdom! what talent! what wit! it is thus that a real scholar ought to write Let both sides choose men of irreproachable character, and let the pope and Luther refer the whole matter to their decision. There is no doubt that Luther would come off victorious on many points. I will speak about it to the emperor. Believe me, I do not mention these things solely on my own authority. I have told the emperor that God would chastise him and all the princes, if the Church, which is the spouse of Christ, be not cleansed from all the stains that defile her. I added, that God himself had sent Luther, and commissioned

him to reprove men for their offences, employing him as a scourge to punish the sins of the world."

The chancellor, on hearing these words (which reflected the feelings of the age, and showed the opinion entertained of Luther even by his adversaries), could not forbear expressing his astonishment that his master was not treated with more respect. "There are daily consultations with the emperor on this affair," said he, "and yet the elector is not invited to them. He thinks it strange that the emperor, who is not a little indebted to him, should exclude him from his councils."

The Confessor.—"I have been present only once at these deliberations, and then heard the emperor resist the solicitations of the nuncios. Five years hence it will be seen what Charles has done for the reformation of the Church."

"The elector," answered Pontanus, "is unacquainted with Luther's intentions. Let him be summoned and have a hearing."

The confessor replied with a deep sigh: "I call God to witness how ardently I desire to see the reformation of Christendom accomplished."

To protract the affair and to keep the reformer silent was all that Glop proposed. In any case, Luther must not come to Worms. A dead man returning from the other world and appearing in the midst of the diet, would have been less alarming to the nuncios, the monks, and all the papal host, than the presence of the Wittenberg doctor.

"How many days does it take to travel from Wittenberg to Worms?" asked the confessor with an assumed air of indifference; and then, begging Pontanus to present his most humble salutations to the elector, he retired.

Such were the manoeuvers resorted to by the courtiers. They were disconcerted by the firmness of Pontanus. That just man was immovable as a rock during all these negotiations. The Roman monks themselves fell into the snares they had laid for their enemies. "The Christian," said Luther in his figurative language, "is like a bird tied near a trap. The wolves and foxes prowl round it, and spring on it to devour it; but they fall into the pit and perish, while the timid bird remains unhurt. It is thus the holy angels keep watch around us, and those devouring wolves, the hypocrites and persecutors, cannot harm us." Not only were the artifices of the confessor ineffectual, but his admissions still more confirmed Frederick in his opinion that Luther was right, and that it was his duty to protect him.

Men's hearts daily inclined more and more towards the Gospel. A Dominican prior suggested that the emperor, the kings of France, Spain, England, Portugal, Hungary, and Poland, with the pope and the electors, should name representatives to whom the arrangement of this affair should be confided. "Never," said he, "has implicit reliance been placed on the pope alone." The public feeling became such that it seemed impossible to condemn Luther without having heard and confuted him.

Aleander grew uneasy, and displayed unusual energy. It was no longer against the elector and Luther alone that he had to contend. He beheld with horror the secret negotiations of the confessor, the proposition of the prior, the consent of Charles's ministers, the extreme coldness of Roman piety, even among the most devoted friends of the pontiff, "so that one might have thought," says Pallavicini, "that a torrent of iced water had gushed over them." He had at length received from Rome the money he had demanded; he held in his hand the energetic briefs addressed to the most powerful men in the empire. Fearing to see his prey escape, he felt that now was the time to strike a decisive blow. He forwarded the briefs, scattered the money profusely, and made the most alluring promises; "and, armed with this threefold weapon," says the historian, Cardinal Pallavicini, "he made a fresh attempt to bias the wavering assembly of electors in the pope's favour." But around the emperor in particular he laid his snares.

He took advantage of the dissensions existing between the Belgian and Spanish ministers. He besieged the monarch unceasingly. All the partisans of Rome, awakened by his voice, solicited Charles. "Daily deliberations," wrote the elector to his brother John, "are held against Luther; they demand that he shall be placed under the ban of the pope and of the emperor; they endeavour to injure him in every way. Those who parade in their red hats, the Romans, with all their followers, display indefatigable zeal in this task."

Aleander was in reality pressing for the condemnation of the reformer with a violence that Luther characterizes as marvellous fury. The apostate nuncio, as Luther styles him, transported by anger beyond the bounds of prudence, one day exclaimed: "If you Germans pretend to shake off the yoke of obedience to Rome, we will act in such a manner that, exterminated by mutual slaughter, you shall perish in your own blood."—"This is how the pope feeds Christ's sheep," adds the reformer.

But such was not his own language. He asked nothing for himself. "Luther is ready," said Melancthon, "to purchase at the cost of his own life the glory and advancement of the Gospel." But he trembled when he thought of the calamities that might be the consequence of his death. He pictured to himself a misled people

revenging perhaps his martyrdom in the blood of his adversaries, and especially of the priests. He rejected so dreadful a responsibility. "God," said he, "checks the fury of his enemies; but if it breaks forth then shall we see a storm burst upon the priests like that which has devastated Bohemia My hands are clear of this, for I have earnestly entreated the German nobility to oppose the Romans by wisdom, and not by the sword. To make war upon the priests,—a class without courage or strength,—would be to fight against women and children."

Charles V could not resist the solicitations of the nuncio. His Belgian and Spanish devotion had been developed by his preceptor Adrian, who afterwards occupied the pontifical throne. The pope had addressed him in a brief, entreating him to give the power of law to the bull by an imperial edict. "To no purpose will God have invested you with the sword of the supreme power," said he, "if you do not employ it, not only against the infidels, but against the heretics also, who are far worse than they." Accordingly, one day at the beginning of February, at the moment when everyone in Worms was making preparations for a splendid tournament, and the emperor's tent was already erected, the princes who were arming themselves to take part in the brilliant show were summoned to the imperial palace. After listening to the reading of the papal bull, a stringent edict was laid before them, enjoining its immediate execution. "If you can recommend any better course," added the emperor, following the usual custom, "I am ready to hear you."

An animated debate immediately took place in the assembly. "This monk," wrote a deputy from one of the free cities of Germany, "gives us plenty of occupation. Some would like to crucify him, and I think that he will not escape; only it is to be feared that he will rise again the third day." The emperor had imagined that he would be able to publish his edict without opposition from the states; but such was not the case. Their minds were not prepared. It was necessary to gain over the diet. "Convince this assembly," said the youthful monarch to the nuncio. This was all that Aleander desired; and he was promised to be introduced to the diet on the 13th of February.

CHAPTER 3

Aleander introduced to the Diet—Aleander's Speech—Luther is accused—Rome is justified—Appeal to Charles against Luther—Effect of the Nuncio's Speech

The nuncio prepared for this solemn audience. This was an important duty, but Aleander was not unworthy of it. Ambassador from the sovereign pontiff, and surrounded with all the splendour of his high office, he was also one of the most eloquent men of his age. The friends of the Reformation looked forward to this sitting with apprehension. The elector, pretending indisposition, was not present; but he gave some of his councillors orders to attend, and take notes of the nuncio's speech.

When the day arrived, Aleander proceeded towards the assembly of the princes. The feelings of all were excited; many were reminded of Annas and Caiaphas going to Pilate's judgmentseat and calling for the death of this fellow who perverted the nation. "Just as the nuncio was about to cross the threshold, the usher of the diet," says Pallavicini, "approaching him rudely, thrust him back by a blow on the breast." "He was a Lutheran in heart," adds the Romanist historian. If this story be true, it shows no doubt an excess of passion; but at the same time it furnishes us with a standard by which to measure the influence that Luther's words had excited even in those who guarded the doors of the imperial council. The proud Aleander, recovering himself with dignity, walked forward, and entered the hall. Never had Rome been called to make its defence before so august an assembly. The nuncio placed before him the documents that he had judged necessary, namely, Luther's works and the papal bulls; and as soon as the diet was silent, he began:—

"Most august emperor, most mighty princes, most excellent deputies! I appear before you in defence of a cause for which my heart glows with the most ardent affection. It is to retain on my master's head that triple crown which you all adore: to maintain that papal throne for which I should be willing to deliver my body to the flames, if the monster that has engendered this growing heresy that I am now to combat could be consumed at the same stake, and mingle his ashes with mine.

"No! the whole difference between Luther and the pope does not turn on the papal interests. I have Luther's books before me, and a man only needs have eyes in his head to see that he attacks the holy doctrines of the Church. He teaches that those alone communicate worthily whose consciences are overwhelmed with sorrow and confusion because of their sins, and that no one is justified by baptism, if he has not faith in the promise of which baptism is the pledge. He denies the necessity of works to obtain heavenly glory. He denies that we have the liberty and power of obeying the

natural and Divine law. He asserts that we sin of necessity in everyone of our actions. Has the arsenal of hell ever sent forth weapons better calculated to break the bonds of decency? He preaches in favour of the abolition of monastic vows. Can we imagine any greater sacrilegious impiety? What desolation should we not witness in the world, were those who are the salt of the earth to throw aside their sacred garments, desert the temples that reecho with their holy songs, and plunge into adultery, incest, and every vice!

"Shall I enumerate all the crimes of this Augustine monk? He sins against the dead, for he denies purgatory; he sins against heaven, for he says that he would not believe even an angel from heaven; he sins against the Church, for he maintains that all Christians are priests; he sins against the saints, for he despises their venerable writings; he sins against councils, for he designates that of Constance an assembly of devils; he sins against the world, for he forbids the punishment of death to be inflicted on any who have not committed a deadly sin. Some of you may say that he is a pious man I have no desire to attack his life, but only to remind this assembly that the devil often deceives people in the garb of truth."

Aleander, having spoken of the doctrine of purgatory condemned by the Council of Florence, laid at the emperor's feet the papal bull of this council. The Archbishop of Mentz took it up, and gave it to the Archbishops of Treves and Cologne, who received it reverently, and passed it to the other princes. The nuncio, after having thus accused Luther, proceeded to the second point, which was to justify Rome:—

"At Rome, says Luther, the mouth promises one thing, the hand does another. If this were true, must we not come to the very opposite conclusion? If the ministers of a religion live conformably to its precepts, it is a sign that the religion is false. Such was the religion of the ancient Romans Such is that of Mahomet and of Luther himself; but such is not the religion which the Roman pontiffs teach us. Yes, the doctrine they profess condemns them all, as having committed faults; many, as guilty; and some (I will speak frankly) as criminal This doctrine exposes their actions to the censure of men during their lives, to the brand of history after their death. Now, I would ask what pleasure of profit could the popes have found in inventing such a religion?

"The Church, it may be said, was not governed by the Roman pontiffs in the primitive ages.—What conclusion shall we draw from this? With such arguments we might persuade men to feed on acorns, and princesses to wash their own linen."

But his adversary—the reformer—was the special object of the nuncio's hatred. Boiling with indignation against those who said that he ought to be heard, he

exclaimed: "Luther will not allow himself to be instructed by any one. The pope had already summoned him to Rome, and he did not comply. Next, the pope cited him before the legate at Augsburg, and he did not appear until he had procured a safe-conduct, that is to say, after the legate's hands were tied, and his tongue alone was left unfettered Ah! " said Aleander, turning towards Charles V, "I entreat your imperial Majesty to do nothing that may lead to your reproach. Do not interfere in a matter which does not concern the laity. Perform your own duties! Let Luther's doctrines be interdicted by you throughout the length and breadth of the empire: let his writings be burnt everywhere. Fear not! In Luther's errors there is enough to burn a hundred thousand heretics And what have we to fear? The multitude? Its insolence makes it appear terrible before the conflict, but in the battle its cowardice renders it contemptible. Foreign princes?

But the King of France has forbidden the introduction of Luther's doctrines into his kingdom; and the King of England is preparing an assault with his own royal hand. You know what are the sentiments of Hungary, Italy, and Spain, and there is not one of your neighbours, however much he may hate you, who wishes you so much evil as this heresy would cause you. For if our adversary's house adjoins our own, we may desire it to be visited with fever, but not with the plague What are all these Lutherans? A crew of insolent pedagogues, corrupt priests, dissolute monks, ignorant lawyers, and degraded nobles, with the common people, who they have misled and perverted. How far superior to them is the catholic party in number, ability, and power! A unanimous decree from this illustrious assembly will enlighten the simple, warn the imprudent, decide the waverers, and give strength to the weak But if the axe is not put to the roots of this poisonous tree, if the deathblow is not struck, then I see it overshadowing the heritage of Jesus Christ with its branches, changing our Lord's vineyard into a gloomy forest, transforming the kingdom of God into a den of wild beasts, and reducing Germany into that frightful state of barbarism and desolation which has been brought upon Asia by the superstition of Mahomet."

The nuncio was silent. He had spoken for three hours. The enthusiasm of his language had produced a deep impression on the assembly. The princes looked at each other, excited and alarmed, says Cochloeus, and murmurs soon arose from every side against Luther and his partisans. If the eloquent Luther had been present; if he had been able to reply to this speech; if, profiting by the avowals extorted from the Roman nuncio by the recollection of his former master, the infamous Borgia, he had shown that these very arguments, intended to defend Rome, were of themselves its condemnation; if he had shown that the doctrine which proved its iniquity was not invented by him, as the orator said, but was that religion which Christ had given to the world, and which the Reformation was reestablishing in its primitive splendour;

if he had presented a faithful and animated picture of the errors and abuses of the papacy, and had shown how the religion of Christ had been made an instrument of selfinterest and rapacity; the effect of the nuncio's harangue would have been instantly nullified. But no one rose to speak. The assembly remained under the impression produced by this speech; and, agitated and transported, showed itself ready to extirpate Luther's heresy by force from the soil of the empire.

Nevertheless, it was a victory only in appearance. It was among the purposes of God that Rome should have an opportunity of displaying her reasons and her power. The greatest of her orators had spoken in the assembly of the princes; he had given utterance to all that Rome had to say. But it was precisely this last effort of the papacy that became a signal of defeat in the eyes of many who had listened to it. If a bold confession is necessary for the triumph of truth, the surest means of destroying error is to make it known without reserve. Neither the one nor the other, to run its course, should be concealed. The light tests all things.

CHAPTER 4

Sentiments of the Princes—Speech of Duke George—Character of the Reformation—One Hundred and One Grievances—Charles gives Way—Aleander's Stratagems—The Grandees of Spain—Peace of Luther—Death and no Retraction

A few days were sufficient to dissipate the first impression, as is ever the case when an orator conceals the emptiness of his arguments by highsounding words.

The majority of the princes were ready to sacrifice Luther, but no one desired to immolate the rights of the empire and the grievances of the Germanic nation. They were very ready to give up the insolent monk who had dared to speak so boldly; but they were the more resolved to make the pope feel the justice of a reform demanded by the chiefs of the nation. It was accordingly Luther's most determined personal enemy, Duke George of Saxony, who spoke with the greatest energy against the encroachments of Rome. The grandson of Podiebrad, king of Bohemia, although offended by the doctrine of Grace preached by the reformer, had not yet lost the hope of a moral ecclesiastical reform. The principal cause of his irritation against the monk of Wittenberg was, that by his despised doctrines he was spoiling the whole affair. But now, seeing the nuncio affecting to involve Luther and the reform of the Church in one and the same condemnation, George suddenly rose in the assembly of the princes, to the great astonishment of those who knew his hatred of the reformer. "The diet," said he, "must not forget its grievances against the court of Rome.

How many abuses have crept into our states! The annats, which the emperor granted voluntarily for the good of Christianity, now exacted as a due; the Roman courtiers daily inventing new regulations to monopolize, sell, and lease the ecclesiastical benefices; a multitude of transgressions connived at; rich transgressors undeservedly tolerated, while those who have no money to purchase impunity are punished without mercy; the popes continually bestowing on their courtiers reversions and reserves, to the detriment of those to whom the benefices belong; the commendams of the abbeys and convents of Rome conferred on cardinals, bishops, and prelates, who appropriate their revenues, so that not a single monk is to be found in a convent where there should be twenty or thirty; stations multiplied to infinity, and stalls for the sale of indulgences set up in every street and public place of our cities— stalls of Saint Anthony, of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Hubert, of Saint Cornelius, of Saint Vincent, and so forth; companies purchasing at Rome the right to hold such markets, then buying permission of their bishop to display their wares, and squeezing and draining the pockets of the poor to obtain money; the indulgence, that ought only to be granted for the salvation of souls, and that should be earned by prayer, fasting,

and works of charity, sold according to a tariff; the bishops' officials oppressing the lowly with penances for blasphemy, adultery, debauchery, and the violation of any festival, but not even reprimanding the clergy who commit similar crimes; penalties imposed on those who repent, and devised in such a manner that they soon fall again into the same error and give more money: these are some of the abuses that cry out against Rome.

All shame has been put aside, and their only object is money! money! money! so that the preachers who should teach the truth, utter nothing but falsehoods, and are not only tolerated, but rewarded, because the greater their lies, the greater their gain. It is from this foul spring that such tainted waters flow. Debauchery stretches out the hand to avarice. The officials invite women to their dwellings under various pretexts, and endeavour to seduce them, at one time by threats, at another by presents, or if they cannot succeed, they ruin their good fame. Alas! it is the scandal caused by the clergy that hurls so many poor souls into eternal condemnation! A general reform must be effected. An ecumenical council must be called to bring about this reform. For these reasons, most excellent lords, I humbly entreat you to take this matter into your immediate consideration." Duke George then handed in a list of the grievances he had enumerated. This was some days after Aleander's speech. The important catalogue has been preserved in the archives of Weimar.

Even Luther had not spoken with greater force against the abuses of Rome; but he had done something more. The duke pointed out the evil; Luther had pointed out both the cause and the remedy. He had demonstrated that the sinner receives the true indulgence, that which cometh from God, solely by faith in the grace and merits of Jesus Christ; and this simple but powerful doctrine had overthrown all the markets established by the priests. "How can man become pious?" asked he one day. "A gray friar will reply, By putting on a gray hood and girding yourself with a cord. A Roman will answer, By hearing mass and by fasting. But a Christian will say, Faith in Christ alone justifies and saves. Before works, we must have eternal life. But when we are born again, and made children of God by the Word of grace, then we perform good works."

The duke's speech was that of a secular prince; Luther's, that of a reformer. The great evil in the Church had been its excessive devotion to outward forms, its having made of all its works and graces mere external and material things. The indulgences were the extreme point of this course; and that which was most spiritual in Christianity, namely, pardon, might be purchased in shops like any other commodity. Luther's great work consisted in employing this extreme degeneration of religion to lead men and the Church back to the primitive sources of life, and to restore the

kingdom of the Holy Ghost in the sanctuary of the heart. Here, as often happens in other cases, the remedy was found in the disease itself, and the two extremes met. From that time forward, the Church, that for so many centuries had been developed externally in human ceremonies, observances, and practices, began to be developed internally in faith, hope, and charity.

The duke's speech produced a proportionally greater impression, as his hostility to Luther was notorious. Other members of the diet brought forward their respective grievances, which received the support of the ecclesiastical princes themselves. "We have a pontiff who loves only the chase and his pleasures," said they; "the benefices of the German nation are given away at Rome to gunners, falconers, footmen, assdrivers, grooms, guardsmen, and other people of this class, ignorant, inexperienced, and strangers to Germany."

The diet appointed a committee to draw up all these grievances; they were found to amount to a hundred and one. A deputation composed of secular and ecclesiastical princes presented the report to the emperor, conjuring him to see them rectified, as he had engaged to do in his capitulation. "What a loss of Christian souls! " said they to Charles V; "what depredations! what extortions, on account of the scandals by which the spiritual head of Christendom is surrounded! It is our duty to prevent the ruin and dishonour of our people. For this reason we most humbly but most urgently entreat you to order a general reformation, and to undertake its accomplishment." There was at that time in christian society an unknown power operating on princes and people alike, a wisdom from on high, influencing even the adversaries of the Reformation, and preparing for that emancipation whose hour was come at last.

Charles could not be insensible to the remonstrances of the empire. Neither he nor the nuncio had expected them. Even his confessor had threatened him with the vengeance of Heaven, unless he reformed the Church. The emperor immediately recalled the edict commanding Luther's writings to be burnt throughout the empire, and substituted a provisional order to deliver these books into the keeping of the magistrates.

This did not satisfy the assembly, which desired the appearance of the reformer. It is unjust, said his friends, to condemn Luther without a hearing, and without learning from his own mouth whether he is the author of the books that are ordered to be burnt. His doctrines, said his adversaries, have so taken hold of men's minds, that it is impossible to check their progress, unless we hear them from himself. There shall be no discussion with him; and if he avows his writings, and refuses to retract them, then we will all with one accord, elector, princes, estates of the holy empire,

true to the faith of our ancestors, assist your majesty to the utmost of our power in the execution of your decrees.

Aleander in alarm, and fearing everything from Luther's intrepidity and the ignorance of the princes, instantly strained every nerve to prevent the reformer's appearance. He went from Charles's ministers to the princes most favourably inclined to the pope, and from them to the emperor himself. "It is not lawful," said he, "to question what the sovereign pontiff has decreed. There shall be no discussion with Luther, you say; but," continued he, "will not the energy of this audacious man, the fire of his eyes, the eloquence of his language, and the mysterious spirit by which he is animated, by sufficient to excite a tumult? Already many adore him as a saint, and in every place you may see his portrait surrounded with a glory like that which encircles the heads of the blessed If you are resolved to summon him before you, at least do not put him under the protection of the public faith! " These latter words were meant either to intimidate Luther, or to prepare the way for his destruction.

The nuncio found an easy access to the grandees of Spain. In Spain, as in Germany, the opposition to the Dominican inquisitors was national. The yoke of the inquisition, that had been thrown off for a time, had just been replaced on their necks by Charles. A numerous party in that peninsula sympathized with Luther; but it was not thus with the grandees, who had discovered on the banks of the Rhine what they had hated beyond the Pyrenees. Inflamed with the most ardent fanaticism, they were impatient to destroy the new heresy. Frederick, duke of Alva, in particular, was transported with rage whenever he heard the Reformation mentioned. He would gladly have waded in the blood of all these sectarians. Luther was not yet summoned to appear, but already had his mere name powerfully stirred the lords of Christendom assembled at Worms.

The man who thus moved all the powers of the earth seemed alone undisturbed. The news from Worms was alarming. Luther's friends were terrified. "There remains nothing for us but your good wishes and prayers," wrote Melancthon to Spalatin. "Oh! that God would deign to purchase at the price of our blood the salvation of the christian world! " But Luther was a stranger to fear; shutting himself up in his quiet cell, he there meditated on and applied to himself those words in which Mary, the mother of Jesus, exclaims: My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. These are some of the reflections that filled Luther's heart:

"He that is mighty says Mary. What great boldness on the part of a young girl! With a single word she brands all the strong with weakness, all the mighty with feebleness, all the wise with folly, all those whose name is glorious upon earth with disgrace, and casts all strength, all might, all wisdom, and all glory at the feet of God. His arm, continues she, meaning by this the power by which he acts of himself, without the aid of any of his creatures: mysterious power! . which is exerted in secrecy and in silence until His designs are accomplished. Destruction is at hand, when no one has seen it coming: relief is there, and no one had suspected it. He leaves His children in oppression and weakness, so that every man says: They are lost! ... But it is then He is strongest; for where the strength of men ends, there begins that of God. Only let faith wait upon him And, on the other hand, God permits his adversaries to increase in grandeur and power. He withdraws His support, and suffers them to be puffed up with their own. He empties them of his eternal wisdom, and lets them be filled with their own, which is but for a day. And while they are rising in the brightness of their power, the arm of the Lord is taken away, and their work vanishes as a bubble bursting in the air."

It was on the 10th of March, at the very moment when the imperial city of Worms was filled with dread at his name, that Luther concluded this explanation of the Magnificat.

He was not left quiet in his retreat. Spalatin, in conformity with the elector's orders, sent him a note of the articles which he would be required to retract. A retraction, after his refusal at Augsburg! "Fear not," wrote he to Spalatin, "that I shall retract a single syllable, since their only argument is, that my works are opposed to the rites of what they call the Church. If the Emperor Charles summons me only that I may retract, I shall reply that I will remain here, and it will be the same as if I had gone to Worms and returned. But, on the contrary, if the emperor summons me that I may be put to death as an enemy of the empire, I am ready to comply with his call; for, with the help of Christ, I will never desert the Word on the battlefield. I am well aware that these bloodthirsty men will never rest until they have taken away my life. Would that it was the papists alone that would be guilty of my blood! "

CHAPTER 5

Shall Luther have a Safeconduct—The Safeconduct—Will Luther come—Holy Thursday at Rome—The Pope and Luther

At last the emperor made up his mind. Luther's appearance before the diet seemed the only means calculated to terminate an affair which engaged the attention of all the empire. Charles V resolved to summon him,

but without granting him a safe-conduct. Here Frederick was again compelled to assume the character of a protector. The dangers by which the reformer was threatened were apparent to all. Luther's friends, says Cochloeus, feared that he would be delivered into the pope's hands, or that the emperor himself would put him to death, as undeserving, on account of his heresy, that any faith should be kept with him. On this question there was a long and violent debate between the princes. Struck at last be the extensive agitation then stirring up the people in every part of Germany, and fearing that during Luther's journey some unexpected tumult or dangerous commotion might burst forth in favour of the reformer, the princes thought the wisest course would be to tranquilize the public feelings on this subject; and not only the emperor, but also the Elector of Saxony, Duke George, and the Landgrave of Hesse, through whose territories he would have to pass, gave him each a safe-conduct.

On the 6th of March 1521, Charles V signed the following summons addressed to Luther:—"Charles, by the grace of God Emperor elect of the Romans, always August, &c. &c.

"Honourable, wellbeloved, and pious! We had the States of the Holy Empire here assembled, having resolved to institute an inquiry touching the doctrine and the books that thou hast lately published, have issued, for thy coming hither, and thy return to a place of security, our safe-conduct and that of the empire, which we send thee herewith. Our sincere desire is, that thou shouldst prepare immediately for this journey, in order that within the space of the twentyone days fixed by our safe-conduct, thou mayst without fail be present before us. Fear neither injustice nor violence. We will firmly abide by our aforesaid safe-conduct, and expect that thou wilt comply with our summons. In so doing, thou wilt obey our earnest wishes.

"Given in our imperial city of Worms, this sixth day of March, in the year of our Lord 1521, and the second of our reign. Charles.

"By order of my Lord the Emperor, witness my hand, Albert, Cardinal of Mentz, Highchancellor.

"Nicholas Zwil."

The safe-conduct contained in the letter was directed: "To the honourable, our wellbeloved and pious Doctor Martin Luther, of the order of the Augustines."

It began thus:

"We, Charles, the fifth of that name, by the grace of God Emperor elect of the Romans, always August, King of Spain, of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Hungary, of Dalmatia, of Croatia, &c., Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol," &c. &c.

Then the king of so many states, intimating that he had cited before him an Augustine monk name Luther, enjoined all princes, lords, magistrates, and others, to respect the safe-conduct which had been given him, under pain of the displeasure of the emperor and the empire.

Thus did the emperor confer the titles of "wellbeloved, honorable, and pious," on a man whom the head of the Church had excommunicated. This document had been thus drawn up, purposely to remove all distrust from the mind of Luther and his friends. Gaspard Sturm was commissioned to bear this message to the reformer, and accompany him to Worms. The elector, apprehending some outburst of public indignation, wrote on the 12th of March to the magistrates of Wittenberg to provide for the security of the emperor's officer, and to give him a guard, if it was judged necessary. The herald departed.

Thus were God's designs fulfilled. It was His will that this light, which he had kindled in the world, should be set upon a hill; and emperor, kings, and princes, immediately began to carry out His purpose without knowing it. It cost Him little to elevate what is lowest. A single act of His power suffices to raise the humble native of Mansfeldt from an obscure cottage to the palaces in which kings were assembled. In His sight there is neither small nor great, and, in His good time, Charles and Luther meet.

But will Luther comply with this citation? His best friends were doubtful about it. "Doctor Martin has been summoned here," wrote the elector to his brother on the 25th March; "but I do not know whether he will come. I cannot augur any good from

it." Three weeks later (on the 16th of April), this excellent prince, seeing the danger increase, wrote again to Duke John: "Orders against Luther are placarded on the walls. The cardinals and bishops are attacking him very harshly: God grant that all may turn out well! Would to God that I could procure him a favourable hearing! "

While these events were taking place at Worms and Wittenberg, the Papacy redoubled its attacks. On the 28th of March (which was the Thursday before Easter), Rome reechoed with a solemn excommunication. It was the custom to publish at that season the terrible bull In Coena Domini, which is a long series of maledictions.

On that day the approaches to the temple in which the sovereign pontiff was to officiate were early occupied with the papal guards, and by a crowd of people that had flocked together from all parts of Italy to receive the benediction of the holy father. Branches of laurel and myrtle decorated the open space in front of the cathedral; tapers were lighted on the balcony of the temple, and there the remonstrance was elevated. On a sudden the air reechoes with the loud pealing of bells; the pope, wearing his pontifical robes, and borne in an armchair, appears on the balcony; the people kneel down, all heads are uncovered, the colours are lowered, the soldiers ground their arms, and a solemn silence prevails. A few moments after, the pope slowly stretches out his hands, raises them towards heaven, and then as slowly bends them towards the earth, making the sign of the cross. Thrice he repeats this movement. Again the noise of bells reverberates through the air, proclaiming far and wide the benediction of the pontiff; some priests now hastily step forward, each holding a lighted taper in his hand; these they reverse, and after tossing them violently, dash them away, as if they were the flames of hell; the people are moved and agitated; and the words of malediction are hurled down from the roof of the temple.

As soon as Luther was informed of this excommunication, he published its tenor, with a few remarks written in that cutting style of which he was so great a master. Although this publication did not appear till later, we will insert in this place a few of its most striking features. We shall hear the highpriest of Christendom on the balcony of the cathedral, and the Wittenberg monk answering him from the farthest part of Germany.

There is something characteristic in the contrast of these two voices.

The Pope.—"Leo, bishop"

Luther.—"Bishop! yes, as the wolf is a shepherd: for the bishop should exhort according to the doctrine of salvation and not vomit forth imprecations and maledictions."

The Pope.—Servant of all the servants of God"

Luther.—"At night, when we are drunk; but in the morning, our name is Leo, lord of all lords."

The Pope.—"The Roman bishops, our predecessors, have been accustomed on this festival to employ the arms of righteousness"

Luther.—"Which, according to your account, are excommunication and anathema; but according to Saint Paul, longsuffering, kindness, and love." (2 Corinthians 6:6, 7.)

The Pope.—"According to the duties of the apostolic office, and to maintain the purity of the christian faith"

Luther.—"That is to say, the temporal possessions of the pope." The Pope.—"And its unity, which consists in the union of the members with Christ, their head, and with his vicar" Luther.—"For Christ is not sufficient: we must have another besides."

The Pope.—"To preserve the holy communion of believers, we follow the ancient custom, and excommunicate and curse, in the name of Almighty God, the Father"

Luther.—"Of whom it is said: God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world." (John 3:17.)

The Pope.—"The Son, and the Holy Ghost, and according to the power of the apostles Peter and Paul and our own"

Luther.—"Our own! says the ravenous wolf, as if the power of God was too weak without him."

The Pope.—"We curse all heretics,—Garasi, Patarins, Poor Men of Lyons, Arnoldists, Speronists, Passageni, Wickliffites, Hussites, Fratricelli"

Luther.—"For they desired to possess the Holy Scriptures, and required the pope to be sober and preach the Word of God."

The Pope.—"And Martin Luther, recently condemned by us for a similar heresy, as well as all his adherents, and all those, whomsoever they may be, who show him any countenance."

Luther.—"I thank thee, most gracious pontiff, for condemning me along with all these Christians! It is very honourable for me to have my name proclaimed at Rome on a day of festival, in so glorious a manner, that it may run through the world in conjunction with the names of these humble confessors of Jesus Christ."

The Pope.—"In like manner, we excommunicate and curse all pirates and corsairs"

Luther.—"Who can be a greater corsair and pirate than he that robs souls, imprisons them, and puts them to death?"

The Pope.—"Particularly those who navigate our seas" Luther.—"Our seas! Saint Peter, our predecessor, said: Silver and gold have I none (Acts 3:6); and Jesus Christ said: The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; but ye shall not be so (Luke 22:25). But if a wagon filled with hay must give place on the road to a drunken man, how much more must a Saint Peter and Christ himself give way to the pope! "

The Pope.—"In like manner we excommunicate and curse all those who falsify our bulls and our apostolical letters"

Luther.—"But God's letters, the Holy Scriptures, all the world may condemn and burn."

The Pope.—"In like manner we excommunicate and curse all those who intercept the provisions that are coming to the court of Rome"

Luther.—"He snarls and snaps, like a dog that fears his bone will be taken from him."

The Pope.—"In like manner we condemn and curse all those who withhold any judiciary dues, fruits, tithes, or revenues, belonging to the clergy"

Luther.—"For Christ has said: If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also (Matthew 5:40), and this is our commentary."

The Pope.—"Whatever be their station, dignity, order, power, or rank; were they even bishops or kings"

Luther.—"For there shall be false teachers among you, who despise dominion and speak evil of dignities, says Scripture." (Jude 8.)

The Pope.—"In like manner we condemn and curse all those who, in any manner whatsoever, do prejudice to the city of Rome, the kingdom of Sicily, the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, the patrimony of St. Peter in Tuscany, the duchy of Spoleto, the marquisate of Ancona, the Campagna, the cities of Ferrara and Benevento, and all other cities or countries belonging to the Church of Rome."

Luther.—"O Peter! thou poor fisherman! whence didst thou get Rome and all these kingdoms? all hail, Peter! king of Sicily! and fisherman at Bethsaida! "

The Pope.—"We excommunicate and curse all chancellors, councillors, parliaments, procurators, governors, officials, bishops, and others, who oppose our letters of exhortation, invitation, prohibition, mediation, execution."

Luther.—"For the holy see desires only to live in idleness, in magnificence, and debauchery; to command, to intimidate, to deceive, to lie, to dishonour, to seduce, and commit every kind of wickedness in peace and security

"O Lord, arise! it is not as the papists pretend; thou hast not forsaken us; thou hast not turned away thine eyes from us! "

Thus spoke Leo at Rome and Luther at Wittenberg.

The pontiff having ended these maledictions, the parchment on which they were written was torn in pieces, and the fragments scattered among the people. Immediately the crowd began to be violently agitated, each one rushing forward and endeavouring to seize a scrap of this terrible bull. These were the holy relics that the Papacy offered to its faithful adherents on the eve of the great day of grace and expiation. The multitude soon dispersed, and the neighbourhood of the cathedral became deserted and silent as before. Let us now return to Wittenberg.

CHAPTER 6

Luther's Courage—Bugenhagen at Wittenberg—Persecutions in Pomerania—Melancthon desires to accompany Luther—Amsdorff, Schurff, and Suaven—Hutten to Charles V

It was now the 24th of March. At last the imperial herald had passed the gate of the city in which Luther resided. Gaspard Sturm waited upon the doctor, and delivered the citation from Charles V. What a serious and solemn moment for the reformer! All his friends were in consternation. No prince, without excepting Frederick the Wise, had declared for him. The knights, it is true, had given utterance to their threats; but them the powerful Charles despised. Luther, however, was not discomposed.

"The papists," said he, on seeing the anguish of his friends, "do not desire my coming to Worms, but my condemnation and my death. It matters not! Pray, not for me, but for the Word of God. Before my blood has grown cold, thousands of men in the whole world will have become responsible for having shed it! The most holy adversary of Christ, the father, the master, the generalissimo of murderers, insists on its being shed. So be it! Let God's will be done! Christ will give me his Spirit to overcome these ministers of error. I despise them during my life; I shall triumph over them by my death. They are busy at Worms about compelling me to retract and this shall be my retraction: I said formerly that the pope was Christ's vicar; now I assert that he is our Lord's adversary, and the devil's apostle." And when he was apprized that all the pulpits of the Franciscans and Dominicans resounded with imprecations and maledictions against him: "Oh! what deep joy do I feel! " exclaimed he. He knew that he had done God's will, and that God was with him; why then should he not set out with courage? Such purity of intention, such liberty of conscience, is a hidden but incalculable support, that never fails the servant of God, and renders him more invulnerable than if protected by coats of mail and armed hosts.

At this time there arrived at Wittenberg a man who, like Melancthon, was destined to be Luther's friend all his life, and to comfort him at the moment at his departure. This was a priest name Bugen hagen, thirtysix years of age, who had fled from the severities which the Bishop of Camin and Prince Bogislas of Pomerania exercised on the friends of the Gospel, whether ecclesiastics, citizens, or men of letters. Sprung from a senatorial family, and born at Wollin in Pomerania (whence he is commonly called Pomeranus), Bugenhagen had been teaching at Treptow from the age of twenty years. The young eagerly crowded around him; the nobles and the learned emulated each other in courting his society. He diligently studied the Holy

Scriptures, praying God to enlighten him. One day towards the end of December 1520, Luther's books on the Captivity of Babylon was put into his hands as he sat at supper with several of his friends. "Since the death of Christ," said he, after running his eye over the pages, "many heretics have infested the Church; but never yet has there existed such a pest as the author of this work." Having taken the book home and perused it two or three times, all his opinions were changed; truths quite new to him presented themselves to his mind; and on returning some days after to his colleagues, he said, "The whole world has fallen into the thickest darkness. This man alone sees the light." Several priests, a deacon, and the abbot himself, received the pure doctrine of salvation, and in a short time, by the power of their preaching, they led their hearers (says an historian) back from human superstitions to the sole and effectual merits of Jesus Christ. Upon this a persecution broke out. Already the prisons reechoed with the groans of many individuals. Bugenhagen fled from his enemies and arrived at Wittenberg. "He is suffering for love to the Gospel," wrote Melancthon to the elector's chaplain. "Whither could he fly, but to our asulon (asylum), and to the protection of our prince?"

But no one welcomed Bugenhagen with greater joy than Luther. It was agreed between them, that immediately after the departure of the reformer, Bugenhagen should begin to lecture on the Psalms. It was thus Divine Providence led this able man to supply on some measure the place of him whom Wittenberg was about to lose. A year later, Bugenhagen was placed at the head of the Church in this city, over which he presided thirtysix years. Luther styled him in an especial manner The Pastor.

Luther was about to depart. His friends, in alarm, thought that if God did not interpose in a miraculous manner, he was going to certain death. Melancthon, far removed from his native town, was attached to Luther with all affection of a susceptible heart. "Luther," said he, "supplies the place of all my friends; he is greater and more admirable for me than I can dare express. You know how Alcibiades admired Socrates; but I admire Luther after another and a christian fashion." He then added these beautiful and sublime words: "As often as I contemplate Luther, I find him constantly greater than himself." Melancthon desired to accompany Luther in his dangers; but their common friends, and no doubt the doctor himself, opposed his wishes. Ought not Philip to fill his friend's place? and if the latter never returned, who then would there be to direct the work of the Reformation? "Would to God," said Melancthon, resigned, yet disappointed, "that he had allowed me to go with him."

The impetuous Amsdorff immediately declared that he would accompany the doctor. His strong mind found pleasure in confronting danger. His boldness permitted

him to appear fearlessly before an assembly of kings. The elector had invited to Wittenberg, as professor of jurisprudence, Jerome Schurff, son of a physician at St. Gall, a celebrated man, of gentle manners, and who was very intimate with Luther. "He has not yet been able to make up his mind," said Luther, "to pronounce sentence of death on a single malefactor." This timid man, however, desired to assist the doctor by his advice in this perilous journey. A young Danish student, Peter Suaven, who resided with Melancthon, and who afterwards became celebrated by his evangelical labours in Pomerania and Denmark, likewise declared that he would accompany his master. The youth of the schools were also to have their representative at the side of the champion of truth.

Germany was moved at the sight of the perils that menaced the representative of her people. She found a suitable voice to give utterance to her fears. Ulrich of Hutten shuddered at the thought of the blow about to be inflicted on his country. On the 1st of April, he wrote to Charles V himself: "Most excellent emperor," said he, "you are on the point of destroying us, and yourself with us. What is proposed to be done in this affair of Luther's, except to ruin our liberty, and to crush your power? In the whole extent of the empire there is not a single upright man that does not feel the deepest interest in this matter. The priests alone set themselves against Luther, because he has opposed their enormous power, their scandalous luxury, and their depraved lives; and because he has pleaded in behalf of Christ's doctrine, for the liberty of our country, and for purity of morals.

"O emperor! discard from your presence these Roman ambassadors, bishops, and cardinals, who desire to prevent all reformation. Did you not observe the sorrow of the people as they saw you arrive on the banks of the Rhine, surrounded by these redhatted gentry and by a band of priests, instead of a troop of valiant warriors?

"Do not surrender your sovereign majesty to those who desire to trample it under foot! Have pity on us! Do not drag yourself and the whole nation into one common destruction. Lead us into the midst of the greatest dangers, under the weapons of your soldiers, to the cannon's mouth; let all nations conspire against us; let every army assail us, so that we can show our valor in the light of day, rather than that we should be thus vanquished and enslaved obscurely and stealthily, like women, without arms and unresisting Alas! we had hoped that you would deliver us from the Roman yoke, and overthrow the tyranny of the pontiff. God grant that the future may be better than these beginnings!

"All Germany falls prostrate at your feet; with tears we entreat and implore your help, your compassion, your faithfulness; and by the holy memory of those German

who, when all the world owned the Roman sway, did not bow their heads before that haughty city, we conjure you to save us, to restore us to ourselves, to deliver us from bondage, and take revenge upon our tyrants! ”

Thus, by the mouth of this knight, spoke the German nation to Charles V. The emperor paid no attention to this epistle, and probably cast it disdainfully to one of his secretaries. He was a Fleming, and not a German. His personal aggrandizement, and not the liberty and glory of the empire, was the object of all his desires.

CHAPTER 7

Departure for the Diet of Worms—Luther's Farewell—His Condemnation is posted up—Cavalcade near Erfurth—Meeting between Jonas and Luther—Luther in his former Convent—Luther preaches at Erfurth—Incident—Faith and Works—Concourse of People and Luther's Courage—Luther's Letter to Spalatin—Stay at Frankfort—Fears at Worms—Plan of the Imperialists—Luther's Firmness

It was now the 2nd of April, and Luther had to take leave of his friends. After apprizing Lange, by a note, that he would spend the Thursday or Friday following at Erfurth, he bade farewell to his colleagues. Turning to Melancthon, he said with an agitated voice, "My dear brother, if I do not return, and my enemies put me to death, continue to teach, and stand fast in the truth. Labour in my stead, since I shall no longer be able to labour for myself. If you survive, my death will be of little consequence." Then, committing his soul to the hands of Him who is faithful, Luther got into the car and quitted Wittenberg. The towncouncil had provided him with a modest conveyance, covered with an awning, which the travellers could set up or remove at pleasure. The imperial herald, wearing his robe of office, and carrying the imperial eagle, rode on horseback in front, attended by his servant. Next came Luther, Schurff, Amsdorff, and Suaven, in the car. The friends of the Gospel and the citizens of Wittenberg were deeply agitated,—and, invoking God's aid, burst into tears. Thus Luther began his journey.

He soon discovered that gloomy presentiments filled the hearts of all he met. At Leipsic no respect was shown him, and the magistrates merely presented him with the customary cup of wine. At Naumburg he met a priest, probably J. Langer, a man of stern zeal, who carefully preserved in his study a portrait of the famous Jerome Savonarola (who was burnt at Florence in 1498 by order of Pope Alexander VI), as a martyr to freedom and morality, as well as a confessor of the evangelical truth. Having taken down the portrait of the Italian martyr, the priest approached Luther, and held it out to him in silence. The latter understood what this mute representation was intended to announce, but his intrepid soul remained firm. "It is Satan," said he, "that would prevent, by these terrors, the confession of the truth in the assembly of princes, for he foresees the blow it would inflict upon his kingdom." "Stand firm in the truth thou hast proclaimed," said the priest solemnly, "and God will as firmly stand by thee! "

After passing the night at Naumburg, where he had been hospitably entertained by the burgomaster, Luther arrived the next evening at Weimar. He had hardly been a minute in the town, when he heard loud cries in every direction: it was the

publication of his condemnation. "Look there! " said the herald. He turned his eyes, and with astonishment saw the imperial messengers going from street to street, everywhere posting up the emperor's edict commanding his writings to be deposited with the magistrates. Luther doubted not that this unseasonable display of severity was intended to frighten him from undertaking the journey, so that he might be condemned as having refused to appear. "Well, doctor! will you proceed?" asked the imperial herald in alarm. "Yes! " replied Luther; "although interdicted in every city, I shall go on! I rely upon the emperor's safe-conduct."

At Weimar, Luther had an audience with Duke John, brother to the Elector of Saxony, who resided there. The prince invited him to preach, and the reformer consented. Words of life flowed from the doctor's agitated heart. A Franciscan monk, who heard him, by name of John Voit, the friend of Frederick Myconius, was then converted to the evangelical doctrine. He left his convent two years after, and somewhat later became professor of theology at Wittenberg. The duke furnished Luther with the money necessary for his journey.

From Weimar the reformer proceeded to Erfurth. This was the city of his youth. Here he hoped to meet his friend Lange, if, as he had written to him, he might enter the city without danger. When about three or four leagues from the city, near the village of Nora, he perceived a troop of horsemen approaching in the distance. Were they friends or enemies? In a short time Crotus, rector of the university, Eobanus Hesse, the friend of Melancthon, and whom Luther styled the prince of poets, Euricius Cordus, John Draco, and others, to the number of forty, all members of the senate, the university, or of the burghers, greeted him with acclamations. A multitude of the inhabitants of Erfurth thronged the road, and gave utterance to their joy. All were eager to see the man who had dared to declare war against the pope.

A man about twentyeight years old, by name Justus Jonas, had outstripped the cavalcade. Jonas, after studying the law at Erfurth, had been appointed rector of that university in 1519. Receiving the light of the Gospel, which was shining forth in every direction, he had entertained the desire of becoming a theologian. "I think," wrote Erasmus to him, "that God has elected you as an instrument to make known the glory of his son Jesus." All his thoughts were turned towards Wittenberg and Luther. Some years before, when he was as yet a lawstudent, Jonas, who was a man of active and enterprising spirit, had set out on foot in company with a few friends, and had crossed forests infested with robbers, and cities devastated by the plague, in order to visit Erasmus, who was then at Brussels. Shall he now hesitate to confront other dangers by accompanying the reformer to Worms? He earnestly begged the favour to be granted him, and Luther consented. Thus met these two doctors, who were to labour

together all their lives in the task of renovating the Church. Divine Providence gathered round Luther men who were destined to be the light of Germany: Melancthon, Amsdorff, Bugenhagen, and Jonas. On his return from Worms, Jonas was elected provost of the Church of Wittenberg, and doctor of divinity. "Jonas," said Luther, "is a man whose life is worth purchasing at a large price, in order to retain him on earth." No preacher ever surpassed him in his power of captivating his hearers.—"Pomeranus is a critic," said Melancthon; "I am a dialectician, Jonas is an orator. Words flow from his lips with admirable beauty, and his eloquence is full of energy. But Luther surpasses us all." It appears that about this time a friend of Luther's childhood, and also one of his brothers, increased the number of his escort.

The deputation from Erfurth had turned their horses' heads. Luther's carriage entered within the walls of the city, surrounded by horsemen and pedestrians. At the gate, in the public places, in the streets where the poor monk had so often begged his bread, the crowd of spectators was immense. Luther alighted at the convent of the Augustines, where the Gospel had first given consolation to his heart. Lange joyfully received him; Usingen, and some of the elder fathers, showed him much coldness. There was a great desire to hear him preach; the pulpit had been forbidden him, but the herald, sharing the enthusiasm of those about him, gave his consent.

On the Sunday after Easter the church of the Augustines of Erfurth was filled to overflowing. This friar, who had been accustomed to former times to unclose the doors and sweep out the church, went up into the pulpit, and opening the Bible, read these words:—Peace be unto you. And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and side (John 20:19, 20). "Philosophers, doctors, and writers," said he, "have endeavoured to teach men the way to obtain everlasting life, and they have not succeeded. I will now tell it to you."

This has been the great question in every age; accordingly Luther's hearers redoubled their attention.

"There are two kinds of works," continued the reformer: "works not of ourselves, and these are good; our own works, and they are of little worth. One man builds a church; another goes on a pilgrimage to St. Jago of Compostella or St. Peter's; a third fasts, prays, takes the cowl, and goes barefoot; another does something else. All these works are nothingness and will come to nought; for our own works have no virtue in them. But I am now going to tell you what is the true work. God has raised one man from the dead, the Lord Jesus Christ, that He might destroy death, extirpate sin, and shut the gates of hell. This is the work of salvation. The devil thought he had the Lord in his power, when he saw Him hanging between two thieves, suffering the most

disgraceful martyrdom, accursed of God and of men But the Godhead displayed its power, and destroyed death, sin, and hell

"Christ has vanquished! this is the joyful news! and we are saved by his work, and not by our own. The pope says differently: but I affirm that the holy mother of God herself was saved, neither by her virginity, nor by her maternity, nor by her purity, nor by her works, but solely by the instrumentality of faith and the works of God."

While Luther was speaking, a sudden noise was heard; one of the galleries cracked, and it was feared that it would break down under the pressure of the crowd. This incident occasioned a great disturbance in the congregation. Some ran out from their places; others stood motionless through fright. The preacher stopped a moment, and then stretching out his hand, exclaimed with a loud voice: "Fear nothing! there is no danger: it is thus the devil seeks to hinder me from proclaiming the Gospel, but he will not succeed." At these words, those who were flying halted in astonishment and surprise; the assembly again became calm, and Luther, undisturbed by these efforts of the devil, continued thus: "You say a great deal about faith (you may perhaps reply to me): show us how we may obtain it. Well, I will teach you. Our Lord Jesus Christ said: Peace be unto you! behold my hands, that is to say, Behold, O man! it is I, I alone, who have taken away thy sin, and ransomed thee; and now thou hast peace, saith the Lord.

"I have not eaten of the fruit of the forbidden tree," resumed Luther, "nor have you; but we have all partaken of the sin that Adam has transmitted to us, and have gone astray. In like manner, I have not suffered on the cross, neither have you; but Christ has suffered for us; we are justified by God's work, and not by our own I am (saith the Lord) thy righteousness and thy redemption.

"Let us believe in the Gospel and in the epistles of St. Paul, and not in the letters and decretals of the popes."

After proclaiming faith as the cause of the sinner's justification, Luther proclaims works as the consequence and manifestation of salvation.

"Since God has saved us," continues he, "let us so order our works that they may be acceptable to him. Art thou rich? let thy goods administer to the necessities of the poor! Art thou poor? let thy services be acceptable to the rich! If thy labour is useful to thyself alone, the service that thou pretendest to render unto God is a lie."

In the whole of this sermon there is not a word about himself; not a single allusion to the circumstances in which he is placed: nothing about Worms, or Charles, or the nuncios; he preaches Christ, and Christ only. At this moment, when the eyes of all the world are upon him, he has no thought of himself: this stamps him as a true servant of God.

Luther departed from Erfurth, and passed through Gotha, where he preached another sermon. Myconius adds, that as the people were leaving the church, the devil threw down from the pediment some stones that had not moved for two hundred years. The doctor slept at the convent of the Benedictines at Reinhardsbrunn, and from thence proceeded to Eisenach, where he felt indisposed. Amsdorff, Jonas, Schurff, and all his friends were alarmed. He was bled; they tended him with the most affectionate anxiety, and John Oswald, the schultheiss of the town, brought him a cordial. Luther having drunk a portion fell asleep, and, reinvigourated by this repose, he was enabled to continue his journey on the following morning.

His progress resembled that of a victorious general. The people gazed with emotion on the daring man, who was going to lay his head at the feet of the emperor and the empire. An immense crowd flocked eagerly around him. "Ah! " said some, "there are so many bishops and cardinals at Worms! They will burn you, and reduce your body to ashes, as they did with John Huss." But nothing frightened the monk. "Though they should kindle a fire," said he, "all the way from Worms to Wittenberg, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord,—I would appear before them,—I would enter the jaws of this Behemoth, and break his teeth, confessing the Lord Jesus Christ."

One day, just as he had entered an inn, and the crowd was pressing around him as usual, an officer advanced and said: "Are you the man that has undertaken to reform the papacy? How can you hope to succeed?"—"Yes," replied Luther, "I am the man. I trust in God Almighty, whose Word and commandment I have before me." The officer was touched, and looking at him with a milder air, said: "My dear friend, what you say is a great matter. I am the servant of Charles, but your Master is greater than mine. He will aid and preserve you." Such was the impression produced by Luther.

Even his enemies were struck at the sight of the multitudes that thronged around him; but they depicted his journey in far different colours. The doctor arrived at Frankfort on Sunday the 14th of April.

Already the news of Luther's journey had reached Worms. The friends of the pope had thought that he would not obey the emperor's summons. Albert, cardinal archbishop of Mentz, would have given anythingto stop him on the road. New intrigues were put in motion at attain this result.

As soon as Luther arrived in Frankfort, he took some repose, and afterwards gave intelligence of his approach to Spalatin, who was then at Worms with the elector. This was the only letter he wrote during his journey. "I am coming," said he, "although Satan endeavoured to stop me on the road by sickness. Since I left Eisenach I have been in a feeble state, and am still as I never was before. I learn that Charles has published an edict to frighten me. But Christ lives, and I shall enter Worms in despite of all the gates of hell, and of the powers of the air. Have the goodness, therefore, to prepare a lodging for me."

The next day Luther went to visit the school of the learned William Nesse, a celebrated geographer of that period. "Apply to the study of the Bible, and to the investigation of the truth," said he to the pupils. And then, putting his right hand on one of the children, and his left upon another, he pronounced a benediction on the whole school.

If Luther blessed the young, he was also the hope of the aged. Catherine of Holzhausen, a widow far advanced in years, and who served God, approached him and said: "My parents told me that God would raise up a man who should oppose the papal vanities and preserve His Word. I hope thou art that man, and I pray for the grace and Holy Spirit of God upon thy work."

These were far from being the general sentiments in Frankfort. John Cochloeus, dean of the church of Our Lady, was one of the most devoted partisans of the papacy. He could not repress his apprehensions when he saw Luther pass through Frankfort on his road to Worms. He thought that the Church had need of devoted champions. It is true no one had summoned him; but that mattered not. Luther had scarcely quitted the city, when Cochloeus followed him, ready (said he) to sacrifice his life in defense of the honour of the Church.

The alarm was universal in the camp of the pope's friends. The heresiarch was arriving; every day and every hour brought him nearer to Worms. If he entered, all might perhaps be lost. Archbishop Albert, the confessor Glapio, and the politicians who surrounded the emperor, were confounded. How could they hinder this monk from coming? To carry him off by force was impossible, for he had Charles's safe-conduct. Stratagem alone could stop him. These artful men immediately conceived

the following plan. The emperor's confessor and his head chamberlain, Paul of Amsdorff, hastily quitted Worms. They directed their course towards the castle of Ebernburg, about ten leagues from the city, the residence of Francis of Sickingen,—that knight who had offered an asylum to Luther. Bucer, a youthful Dominican, chaplain to the electorpalatine, and converted to the evangelical doctrine by the disputation at Heidelberg, had taken refuge in this "restingplace of the righteous." The knight, who did not understand much about religious matters, was easily deceived, and the character of the palatine chaplain facilitated the confessor's designs. In fact, Bucer was a man of pacific character. Making a distinction between fundamental and secondary points, he thought that the latter might be given up for the sake of unity and peace.

The chamberlain and Charles's confessor began their attack. They gave Sickingen and Bucer to understand, that Luther was lost if he entered Worms. They declared that the emperor was ready to send a few learned men to Ebernburg to confer with the doctor. "Both parties," said they to the knight, "will place themselves under your protection." "We agree with Luther on all essential points," said they to Bucer; "it is now a question of merely secondary matters, and you shall mediate between us." The knight and the doctor were staggered. The confessor and the chamberlain continued: "Luther's invitation must proceed from you," said they to Sickingen, "and Bucer shall carry it to him." Everything was arranged according to their wishes. Only let the too credulous Luther go to Ebernburg, his safe-conduct will soon have expired, and then who shall defend him?

Luther had arrived at Oppenheim. His safe-conduct was available for only three days more. He saw a troop of horsemen approaching him, and at their head soon recognised Bucer, with whom he had held such intimate conversations at Heidelberg.

"These cavaliers belong to Francis of Sickingen," said Bucer, after the first interchange of friendship; "he has sent me to conduct you to his castle. The emperor's confessor desires to have an interview with you. His influence over Charles is unlimited; everything may yet be arranged. But beware of Aleander! " Jonas, Schurff, and Amsdorff knew not what to think. Bucer was pressing; but Luther felt no hesitation. "I shall continue my journey," replied he to Bucer; "and if the emperor's confessor has anything to say to me, he will find me at Worms. I go whither I am summoned."

In the mean while, Spalatin himself began to be anxious and to fear. Surrounded at Worms by the enemies of the Reformation, he heard it said that the safe-conduct of a heretic ought not to be respected. He grew alarmed for his friend. At the moment

when the latter was approaching the city, a messenger appeared before him, with this advice from the chaplain: "Do not enter Worms! " And thus from his best friend—the elector's confident—From Spalatin himself! But Luther, undismayed, turned his eyes on the messenger, and replied: "Go and tell your master, that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, still I would enter it! " Never, perhaps, has Luther been so sublime! The messenger returned to Worms with this astounding answer. "I was then undaunted," said Luther, a few days before his death; "I feared nothing. God can indeed render a man intrepid at any time; but I know not whether I should now have so much liberty and joy."—"When our cause is good," adds his disciple Mathesius, "the heart expands, and gives courage and energy to evangelists as well as to soldiers."

CHAPTER 8

Entry into Worms—DeathSong—Charles's Council—Capito and the Temporizers—Luther's numerous Visiters—Citation—Hutten to Luther—Luther proceeds to the Diet—Saying of Freundsberg—Imposing Assembly—The Chancellor's Speech—Luther's Reply—His Discretion—Saying of Charles V—Alarm—Triumph—Luther's Firmness—Violence of the Spaniards—Advice—Luther's Struggles and Prayer—Strength of the Reformation—His Vow to the Scriptures—The Court of the Diet—Luther's Speech—Three Classes of Writings—He requires Proof of his Errors—Serious Warnings—He repeats his Speech in Latin—Here I stand; I can say no more—The Weakness of God stronger that Man—A new Attempt—Victory

At length, on the morning of the 16th of April, Luther discovered the walls of the ancient city. All were expecting him. One absorbing thought prevailed in Worms. Some young nobles, Bernard of Hirschfeldt, Albert of Lindenau, with six knights and other gentlemen in the train of the princes, to the number of a hundred (if we may believe Pallavicini), unable to restrain their impatience, rode out on horseback to meet him, and surrounded him, to form an escort at the moment of his entrance. He drew near. Before him pranced the imperial herald, in full costume. Luther came next in his modest car. Jonas followed him on horseback, and the cavaliers were on both sides of him. A great crowd was waiting for him at the gates. It was near midday when he passed those walls, from which so many persons had predicted he would never come forth alive. Everyone was at table; but as soon as the watchman on the tower of the cathedral sounded his trumpet, all ran into the streets to see the monk. Luther was now in Worms.

Two thousand persons accompanied him through the streets of the city. The citizens eagerly pressed forward to see him: every moment the crowd increasing. It was much greater than at the public entry of the emperor. On a sudden, says an historian, a man dressed in a singular costume, and bearing a large cross, such as is employed in funeral processions, made way through the crowd, advanced towards Luther, and then with a loud voice, and in that plaintive, measured tone in which mass is said for the repose of the soul, he sang these words, as if he were uttering them from the abode of the dead: Advenisti, O desiderabilis! Quem expectabamus in tenebris!

Thus a requiem was Luther's welcome to Worms. It was the courtfool of one of the dukes of Bavaria, who, if the story be true, gave Luther one of those warnings, replete at once with sagacity and irony, of which so many examples have been recorded of these personages. But the shouts of the multitude soon drowned the De

Profundis of the crossbearer. The procession made its way with difficulty through the crowd. At last, the herald of the empire stopped before the hotel of the knights of Rhodes. There resided the two councillors of the elector, Frederick of Thun and Philip of Feilitsch, as well as the marshal of the empire, Ulrich of Pappenheim. Luther alighted from his car, and said as he touched the ground: "God will be my defense."—"I entered Worms in a covered wagon, and in my monk's gown," said he at a later period. "All the people came out into the streets to get a sight of Friar Martin."

The news of his arrival filled both the Elector of Saxony and Aleander with alarm.

The young and graceful Archbishop Albert, who kept a middle position between the two parties, was confounded at such boldness.

"If I had possessed no more courage than he," said Luther, "it is true they would never have seen me at Worms."

Charles V immediately summoned his council. The emperor's privycouncillors hastily repaired to the palace, for the alarm had reached them also. "Luther is come," said Charles; "what must we do?"

Modo, bishop of Palermo, and chancellor of Flanders, replied, if we may credit the testimony of Luther himself: "We have long consulted on this matter. Let your imperial majesty get rid of this man at once. Did not Sigismund cause John Huss to be burnt? We are not bound either to give or to observe the safe-conduct of a heretic."—"No! " said Charles, "we must keep our promise." They submitted, therefore, to the reformer's appearance before the diet.

While the councils of the great were thus agitated on account of Luther, there were many persons in Worms who were delighted at the opportunity of at length beholding this illustrious servant of God. Capito, chaplain and councillor to the Archbishop of Mentz, was the foremost among them. This remarkable man, who, shortly before, had preached the Gospel in Switzerland with great freedom, thought it becoming to the station he filled to act in a manner which led to his being accused of cowardice by the Evangelicals, and of dissimulation by the Romanists. Yet at Mentz he had proclaimed the doctrine of grace with much clearness. At the moment of his departure, he had succeeded in supplying his place by a young and zealous preacher named Hedio. The Word of God was not bound in that city, the ancient seat of the primacy of the German Church. The Gospel was listened to with eagerness; in vain did the monks endeavour to preach from the Holy Scriptures after their manner, and employ all the means in their power to check the impulse given to men's minds: they

could not succeed. But while proclaiming the new doctrine, Capito attempted to keep friends with those who persecuted it. He flattered himself, as others did who shared in his opinions, that he might in this way be of great service to the Church.

To judge by their talk, if Luther was not burnt, if all the Lutherans were not excommunicated, it was owing to Capito's influence with the Archbishop Albert. Cochloeus, dean of Frankfort, who reached Worms about the same time as Luther, immediately waited on Capito. The latter, who was, outwardly at least, on the very friendly terms with Aleander, presented Cochloeus to him, thus serving as a link between the two greatest enemies of the reformer. Capito no doubt thought he was advancing Christ's cause by all these temporizing expedients, but we cannot find that they led to any good result. The event almost always baffles these calculations of human wisdom, and proves that a decided course, while it is the most frank, is also the wisest.

Meantime, the crowd still continued round the hotel of Rhodes, where Luther had alighted. To some he was a prodigy of wisdom, to others a monster of iniquity. All the city longed to see him. They left him, however, the first hours after his arrival to recruit his strength, and to converse with his most intimate friends. But as soon as the evening came, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, and citizens, flocked about him. All, even his greatest enemies, were struck with the boldness of his manner, the joy that seemed to animate him, the power of his language, and that imposing elevation and enthusiasm which gave this simple monk an irresistible authority. But while some ascribed this grandeur to something divine, the friends of the pope loudly exclaimed that he was possessed by a devil. Visiters rapidly succeeded each other, and this crowd of curious individuals kept Luther from his bed until a late hour of the night.

On the next morning, Wednesday the 17th of April, the hereditary marshal of the empire, Ulrich of Pappenheim, cited him to appear at four in the afternoon before his imperial majesty and the states of the empire. Luther received this message with profound respect.

Thus everything was arranged; he was about to stand for Jesus Christ before the most august assembly in the world. Encouragements were not wanting to him. The impetuous knight, Ulrich Hutten, was then in the castle of Ebernburg. Unable to visit Worms (for Leo X had called upon Charles V to send him bound hand and foot to Rome), he resolved at least to stretch out the hand of friendship to Luther; and on this very day (17th April) he wrote to him, adopting the language of a king of Israel: "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee.

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel. Dearly beloved Luther! my venerable father! fear not, and stand firm. The counsel of the wicked has beset you, and they have opened their mouths against you like roaring lions. But the Lord will arise against the unrighteous, and put them into confusion.

Fight, therefore, valiantly in Christ's cause. As for me, I too will combat boldly. Would to God that I were permitted to see how they frown. But the Lord will purge his vineyard, which the wild boar of the forest has laid waste May Christ preserve you! " Bucer did what Hutten was unable to do; he came from Ebernburg to Worms, and did not leave his friend during the time of his sojourn in that city.

Four o'clock arrived. The marshal of the empire appeared; Luther prepared to set out with him. He was agitated at the thought of the solemn congress before which he was about to appear. The herald walked first; after him the marshal of the empire; and the reformer came last. The crowd that filled the streets was still greater than on the preceding day. It was impossible to advance; in vain were orders given to make way; the crowd still kept increasing. At length the herald, seeing the difficulty of reaching the townhall, ordered some private houses to be opened, and led Luther through the gardens and private passages to the place where the diet was sitting. The people who witnessed this, rushed into the houses after the monk of Wittenberg, ran to the windows that overlooked the gardens, and a great number climbed on the roofs. The tops of the houses and the pavements of the streets, above and below, all were covered with spectators.

Having reached the townhall at last, Luther and those who accompanied him were again prevented by the crowd from crossing the threshold. They cried, "Make way! make way! " but no one moved. Upon this the imperial soldiers by main force cleared a road, through which Luther passed. As the people rushed forward to enter with him, the soldiers kept them back with their halberds. Luther entered the interior of the hall; but even there, every corner was crowded. In the antechambers and embrasures of the windows there were more than five thousand spectators,—Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and others. Luther advanced with difficulty. At last, as he drew near the door which was about to admit him into the presence of his judges, he met a valiant knight, the celebrated George of Freundsberg, who, four years later, at the head of his German lansquenets, bent the knee with his soldiers on the field of Pavia, and then charging the left of the French army, drove it into the Ticino, and in a great measure decided the captivity of the King of France. The old general, seeing Luther pass, tapped him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly: "Poor monk! poor monk! thou art now going to make a nobler

stand than I or any other captains have ever made in the bloodiest of our battles! But if thy cause is just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! God will not forsake thee! " A noble tribute of respect paid by the courage of the sword to the courage of the mind! He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city, were the words of a king.

At length the doors of the hall were opened. Luther went in, and with him entered many persons who formed no portion of the diet. Never had man appeared before so imposing an assembly. The Emperor Charles V, whose sovereignty extended over great part of the old and new world; his brother Archduke Ferdinand; six electors of the empire, most of whose descendants now wear the kingly crown; twentyfour dukes, the majority of whom were independent sovereigns over countries more or less extensive, and among whom were some whose names afterwards became formidable to the Reformation,—The Duke of Alva and his two sons; eight margraves; thirty archbishops, bishops, and abbots; seven ambassadors, including those from the kings of France and England; the deputies of ten free cities; a great number of princes, counts, and sovereign barons; the papal nuncios;—in all, two hundred and four persons: such was the imposing court before which appeared Martin Luther.

This appearance was of itself a signal victory over the papacy. The pope had condemned the man, and he was now standing before a tribunal which, by this very act, set itself above the pope. The pope had laid him under an interdict, and cut him off from all human society; and yet he was summoned in respectful language, and received before the most august assembly in the world. The pope had condemned him to perpetual silence, and he was now about to speak before thousands of attentive hearers drawn together from the farthest parts of Christendom. An immense revolution had thus been effected by Luther's instrumentality. Rome was already descending from her throne, and it was the voice of a monk that caused this humiliation.

Some of the princes, when they saw the emotion of this son of the lowly miner of Mansfeldt in the presence of this assembly of kings, approached him kindly, and one of them said to him: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul." And another added: "When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for may sake, the spirit of your Father shall speak in you." Thus was the reformer comforted with his Master's words by the princes of this world.

Meanwhile the guards made way for Luther. He advanced, and stood before the throne of Charles V. The sight of so august an assembly appeared for an instant to dazzle and intimidate him. All eyes were fixed on him. The confusion gradually

subsided, and a deep silence followed. "Say nothing," said the marshal of the empire to him, "before you are questioned." Luther was left alone.

After a moment of solemn silence, the chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, John ab Eck, the friend of Aleander, and who must not be confounded with the theologian of the same name, rose and said with a loud and clear voice, first in Latin and then in German: "Martin Luther! his sacred and invincible imperial majesty has cited you before his throne, in accordance with the advice and counsel of the states of the holy Roman empire, to require you to answer two questions: First, Do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you?"—At the same time the imperial speaker pointed with his finger to about twenty volumes placed on a table in the middle of the hall, directly in front of Luther. "I do not know how they could have procured them," said Luther, relating this circumstance. It was Aleander who had taken this trouble. "Secondly," continued the chancellor, "Are you prepared to retract these books, and their contents, or do you persist in the opinions you have advanced in them?"

Luther, having no mistrust, was about to answer the first of these questions affirmative, when his counsel, Jerome Schurff, hastily interrupting him, exclaimed aloud: "Let the titles of the books be read! "

The chancellor approached the table and read the titles. There were among their number many devotional works, quite foreign to the controversy.

Their enumeration being finished, Luther said first in Latin, and then in German:

"Most gracious emperor! Gracious princes and lords!

"His imperial majesty has asked me two questions.

"As to the first, I acknowledge as mine the books that have just been named: I cannot deny them.

"As to the second, seeing that it is a question which concerns faith and the salvation of souls, and in which the Word of God, the greatest and most precious treasure either in heaven or earth, is interested, I should act imprudently were I to reply without reflection. I might affirm less than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against this saying of Christ:—Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven. For this

reason I entreat your imperial majesty, with all humility, to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the Word of God."

This reply, far from giving grounds to suppose Luther felt any hesitation, was worthy of the reformer and of the assembly. It was right that he should appear calm and circumspect in so important a matter, and lay aside everything in this solemn moment that might cause a suspicion of passion or rashness. Besides, by taking reasonable time, he would give a stronger proof of the unalterable firmness of his resolution. In history we read of many men who by a hasty expression have brought great misfortunes upon themselves and upon the world. Luther restrained his own naturally impetuous disposition; he controlled his tongue, ever too ready to speak; he checked himself at a time when all the feelings by which he was animated were eager for utterance. This restraint, this calmness, so surprising in such a man, multiplied his strength a hundredfold, and put him in a position to reply, at a later period, with such wisdom, power, and dignity, as to deceive the expectations of his adversaries, and confound their malice and their pride.

And yet, because he had spoken in a respectful manner, and in a low tone of voice, many thought that he hesitated, and even that he was dismayed. A ray of hope beamed on the minds of the partisans of Rome. Charles, impatient to know the man whose words had stirred the empire, had not taken his eyes off him. He turned to one of his courtiers, and said disdainfully, "Certainly this man will never make a heretic of me." Then rising from his seat, the youthful emperor withdrew with his ministers into a councilroom; the electors with the princes retired into another; and the deputies of the free cities into third. When the diet assembled again, it was agreed to comply with Luther's request. This was a great miscalculation in men actuated by passion.

"Martin Luther," said the Chancellor of Treves, "his imperial majesty, of his natural goodness, is very willing to grant you another day, but under condition that you make your reply viva voce, and not in writing."

The imperial herald now stepped forward and conducted Luther back to his hotel. Menaces and shouts of joy were heard by turns on his passage. The most sinister rumours circulated among Luther's friends. "The diet is dissatisfied," said they; "the papal envoys have triumphed; the reformer will be sacrificed." Men's passions were inflamed. Many gentlemen hastened to Luther's lodgings: "Doctor," said they, with emotion, "what is this? It is said they are determined to burn you! "..." If they do so," continued these knights, "it will cost them their lives! "—"And that certainly would have happened," said Luther, as, twenty years after, he quoted these words at Eisleben.

On the other hand, Luther's enemies exulted. "He has asked for time," said they; "he will retract. At a distance, his speech was arrogant; now his courage fails him He is conquered."

Perhaps Luther was the only man that felt tranquil at Worms. Shortly after his return from the diet, he wrote to Cuspianus, the imperial councillor: "I write to you from the midst of tumult (alluding probably to the noise made by the crowd in front of the hotel). I have just made my appearance before the emperor and his brother I confessed myself the author of my books, and declared that I would reply tomorrow touching my retraction. With Christ's help, I shall never retract one tittle of my works."

The emotion of the people and of the foreign soldiers increased every hour. While the opposing parties were proceeding calmly in the diet, they were breaking out into acts of violence in the streets. The insolence of the haughty and merciless Spanish soldiers offended the citizens. One of these myrmidons of Charles, finding in a bookseller's shop the pope's bull with a commentary written by Hutten, took the book and tore it in pieces, and then throwing the fragments on the ground, trampled them under foot. Others having discovered several copies of Luther's writings on the Captivity of Babylon, took them away and destroyed them. The indignant people fell upon the soldiers and compelled them to take flight. At another time, a Spaniard on horseback pursued, sword in hand, through one of the principal streets of Worms, a German who fled before him, and the affrighted people dared not stop the furious man.

Some politicians thought they had found means of saving Luther. "Retract your doctrinal errors," said they; "but persist in all that you have said against the pope and his court, and you are safe." Aleander shuddered with alarm at this counsel. But Luther, immovable in his resolution, declared that he had no great opinion of a political reform that was not based upon faith.

Glapio, the Chancellor ab Eck, and Aleander, by Charles's order, met early on the morning of the 18th to concert the measures to be taken with regard to Luther.

For a moment Luther had felt dismay, when he was about to appear the preceding day before so august an assembly. His heart had been troubled in the presence of so many great princes, before whom nations humbly bent the knee. The reflection that he was about to refuse to submit to these men, whom God had invested with sovereign power, disturbed his soul; and he felt the necessity of looking for

strength from on high. "The man who, when he is attacked by the enemy, protects himself with the shield of faith," said he one day, "is like Perseus with the Gorgon's head. Whoever looked at it, fell dead. In like manner should we present the Son of God to the snares of the devil." On the morning of the 18th of April, he was not without his moments of trial, in which the face of God seemed hidden from him. His faith grew weak; his enemies multiplied before him; his imagination was overwhelmed at the sight His soul was as a ship tossed by a violent tempest, which reels and sinks to the bottom of the abyss, and then mounts up again to heaven. In this hour of bitter sorrow, in which he drinks the cup of Christ, and which was to him a little garden of Gethsemane, he falls to the earth, and utters these broken cries, which we cannot understand, unless we can figure to ourselves the depth of the anguish whence they ascend to God:—

"O Almighty and Everlasting God! How terrible is this world! Behold, it openeth its mouth to swallow me up, and I have so little trust in Thee! How weak is the flesh, and Satan how strong! If it is only in the strength of this world that I must put my trust, all is over! My last hour is come, my condemnation has been pronounced! O God! O God! O God! do thou help me against all the wisdom of the world! Do this; thou shouldest do this thou alone for this is not my work, but Thine. I have nothing to do here, nothing to contend for with these great ones of the world! I should desire to see my days flow on peaceful and happy. But the cause is Thine and it is a righteous and eternal cause. O Lord! help me! Faithful and unchangeable God! In no man do I place my trust. It would be vain!

All that is of man is uncertain; all that cometh of man fails O God! my God, hearest Thou me not? My God, art Thou dead? No! Thou canst not die! Thou hidest thyself only! Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it well! Act, then, O God! stand at my side, for the sake of thy wellbeloved Jesus Christ, who is my defense, my shield, and my strong tower."

After a moment of silent struggle, he thus continues: "Lord! where stayest Thou? O my God! where art Thou? Come! come! I am ready! I am ready to lay down my life for Thy truth patient as a lamb. For it is the cause of justice—it is thine! I will never separate myself from Thee, neither now nor through eternity! And though the world should be filled with devils,—though my body, which is still the work of Thy hands, should be slain, be stretched upon the pavement, be cut in pieces reduced to ashes my soul is Thine! Yes! Thy Word is my assurance of it. My soul belongs to Thee! It shall abide for ever with Thee Amen! O God! help me! Amen! "

This prayer explains Luther and the Reformation. History here raises the veil of the sanctuary, and discloses to our view the secret place whence strength and courage were imparted to this humble and despised man, who was the instrument of God to emancipate the soul and the thoughts of men, and to begin the new times. Luther and the Reformation are here brought before us. We discover their most secret springs. We see whence their power was derived. This outpouring of a soul that offers itself up in the cause of truth is to be found in a collection of documents relative to Luther's appearance at Worms, under Number XVI, in the midst of safe-conducts and other papers of a similar nature. One of his friends had not doubt overheard it, and has transmitted it to posterity. In our opinion, it is one of the most precious documents in all history.

After he had thus prayed, Luther found that peace of mind without which man can effect nothing great. He then read the Word of God, looked over his writings, and sought to draw up his reply in a suitable form. The thought that he was about to bear testimony to Jesus Christ and his Word, in the presence of the emperor and of the empire, filled his heart with joy. As the hour for his appearance was not far off, he drew near the Holy Scriptures that lay open on the table, and with emotion placed his left hand on the sacred volume, and raising his right towards heaven, swore to remain faithful to the Gospel, and freely to confess his faith, even should he seal his testimony with his blood. After this he felt still more at peace.

At four o'clock the herald appeared and conducted him to the place where the diet was sitting. The curiosity of the people had increased, for the answer was to be decisive. As the diet was occupied, Luther was compelled to wait in the court in the midst of an immense crowd, which swayed to and fro like the sea in a storm, and pressed the reformer with its waves. Two long hours elapsed, while the doctor stood in the multitude so eager to catch a glimpse of him. "I was not accustomed," said he, "to those manners and to all this noise." It would have been a sad preparation, indeed, for an ordinary man. But God was with Luther. His countenance was serene; his features tranquil; the Everlasting One had raised him on a rock. The night began to fall. Torches were lighted in the hall of the assembly. Their glimmering rays shone through the ancient windows into the court. Everything assumed a solemn aspect. At last the doctor was introduced. Many persons entered with him, for everyone desired to hear his answer. Men's minds were on the stretch; all impatiently awaited the decisive moment that was approaching. This time Luther was calm, free, and confident, without the least perceptible mark of embarrassment. His prayer had borne fruit. The princes having taken their seats, though not without some difficulty, for many of the places had been occupied, and the monk of Wittenberg finding himself

again standing before Charles V, the chancellor of the Elector of Treves began by saying:

"Martin Luther! yesterday you begged for a delay that has now expired. Assuredly it ought not to have been conceded, as every man, and especially you, who are so great and learned a doctor in the Holy Scriptures, should always be ready to answer any questions touching his faith Now, therefore, reply to the question put by his majesty, who has behaved to you with so much mildness. Will you defend your books as a whole, or are you ready to disavow some of them?"

After having said these words in Latin, the chancellor repeated them in German.

"Upon this, Dr. Martin Luther," says the Acts of Worms, "replied in the most submissive and humble manner. He did not bawl, or speak with violence; but with decency, mildness, suitability, and moderation, and yet with much joy and christian firmness."

"Most serene emperor! illustrious princes! gracious lords! " said Luther, turning his eyes on Charles and on the assembly, "I appear before you this day, in conformity with the order given me yesterday, and by God's mercies I conjure your majesty and your august highness to listen graciously to the defense of a cause which I am assured is just and true. If, through ignorance, I should transgress the usages and proprieties of courts, I entreat you to pardon me; for I was not brought up on the palaces of kings, but in the seclusion of a convent.

"Yesterday, two questions were put to me on behalf of his imperial majesty: the first, if I was the author of the books whose titles were enumerated; the second, if I would retract or defend the doctrine I had taught in them. To the first question I then made answer, and I persevere in that reply.

"As for the second, I have written works on many different subjects. There are some in which I have treated of faith and good works, in a manner at once so pure, so simple, and so scriptural, that even my adversaries, far from finding anything to censure in them, allow that these works are useful, and worthy of being read by all pious men. The papal bull, however violent it may be, acknowledges this. If, therefore, I were to retract these, what should I do? Wretched man! Among all men, I alone should abandon truths that friends and enemies approve, and I should oppose what the whole world glories in confessing

"Secondly, I have written books against the papacy, in which I have attacked those who, by their false doctrine, their evil lives, or their scandalous example, afflict the christian world, and destroy both body and soul. The complaints of all who fear God are confirmatory of this. Is it not evident that the human doctrines and laws of the popes entangle, torment, and vex the consciences of believers, while the crying and perpetual extortions of Rome swallow up the wealth and the riches of Christendom, and especially of this illustrious nation?

"Were I to retract what I have said on this subject, what should I do but lend additional strength to this tyranny, and open the floodgates to a torrent of impiety? Overflowing with still greater fury than before, we should see these insolent men increase in number, behave more tyrannically, and domineer more and more. And not only the yoke that now weighs upon the christian people would be rendered heavier by my retraction, but it would become, so to speak, more legitimate, for by this very retraction it would have received the confirmation of your most serene majesty and of all the states of the holy empire. Gracious God! I should thus become a vile cloak to cover and conceal every kind of malice and tyranny!

"Lastly, I have written books against individuals who desired to defend the Romish tyranny and to destroy the faith. I frankly confess that I may have attacked them with more acrimony than is becoming my ecclesiastical profession. I do not consider myself a saint; but I cannot disavow these writings, for by so doing I should sanction the impiety of my adversaries, and they would seize the opportunity of oppressing the people of God with still greater cruelty.

"Yet I am but a mere man, and not God; I shall therefore defend myself as Christ did. If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil (John 18:23), said he. How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and who may so easily go astray, desire every man to state his objections to my doctrine!

"For the reason, by the mercy of God, I conjure you, most serene emperor, and you, most illustrious princes, and all men of every degree, to prove from the writings of the prophets and apostles that I have erred. As soon as I am convinced of this, I will retract every error, and be the first to lay hold of my books and throw them into the fire.

"What I have just said plainly shows, I hope, that I have carefully weighed and considered the dangers to which I expose myself; but, far from being dismayed, I rejoice to see that the Gospel is now, as in former times, a cause of trouble and dissension. This is the character—this is the destiny of the Word of God. I came not

to send peace on earth, but a sword, said Jesus Christ (Math. x. 34). God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels; beware lest, by presuming to quench dissensions, you should persecute the holy Word of God, and draw down upon yourselves a frightful deluge of insurmountable dangers, of present disasters, and eternal desolation you should fear lest the reign of this young and noble prince, on whom (under God) we build such lofty expectations, not only should begin, but continue and close, under the most gloomy auspices. I might quote many examples from the oracles of God," continued Luther, speaking with a noble courage in the presence of the greatest monarch of the world: "I might speak of the Pharaohs, the kings of Babylon, and those of Israel, whose labours never more effectually contributed to their own destruction than when they sought by counsels, to all appearance most wise, to strengthen their dominion. God removeth mountains, and they know it not; which overturneth them in his anger (Job 9:5).

"If I say these things, it is not because I think that such great princes need my poor advice, but because I desire to render unto Germany what she has a right to expect from her children. Thus, commending myself to your august majesty and to your most serene highness, I humbly entreat you not to suffer the hatred of my enemies to pour out upon me an indignation that I have not merited."

Luther had pronounced these words in German with modesty, but with great warmth and firmness; he was ordered to repeat them in Latin. The emperor did not like the German tongue. The imposing assembly that surrounded the reformer, the noise, and his own emotion, had fatigued him. "I was in a great perspiration," said he, "heated by the tumult, standing in the midst of the princes."

Frederick of Thun, privy councillor to the Elector of Saxony who was stationed by his master's orders at the side of the reformer, to watch over him that no violence might be employed against him, seeing the condition of the poor monk, said: "If you cannot repeat what you have said, that will do, doctor." But Luther, after a brief pause to take breath, began again, and repeated his speech in Latin with the same energy as at first.

"This gave great pleasure to the Elector Frederick," says the reformer.

When he had ceased speaking, the Chancellor of Treves, the orator of the diet, said indignantly: "You have not answered the question put to you. You were not summoned hither to call in question the decisions of councils. you are required to give a clear and precise answer. Will you, or will you not, retract?" Upon this Luther replied without much hesitation: "Since your most serene majesty and your high

mightinesses require from me a clear, simple, and precise answer, I will give you one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to the councils, because it is clear as the day that they have frequently erred and contradicted each other. Unless therefore I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, or by the clearest reasoning,—unless I am persuaded by means of the passages I have quoted,—and unless they thus render my conscience bound by the Word of God, I cannot and I will not retract, for it is unsafe for a Christian to speak against his conscience." And then, looking round on this assembly before which he stood, and which held his life in its hands, he said:

"Here I Stand, I can do no other; May God Help Me? Amen! " Luther, constrained to obey his faith, led by his conscience to death, impelled by the noblest necessity, the slave of his belief, and under this slavery still supremely free, like the ship tossed by a violent tempest, and which, to save that which is more precious than itself, runs and is dashed upon the rocks, thus uttered these sublime words which still thrill our hearts at an interval of four centuries: thus spoke a monk before the emperor and the mighty ones of the nation; and this feeble and despised man, alone, but relying on the grace of the Most High, appeared greater and mightier than them all. His words contain a power against which all these mighty rulers can do nothing. This is the weakness of God, which is stronger than man. The empire and the Church on the one hand, this obscure man on the other, had met. God had brought together these kings and these prelates publicly to confound their wisdom. The battle is lost, and the consequences of this defeat of the great ones of the earth will be felt among every nation and in every age to the end of time. The assembly was thunderstruck. Many of the princes found it difficult to conceal their admiration. The emperor, recovering from his first impression, exclaimed: "This monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage." The Spaniards and Italians alone felt confounded, and soon began to ridicule a greatness of soul which they could not comprehend.

"If you do not retract," said the chancellor, as soon as the diet had recovered from the impression produced by Luther's speech, "the emperor and the states of the empire will consult what course to adopt against an incorrigible heretic." At these words Luther's friends began to tremble; but the monk repeated: "May God be my helper; for I can retract nothing."

After this Luther withdrew, and the princes deliberated. Each one felt that this was a critical moment for Christendom. The yes or the no of this monk would decide, perhaps for ages, the repose of the Church and of the world. His adversaries had endeavoured to alarm him, and they had only exalted him before the nation; they had thought to give greater publicity to his defeat, and they had but increased the glory

of his victory. The partisans of Rome could not make up their mind to submit to this humiliation. Luther was again called in, and the orator of the diet said to him:

"Martin, you have not spoken with the modesty becoming your position. The distinction you have made between your books was futile; for if you retract those that contained your errors, the emperor would not allow the other to be burnt. It is extravagant in you to demand to be refuted by Scripture, when you are reviving heresies condemned by the general council of Constance. The emperor, therefore, calls upon you to declare simply, yes or no, whether you presume to maintain what you have advanced, or whether you will retract a portion?"—"I have no other reply to make than that which I have already made," answered Luther, calmly. His meaning was understood. Firm as a rock, all the waves of human power dashed ineffectually against him. The strength of his words, his bold bearing, his piercing eyes, the unshaken firmness legible on the rough outlines of his truly German features, had produced the deepest impression on this illustrious assembly. There was no longer any hope. The Spaniards, the Belgians, and even the Romans were dumb. The monk had vanquished these great ones of the earth. He had said no to the Church and to the empire. Charles V arose, and all the assembly with him: "The diet will meet again tomorrow to hear the emperor's opinion," said the chancellor with a loud voice.

CHAPTER 9

Tumult and Calmness—The Flagon of Duke Eric—The Elector and Spalatin—The Emperor's Message—Proposal to violate the Safeconduct—Violent Opposition—Enthusiasm in Favour of Luther—Language of Conciliation—Fears of the Elector—Luther's numerous Visiters—Philip of Hesse

Night had closed in. Each man retired to his home in darkness. Two imperial officers formed Luther's escort. Some persons imagined that his fate was decided, that they were leading him to prison, whence he would never come forth but to mount the scaffold: an immense tumult broke out. Several gentlemen exclaimed: "Are they taking him to prison?"—"No," replied Luther, "they are accompanying me to my hotel." At these words the agitation subsided. Some Spanish soldiers of the emperor's household followed this bold man through the streets by which he had to pass, with shouts and mockery, while others howled and roared like wild beasts robbed of their prey. But Luther remained calm and firm.

Such was the scene at Worms. The intrepid monk, who had hitherto boldly braved all his enemies, spoke on this occasion, when he found himself in the presence of those who thirsted for his blood, with calmness, dignity, and humility. There was no exaggeration, no mere human enthusiasm, no anger; overflowing with the liveliest emotion, he was still at peace; modest, though withstanding the powers of the earth; great in presence of all the grandeur of the world. This is an indisputable mark that Luther obeyed God, and not the suggestions of his own pride. In the hall of the diet there was one greater than Charles and than Luther. When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, saith Jesus Christ, for it is not ye that speak. Never perhaps had this promise been more clearly fulfilled.

A profound impression had been produced on the chiefs of the empire. This Luther had noticed, and it had increased his courage.

The pope's ministers were provoked because John ab Eck had not sooner interrupted the guilty monk. Many lords and princes were won over to a cause supported with such conviction. With some, it is true, the impression was transient; but others, on the contrary, who concealed their sentiments at that time, at an afterperiod declared themselves with great courage.

Luther had returned to his hotel, seeking to recruit his body fatigued by severe a trial. Spalatin and other friends surrounded him, and all together gave thanks to

God. As they were conversing, a servant entered, bearing a silver flagon filled with Eimbeck beer. "My master," said he, as he offered it to Luther, "invites you to refresh yourself with this draught."—"Who is the prince," said the Wittenberg doctor, "who so gracious remembers me?" It was the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick. The reformer was affected by this present from so powerful a lord, belonging to the pope's party. "His highness," continued the servant, "has condescended to taste it before sending it to you." Upon this Luther, who was thirsty, poured our some of the duke's beer, and after drinking it, he said: "As this day Duke Eric has remembered me, so may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle." It was a present of trifling value; but Luther, desirous of showing his gratitude to a prince who remembered him at such a moment, gave him such as he had—a prayer. The servant returned with this message to his master. At the moment of his death the aged duke called these words to mind, and addressing a young page, Francis of Kramm, who was standing at his bedside: "Take the Bible," said he, "and read it to me." The child read these words of Christ, and the soul of the dying man was comforted: Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward.

Hardly had the Duke of Brunswick's servant gone away, before a messenger from the Elector of Saxony came with orders for Spalatin to come to him immediately. Frederick had gone to the diet filled with uneasiness. He had imagined that in the presence of the emperor Luther's courage would fail him; and hence he had been deeply moved by the resolute bearing of the reformer. He was proud of being a protector of such a man. When the chaplain arrived, the table was spread; the elector was just sitting down to supper with his court, and already the servants had brought in the water for their hands. As he saw Spalatin enter, he motioned him to follow, and as soon as he was alone with the chaplain in his bedchamber, he said: "Oh! how Father Luther spoke before the emperor, and before all the states of the empire! I only trembled lest he should be too bold." Frederick then formed the resolution of protecting the doctor more courageously in future.

Aleander saw the impression Luther had produced; there was no time to lose; he must induce the emperor to act with vigour. The opportunity was favourable; war with France was imminent. Leo X, desirous of enlarging his states, and caring little for the peace of Christendom, was secretly negotiating two treaties at the same time,—one with Charles against Francis, the other with Francis against Charles. In the former, he claimed of the emperor, for himself, the territories of Parma, Placentia, and Ferrara; in the second, he stipulated with the king for a portion of the kingdom of Naples, which would thus be taken from Charles. The latter felt the importance of gaining Leo to his side, in order to have his alliance in the war against his rival of

France. It was a mere trifle to purchase the mighty pontiff's friendship at the cost of Luther's life.

On the day following Luther's appearance (Friday 19th April), the emperor ordered a message to be read to the diet, which he had written in French with his own hand. "Descended from the christian emperors of German," said he, "from the catholic kings of Spain, from the archdukes of Austria, and from the dukes of Burgundy, who have all been renowned as defenders of the Roman faith, I am firmly resolved to imitate the example of my ancestors. A single monk, misled by his own folly, has risen against the faith of Christendom. To stay such impiety, I will sacrifice my kingdoms, my treasures, my friends, my body, my blood, my soul, and my life. I am about to dismiss the Augustine Luther, forbidding him to cause the least disorder among the people; I shall then proceed against him and his adherents, as contumacious heretics, by excommunication, by interdict, and by every means calculated to destroy them. I call on the members of the states to behave like faithful Christians."

This address did not please everyone. Charles, young and hasty, had not complied with the usual forms; he should first have consulted with the diet. Two extreme opinions immediately declared themselves. The creatures of the pope, the Elector of Brandenburg, and several ecclesiastical princes, demanded that the safe-conduct given to Luther should not be respected. "The Rhine," said they, "should receive his ashes, as it had received those of John Huss a century ago." Charles, if we may credit an historian, bitterly repented in afteryears that he did not adopt this infamous suggestion. "I confess," said he, towards the close of his life, "that I committed a great fault by permitting Luther to live. I was not obliged to keep my promise with him; that heretic had offended a Master greater than I,—God himself. I might and ought to have broken my word, and to have avenged the insult he had committed against God: it is because I did not put him to death that heresy has not ceased to advance. His death would have stifled it in the cradle."

So horrible a proposition filled the elector and all Luther's friends with dismay. "The punishment of John Huss," said the electorpalatine, "has brought too many misfortunes on the German nation for us ever to raise such a scaffold a second time."—"The princes of Germany," exclaimed even George of Saxony, Luther's inveterate enemy, "will not permit a safe-conduct to be violated. This diet, the first held by our new emperor, will not be guilty of so base an action. Such perfidy does not accord with the ancient German integrity." The princes of Bavaria, though attached to the Church of Rome, supported this protest. The prospect of death that Luther's friends had already before their eyes appeared to recede.

The rumour of these discussions, which lasted two days, circulated through the city. Partyspirit ran high. Some gentlemen, partisans of the reform, began to speak firmly against the treachery solicited by Aleander. "The emperor," said they, "is a young man whom the papists and bishops by their flatteries manage at their will." Pallavicini speaks of four hundred nobles ready to enforce Luther's safe-conduct with the sword. On Saturday morning placards were seen posted at the gates of houses and in the public places,—some against Luther, and others in his favour. On one of them might be read merely these expressive words of the Preacher: Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child. Sickingen, it was reported, had assembled a few leagues from Worms, behind the impregnable ramparts of his stronghold, many knights and soldiers, and was only waiting to know the result of the affair before proceeding to action.

The enthusiasm of the people, not only in Worms, but also in the most distant cities of the empire; the intrepidity of the knights; the attachment felt by many princes to the cause of the reformer were all of a nature to show Charles and the diet that the course suggested by the Romanists might compromise the supreme authority, excite revolts, and even shake the empire. It was only the burning of a simple monk that was in question; but the princes and the partisans of Rome had not, all together, sufficient strength or courage to do this. There can be no doubt, also, that Charles V, who was then young, feared to commit perjury. This would seem to be indicated by a saying, if it is true, which, according to some historians, he uttered on this occasion: "Though honour and faith should banished from all the world, they ought to find a refuge in the hearts of princes." It is mournful to reflect that he may have forgotten these words when on the brink of the grave. But other motives besides may have influenced the emperor. The Florentine Vettori, the friend of Leo X and of Machiavelli, asserts that Charles spared Luther only that he might thus keep the pope in check.

In the sitting of Saturday, the violent propositions of Aleander were rejected. Luther was beloved; there was a general desire to preserve this simpleminded man, whose confidence in God was so affecting; but there was also a desire to save the Church. Men shuddered at the thought of the consequences that might ensue, as well from the triumph as from the punishment of the reformer. Plans of conciliation were put forward; it was proposed to make a new effort with the doctor of Wittenberg. The Archbishopelector of Mentz himself, the young and extravagant Albert, more devout than bold, says Pallavicini, had become alarmed at the interest shown by the people and nobility towards the Saxon monk. Capito, his chaplain, who during his sojourn at Basle had formed an intimacy with the evangelical priest of Zurich, named Zwingle, a bold man in the defense of truth, and of whom we have already had occasion to

speak, had also, there can be no doubt, represented to Albert the justice of the reformer's cause. The worldly archbishop had one of those returns to christian sentiments which we sometimes notice in his life, and consented to wait on the emperor, to ask permission to make a last attempt. But Charles refused everything.

On Monday, the 22nd of April, the princes went in a body to repeat Albert's request. "I will not depart from what I have determined," replied the emperor. "I will authorize no one to communicate officially with Luther. But," added he, to Aleander's great vexation, "I will grant that man three days for reflection; during which time, you may exhort him privately." This was all that they required. The reformer, thought they, elevated by the solemnity of his appearance before the diet, will give way in a more friendly conference, and perhaps will be saved from the abyss into which he is about to fall.

The Elector of Saxony knew the contrary, and hence was filled with apprehension. "If it were in my power," wrote he the next day to his brother Duke John, "I should be ready to defend Luther. You cannot imagine how far the partisans of Rome carry their attacks against me. Were I to tell you all, you would hear some most astonishing matters. They are resolved upon his destruction; and whoever manifests any interest for his safety, is immediately set down as a heretic. May God, who never abandons the cause of justice, bring all things to a happy end! " Frederick, without showing his kindly feelings towards the reformer, confined himself to observing everyone of his movements.

It was not the same with men of every rank in society who were then at Worms. They fearlessly displayed their sympathy. On Friday a number of princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, laymen, and of the common people, collected before the hotel where the reformer was staying; they went in and out one after another, and could hardly satiate themselves with gazing on him. He had become the man of Germany. Even those who thought him in error were affected by the nobleness of soul that led him to sacrifice his life to the voice of his conscience. With many persons then present at Worms, the chosen men of the nation, Luther held conversations abounding in that salt with which all his words were seasoned. None quitted him without feeling animated by a generous enthusiasm for the truth. "How many things I shall have to tell you! " wrote George Vogler, private secretary to Casimir, margrave of Brandenburg, to one of his friends. "What conversations, how full of piety and kindness, has Luther had with me and others! What a charming person he is! "

One day a young prince, seventeen years of age, came prancing into the court of the hotel; it was Philip, who for two years had ruled Hesse. This youthful sovereign was of prompt and enterprising character, wise beyond his years, warlike, impetuous, and unwilling to be guided by any ideas but his own. Struck by Luther's speeches, he wished to have a nearer view of him.

"He, however, was not yet on my side," said Luther, as he related this circumstance. He leaped from his horse, unceremoniously ascended to the reformer's chamber, and addressing him, said: "Well! dear doctor, how goes it?"

"Gracious lord," answered Luther, "I hope all will go well."

"From what I hear of you, doctor," resumed the landgrave, smiling, "you teach that a woman may leave her husband and take another, when the former is become too old! " It was some members of the imperial court who had told this story to the landgrave. The enemies of truth never fail to invent and propagate fables on the pretended doctrines of christian teachers.

"No, my lord," replied Luther seriously; "I entreat your highness not to talk thus! " Upon this the young prince hastily held out his hand to the doctor, shook it heartily, and said: "Dear doctor, if you are in the right, may God help you! " He then left the room, sprung on his horse, and rode off. This was the first interview between these two men, who were afterwards destined to be at the head of the Reformation, and to defend it,—the one with the sword of the Word, the other with the sword of princes.

CHAPTER 10

Conference with the Archbishop of Treves—Wehe's Exhortation to Luther—Luther's Replies—Private Conversation—Visit of Cochloeus—Supper at the Archbishop's—Conference at the Hotel of the Knights of Rhodes—A Council proposed—Luther's last Interview with the Archbishop—Visit to a sick Friend—Luther receives Orders to leave Worms—Luther's Departure

Richard of Greiffenklau, archbishop of Treves, had with the permission of Charles V undertaken the office of mediator. Richard, who was on very intimate terms with the Elector of Saxony, and a good Romancatholic, desired by settling the affair to render a service to his friend as well as to his Church. On Monday evening (22nd April), just as Luther was sitting down to table, a messenger came from the archbishop, informing him that this prelate desired to see him on the next morning but one (Wednesday) at six o'clock.

The chaplain and Sturm the imperial herald waited on Luther before six o'clock on that day. But as early as four in the morning, Aleander had sent for Cochloeus. The nuncio had soon discovered in the man whom Capito had introduced him, a devoted instrument of the court of Rome, on whim he might count as upon himself. As he could not be present at this interview, Aleander desired to find a substitute. "Go to the residence of the Archbishop of Treves," said he to the Dean at Frankfort; "do not enter into discussion with Luther, but listen attentively to all that is said, so as to give me a faithful report." The reformer with some of his friends arrived at the archbishop's, where he found the prelate surrounded by Joachim, margrave of Brandenburg, Duke George of Saxony, the Bishops of Brandenburg and Augsburg, with several nobles, deputies of the free cities, lawyers, and theologians, among whom were Cochloeus and Jerome Wehe, chancellor of Baden. This skilful lawyer was anxious for a reformation in morals and discipline; he even went further: "the Word of God," said he, "that has been so long hidden under a bushel, must reappear in all its brightness." It was this conciliatory person who was charged with the conference.

Turning kindly to Luther, he said: "We have not sent for you to dispute with you, but to exhort you in a fraternal tone. You know how carefully the Scriptures call upon us to beware of the arrow that flieth by day, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. That enemy of mankind has excited you to publish many things contrary to true religion. Reflect on your own safety and that of the empire. Beware lest those whom Christ by his blood has redeemed from eternal death should be misled by you, and perish everlastingly Do not oppose the holy councils. If we did not uphold the decrees of our fathers, there would be nothing but confusion in the Church. The

eminent princes who hear me feel a special interest in your welfare; but if you persist, then the emperor will expel you from the empire, and no place in the world will offer you an asylum Reflect on the fate that awaits you! ”

“Most serene princes,” replied Luther, “I thank you for your solitude on my account; for I am but a poor man, and too mean to be exhorted by such great lords.” He then continued: “I have not blamed all the councils, but only that of Constance, because by condemning this doctrine of John Huss, That the Christian Church is the assembly of all those who are predestined to salvation, it has condemned this article of our faith, I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and the Word of God itself. It is said my teaching is a cause of offense,” added he; “I reply that the Gospel of Christ cannot be preached without offense. Why then should the fear of apprehension of danger separate me from the Lord and from that Divine Word which alone is truth? No! I would rather give up my body, my blood, and my life! ”

The princes and doctors having deliberated, Luther was again called in, and Wehe mildly resumed: “We must honour the power that be, even when they are in error, and make great sacrifices for the sake of charity.” And then with greater earnestness of manner, he said: “Leave it to the emperor’s decision, and fear not.”

Luther.—“I consent with all my heart that the emperor, the princes, and even the meanest Christian, should examine and judge my works; but on one condition, that they take the Word of God for their standard. Men have nothing to do but to obey it. Do not offer violence to my conscience, which is bound and chained up with the Holy Scriptures.”

The Elector of Brandenburg.—“If I rightly understand you, doctor, you will acknowledge no other judge than the Holy Scriptures?” Luther.—“Precisely so, my lord, and on them I take my stand.” Upon this the princes and doctors withdrew; but the excellent Archbishop of Treves could not make up his mind to abandon his undertaking. “Follow me,” said he to Luther, as he passed into his private room; and at the same time ordered John ab Eck and Cochloeus on the one side, and Schurff and Amsdorff on the other, to come after. “Why do you always appeal to Scripture,” asked Eck with warmth; “it is the source of all heresies.” But Luther, says his friend Mathesius, remained firm as a rock, which is based on the true rock,—the Word of the Lord. “The pope,” replied he, “is no judge in the things belonging to the Word of God. Every Christian should see and decide for himself how he ought to live and die.” They separated. The partisans of the Papacy felt Luther’s superiority, and attributed it to there being no one present capable of answering him. “If the emperor had acted

wisely," says Cochloeus, "when summoning Luther to Worms, he would also have invited theologians to refute his errors."

The Archbishop of Treves repaired to the diet, and announced the failure of his mediation. The astonishment of the young emperor was equal to his indignation. "It is time to put an end to this business," said he. The archbishop, pressed for two days more; all the diet joined in the petition; Charles V gave way. Aleander, no longer able to restrain himself, burst out into violent reproaches.

While these scenes were passing in the diet, Cochloeus burned to gain a victory in which kings and prelates had been unsuccessful. Although he had from time to time dropped a few words at the archbishop's, he was restrained by Aleander's injunction to keep silence. He resolved to find compensation, and as soon as he had rendered a faithful account of his mission to the papal nuncio, he called on Luther. He went up to him in the most friendly manner, and expressed the vexation he felt at the emperor's resolution. After dinner, the conversation became animated. Cochloeus urged Luther to retract. The latter shook his head. Several nobles who were at table with him could hardly contain themselves. They were indignant that the partisans of Rome should insist, not upon convincing Luther by Scripture, but on constraining him by force.

"Well, then," said Cochloeus to Luther, impatient under these reproaches, "I offer to dispute publicly with you, if you will renounce your safe-conduct." All that Luther demanded was a public disputation. What ought he to do? To renounce the safe-conduct would be to endanger his life; to refuse this challenge would appear to throw doubts on the justice of his cause. His guests perceived in this proposal a plot framed with Aleander, whom the Dean of Frankfort had just quitted. One of them, Vollrat of Watzdorf by name, extricated Luther from the embarrassment occasioned by so difficult a choice. This fiery lord, indignant at a snare, the sole object of which was to deliver Luther into the hands of the executioner, rose hastily, seized the frightened priest, and pushed him out of the room, and blood no doubt would have been spilt, if the other guests had not left the table at the same moment, and mediated between the furious knight and Cochloeus, who trembled with alarm. The latter retired in confusion from the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes. Most probably it was in the heat of the discussion that these words had fallen from the dean, and there had been no preconcerted plan formed between him and Aleander to entice Luther into so treacherous a snare. This Cochloeus denies, and we are inclined to credit his testimony. And yet just before going to Luther's lodging he had been in conference with Aleander.

In the evening, the Archbishop of Treves assembled at supper the persons who had attended that morning's conference: he thought that this would be a means of unbending their minds, and bringing them closer together. Luther, so firm and intrepid before arbitrators and judges, in private life was so goodhumoured and jovial, that they might reasonably hope anythingfrom him. The archbishop's chancellor, who had been so formal in his official capacity, lent himself to this new essay, and towards the end of the repast proposed Luther's health. The latter prepared to return the compliment; the wine was poured out, and, according to his usual custom, he had made the sign of the cross on his glass when suddenly it burst in his hands, and the wine was spilt upon the table.

The guests were astonished. "It must have contained poison! " they exclaimed some of Luther's friends aloud. But the doctor, without betraying any agitation, replied with a smile: "My dear Sirs, either this wine was not intended for me, or else it would have disagreed with me." And then he added calmly: "There is no doubt the glass broke because after washing it it was dipped too soon into cold water." These words, although so simple, under such circumstances are not devoid of grandeur, and show an unalterable peace of mind. We cannot imagine that the Romancatholics would have desired to poison Luther, especially under the roof of the Archbishop of Treves. This repast neither estranged nor approximated the two parties. Neither the favour nor the hatred of men had any influence over the reformer's resolution: it proceeded from a higher source.

On the morning of Thursday, the 25th of April, the Chancellor Wehe, and Doctor Peutinger of Augsburg, the emperor's councillor, who had shown great affection for Luther at the period of his interview with De Vio, repaired to the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes. The Elector of Saxony sent Frederick of Thun and another of his councillors to be present at the conference. "Place yourself in our hands," said with emotion both Wehe and Peutinger, who would willingly have made every sacrifice to prevent the division that was about to rend the Church. "We pledge you our word, that this affair shall be concluded in a christianlike manner."—"Here is my answer in two words," replied Luther. "I consent to renounce my safe-conduct. I place my person and my life in the emperor's hands, but the Word of God never! " Frederick of Thun rose in emotion, and said to the envoys: "Is not this enough? Is not the sacrifice large enough?" And after declaring he would not hear a single word more, he left the room. Upon this, Wehe and Peutinger, hoping to succeed more easily with the doctor, came and sat down by his side. "Place yourself in the hands of the diet," said they.—No," replied he, "for cursed be the man that trusteth in man! " (Jeremiah 17:5.) Wehe and Peutinger became more earnest in their exhortations and attacks; they urged the reformer more pressingly. Luther, wearied out, rose and dismissed them, saying: "I

will never permit any man to set himself above the Word of God."—"Reflect upon our proposal," said they, as they withdrew, "we will return in the evening."

They came; but feeling convinced that Luther would not give way, they brought a new proposition. Luther had refused to acknowledge, first the pope, then the emperor, and lastly the diet; there still remained one judge whom he himself had once demanded: a general council. Doubtless such a proposal would have offended Rome; but it was their last hope of safety. The delegates offered a council to Luther. The latter might have accepted it without specifying anything. Years would have passed away before the difficulties could have been set aside which the convocation of a council would have met with on the part of the pope. To gain time was for the reformer and the Reformation to gain everything. God and the lapse of years would have brought about great changes. But Luther set plain dealing above all things; he would not save himself at the expense of truth, even were silence alone necessary to dissemble it.—"I consent," replied he, "but" (and to make such a request was to refuse a council) "on condition that the council shall decide only according to Scripture."

Peutinger and Wehe, not imagining that a council could decide otherwise, ran quite overjoyed to the archbishop: "Doctor Martin," said they, "submits his books to a council." The archbishop was on the point of carrying these glad tidings to the emperor, when he felt some doubt, and ordered Luther to be brought to him.

Richard of Greiffenklau was alone when the doctor arrived. "Dear doctor," said the archbishop, with great kindness and feeling, "my doctors inform me that you consent to submit, unreservedly, your cause to a council."—"My lord," replied Luther, "I can endure everything, but I cannot abandon the Holy Scriptures." The bishop perceived that Wehe and Peutinger had stated the matter incorrectly. Rome could never consent to a council that decided only according to Scripture. "It was like telling a short-sighted man," says Pallavicini, "to read very small print, and at the same time refusing him a pair of spectacles." The worthy archbishop sighed: "It was a fortunate thing that I sent for you," said he. "What would have become of me, if I had immediately carried this news to the emperor?"

Luther's immovable firmness and inflexibility are doubtless surprising; but they will be understood and respected by all those who know the law of God. Seldom has a nobler homage been paid to the unchangeable Word from heaven; and that, too, at the peril of the liberty and life of the man who bore this testimony.

"Well, then," said the venerable prelate to Luther, "point out a remedy yourself."

Luther, after a moment's silence.—"My lord, I know no better than this of Gamaliel: If this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. Let the emperor, the electors, the princes, and states of the empire, write this answer to the pope."

The Archbishop.—"Retract at least some articles." Luther.—"Provided they are none of those which the Council of Constance has already condemned."

The Archbishop.—"I am afraid it is precisely those that you would be called upon to retract."

Luther.—"In that case I would rather lose my life,—rather have my arms and legs cut off, than forsake the clear and true Word of God."

The archbishop understood Luther at last. "You may retire," said he, still with the same kind manner. "My lord," resumed Luther, "may I beg you to have the goodness to see that his majesty provides me with the safe-conduct necessary for my return."—"I will see to it," replied the good archbishop, and so they parted.

Thus ended these negotiations. The whole empire had turned towards this man with the most ardent prayers and with the most terrible threats, and he had not faltered. His refusal to bend beneath the iron yoke of the pope emancipated the Church and began the new times. The interposition of Providence was manifest. This is one of those grand scenes in history over which hovers and rises the majestic presence of the Divinity.

Luther withdrew in company with Spalatin, who had arrived at the archbishop's during the interview. John Minkwitz, councillor to the Elector of Saxony, had fallen ill at Worms. The two friends went to visit him. Luther gave the sick man the most affectionate consolations. "Farewell! " said he, as he retired, "tomorrow I shall leave Worms."

Luther was not deceived. Hardly had he returned three hours to the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes, when the Chancellor ab Eck, accompanied by the imperial chancellor and a notary, appeared before him.

The chancellor said to him: "Martin Luther, his imperial majesty, the electors, princes, and states of the empire, having at sundry times and in various forms exhorted you to submission, but always in vain, the emperor, in his capacity of advocate and defender of the Catholic faith, finds himself compelled to resort to other

measures. He therefore commands you to return home in the space of twentyone days, and forbids you to disturb the public peace on your road, either by preaching or writing."

Luther felt clearly that this message was the beginning of his condemnation: "As the Lord pleases," answered he meekly, "blessed be the name of the Lord! " He then added: "Before all things, humbly and from the bottom of my heart do I thank his majesty, the electors, princes, and other states of the empire for having listened to me so kindly. I desire, and have ever desired, but one thing—a reformation of the Church according to Holy Scripture. I am ready to do and to suffer everything in humble obedience to the emperor's will. Life or death, evil or good report—it is all the same to me, with one reservation—the preaching of the Gospel; for, says St. Paul, the Word of God must not be bound." The deputies retired.

On the morning of Friday the 26th of April, the friends of the reformer with several lords met at Luther's hotel. They were delighted at seeing the christian firmness with which he had opposed Charles and the empire; and recognised in him the feature of that celebrated portrait of antiquity: Justum ac tenacem propositi virum, Non civium ardour prava jubentium, Non vultus instantis tyranny Mente quatit solida ...

They desired once more, perhaps for the last time, to say farewell to this intrepid monk. Luther partook of a humble repast. But now he had to take leave of his friends, and fly far from them, beneath a sky lowering with tempests. This solemn moment he desired to pass in the presence of God. He lifted up his soul in prayer, blessing those who stood around him. As it struck ten, Luther issued from the hotel with the friends who had accompanied him to Worms. Twenty gentlemen on horseback surrounded his car. A great crowd of people accompanied him beyond the walls of the city. Some time after he was overtaken by Sturm, the imperial herald, at Oppenheim, and on the next day they arrived at Frankfort.

CHAPTER 11

The Conflict at Worms—Luther's Letter to Cranach—Luther's Letter to Charles V—Luther with the Abbot of Hirschfeldt—The Parish Priest of Eisenach—Several Princes leave the Diet—Charles signs Luther's Condemnation—The Edict of Worms—Luther with his Parents—Luther attacked and carried away—The Ways of God—The Wartburg—Luther a Prisoner

Thus had Luther escaped from these walls of Worms, that seemed destined to be his sepulcher. With all his heart he gave God the glory. "The devil himself," said he, "guarded the pope's citadel; but Christ has made a wide breach in it, and Satan was constrained to confess that the Lord is mightier than he."

"The day of the Diet of Worms," says the pious Mathesius, Luther's disciple and friend, "is one of the greatest and most glorious days given to the earth before the end of the world." The battle that had been fought at Worms resounded far and wide, and at its noise which spread through all Christendom, from the regions of the North to the mountains of Switzerland, and the towns of England, France, and Italy, many eagerly grasped the powerful weapons of the Word of God.

Luther, who reached Frankfort on the evening of Saturday the 27th of April, took advantage the next day of a leisure moment, the first that he had enjoyed for a long time, to write a familiar and expressive note to his friend at Wittenberg, the celebrated painter Lucas Cranach. "Your servant, dear gossip Lucas," said he. "I thought his majesty would have assembled some fifty doctors at Worms to convict the monk outright. But not at all.—Are these your books?—Yes! —Will you retract them?—No! —Well, then, be gone! —There's the whole history. O blind Germans! how childishly we act, to allow ourselves to be the dupes and sport of Rome! The Jews must sing their Yo! Yo! Yo! But a day of redemption is coming for us also, and then will we sing hallelujah! For a season we must suffer in silence. A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me, said Jesus Christ (John 16:16). I hope that it will be the same with me. Farewell. I commend you all to the Lord. May he preserve in Christ your understanding and your faith against the attacks of the wolves and the dragons of Rome. Amen! "

After having written this somewhat enigmatical letter, Luther, as the time pressed, immediately set out for Friedberg, which is six leagues distant from Frankfort. On the next day Luther again collected his thoughts. He desired to write once more to Charles, as he had no wish to be confounded with guilty rebels. In his letter to the emperor he set forth clearly what is the obedience due to kings, and that

which is due to God, and what is the limit at which the former should cease and give place to the latter. As we read this epistle, we are involuntarily reminded of the words of the greatest autocrat of modern times: "My dominion ends where that of conscience begins."

"God, who is the searcher of hearts, is my witness," says Luther, "that I am ready most earnestly to obey your majesty, in honour or in dishonour, in life or in death, and with no exception save the Word of God, by which man lives. In all the affairs of this present life, my fidelity shall be unshaken, for here to lose or to gain is of no consequence to salvation. But when eternal interests are concerned, God wills not that man should submit unto man. For such submission in spiritual matters is a real worship, and ought to be rendered solely to the Creator."

Luther wrote also, but in German, a letter addressed to the states of the empire. Its contents were nearly similar to that which he had just written to the emperor. In it he related all that had passed at Worms. This letter was copied several times and circulated throughout Germany; "everywhere," says Cochloeus, "it excited the indignation of the people against the emperor and the superior clergy."

Early the next day Luther wrote a note to Spalatin, enclosing the two letters he had written the evening before; he sent back to Worms the herald Sturm, won over to the cause of the Gospel; and after embracing him, departed hastily for Grunberg.

On Tuesday, at about two leagues from Hirschfeldt, he met the chancellor of the prince abbot of that town, who came to welcome him. Soon after there appeared a troop of horsemen with the abbot at their head. The latter dismounted, and Luther got out of his wagon. The prince and the reformer embraced, and afterwards entered Hirschfeldt together. The senate received them at the gates of the city. The princes of the Church came out to meet a monk anathematized by the pope, and the chief men of the people bent their heads before a man under the ban of the emperor.

"At five in the morning we shall be at church," said the prince at night as he rose from the table to which he had invited the reformer. The abbot insisted on his sleeping in his own bed. The next day Luther preached, and this dignitary of the church with all his train escorted him on his way.

In the evening Luther reached Eisenach, the scene of his childhood. All his friends in this city surrounded him, entreating him to preach, and the next day, accompanied him to the church. Upon this the priest of the parish appeared, attended by a notary and witnesses; he came forward trembling, divided between the fear of

losing his place, and of opposing the powerful man that stood before him. "I protest against the liberty that you are taking," said the priest at last, in an embarrassed tone. Luther went up into the pulpit, and that voice which, twentythree years before, had sung in the streets of this town to procure a morsel of bread, sounded beneath the arched roof of the ancient church those notes that were beginning to agitate the world. After the sermon, the priest with confusion went up to Luther. The notary had drawn up the protest, the witnesses had signed it, all was properly arranged to secure the incumbent's place. "Pardon me," said he to the doctor humbly; "I am acting thus to protect me from the resentment of the tyrants who oppress the Church."

And there were in truth strong grounds for apprehension. The aspect of affairs at Worms was changed: Aleander alone seemed to rule there. "Banishment is Luther's only prospect," wrote Frederick to his brother, Duke John; "nothing can save him. If God permits me to return to you, I shall have matters to relate that are almost beyond belief. It is not only Annas and Caiaphus, but Pilate and Herod also, that have combined against him." Frederick had little desire to remain longer at Worms; he departed, and the electorpalatine did the same. The electorarchbishop of Cologne also quitted the diet. Their example was followed by many princes of inferior rank. As they deemed it impossible to avert the blow, they preferred (and in this perhaps they were wrong) abandoning the place. The Spaniards, the Italians, and the most ultramontane German princes alone remained.

The field was not free—Aleander triumphed. He laid before Charles the outline of an edict intended by him as a model of that which the diet ought to issue against the monk. The nuncio's project pleased the exasperated emperor. He assembled the remaining members of the diet in his chamber, and there had Aleander's edict read over to them; it was accepted (Pallavicini informs us) by all who were present.

The next day, which was a great festival, the emperor went to the cathedral, attended by all the lords of his court. When the religious ceremonies were over, and a crowd of people still thronged the sanctuary, Aleander, robed in all the insignia of his dignity, approached Charles V. He held in his hand two copies of the edict against Luther, one in Latin, the other in German, and kneeling before his imperial majesty, entreated him to affix to them his signature and the seal of the empire. It was at the moment when the sacrifice had been offered, when the incense still filled the temple, while the sacred chants were still re-echoing through it long-drawn aisles, and as it were in the presence of the Deity, that the destruction of the enemy of Rome was to be sealed. The emperor, assuming a very gracious air, took the pen and wrote his name. Aleander withdrew in triumph, immediately sent the decree to the printers, and forwarded it to every part of Christendom. This crowning act of the toils of Rome

had cost the papacy little trouble. Pallavicini himself informs us, that this edict, although bearing date the 8th of May, was not signed till later; but it was antedated to make it appear that the signature was affixed at a period when all the members of the diet were assembled.

"We, Charles the Fifth," said the emperor (and then came his titles), "to all the electors, princes, prelates, and other whom it may concern.

"The Almighty having confided to us, for the defense of the holy faith, more kingdoms and greater authority than He has every given to any of our predecessors, we purpose employing every means in our power to prevent our holy empire from being polluted by any heresy.

"The Augustine monk, Martin Luther, notwithstanding our exhortation, has rushed like a madman on our holy Church, and attempted to destroy it by books overflowing with blasphemy. He has shamefully polluted the indestructible law of holy matrimony; he has endeavoured to excite the laity to dye their hands in the blood of the clergy; and, setting at nought all authority, has incessantly urged the people to revolt, schism, war, murder, robbery, incendiarism, and to the utter ruin of the christian faith In a word, not to mention his many other evil practices, this man, who is in truth not a man, but Satan himself under the form of a man dressed in a monk's frock, has collected into one stinking slough all the vilest heresies of past times, and has added to them new ones of his own

"We have therefore dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all pious and sensible man deem a madman, or one possessed by the devil; and we enjoin that, on the expiration of his safe-conduct, immediate recourse be had to effectual measure to check his furious rage.

"For this reason, under pain of incurring the penalties due to the crime of hightreason, we forbid you to harbour the said Luther after the appointed term shall be expired, to conceal him, to give him food or drink, or to furnish him, by word or by deed, publicly or secretly, with any kind of succor whatsoever. We enjoin you, moreover, to seize him, or cause him to be seized, wherever you may find him, to bring him before us without any delay, or to keep him in safe custody, until you have learned from us in what manner you are to act towards him, and have received the reward due to your labours in so holy a work.

"As for his adherents, you will apprehend them, confine them, and confiscate their property.

"As for his writings, if the best nutriment becomes the detestation of all men as soon as one drop of poison is mingled with it, how much more ought such books, which contain a deadly poison for the soul, be not only rejected, but destroyed! You will therefore burn them, or utterly destroy them in any manner.

"As for the authors, poets, printers, painters, buyers or sellers of placards, papers, or pictures, against the pope or the Church, you will seize them, body and goods, and will deal with them according to your good pleasure.

"And if any person, whatever be his dignity, should dare to act in contradiction to the decree of our imperial majesty, we order him to be placed under the ban of the empire.

"Let every man behave according to this decree."

Such was the edict signed in the cathedral of Worms. It was more than a bull of Rome, which, although published in Italy, could not be executed in Germany. The emperor himself had spoken, and the diet had ratified his decree. All the partisans of Rome burst into a shout of triumph. "It is the end of the tragedy! " exclaimed they.—"In my opinion," said Alphonso Valdez, a Spaniard at Charles's court, "it is not the end, but only the beginning." Valdez perceived that the movement was in the Church, in the people, and in the age, and that, even should Luther perish, his cause would not perish with him. But no one was blind to the imminent and inevitable danger in which the reformer himself was placed; and the great majority of superstitious persons were filled with horror at the thought of that incarnate devil, covered with a monk's hood, whom the emperor pointed out to the nation.

The man against whom the mighty ones of the earth were thus forging their thunderbolts had quitted the church of Eisenach, and was preparing to bid farewell to some of his dearest friends. He did not take the road to Gotha and Erfurth, but proceeded to the village of Mora, his father's native place, once more to see his aged grandmother, who died four months after, and to visit his uncle, Henry Luther, and some other relations. Schurff, Jonas, and Suaven set out for Wittenberg; Luther got into the wagon with Amsdorff, who still remained with him, and entered the forests of Thuringia.

The same evening he arrived at the village of his sires. The poor old peasant clasped in her arms that grandson who had withstood Charles the emperor and Leo the pope. Luther spent the next day with his relations; happy, after the tumult at

Worms, in this sweet tranquillity. On the next morning he resumed his journey, accompanied by Amsdorff and his brother James. In this lonely spot the reformer's fate was to be decided. They skirted the woods of Thuringia, following the road to Waltershausen. As the wagon was moving through a hollow way, near the deserted church of Glisbach, at a short distance from the castle of Altenstein, a sudden noise was heard, and immediately five horsemen, masked and armed from head to foot, sprung upon the travellers. His brother James, as soon as he caught sight of the assailants, leaped from the wagon and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, without uttering a single word. The driver would have resisted. "Stop! " cried one of the strangers with a terrible voice, falling upon him and throwing him to the ground.

A second mask lain hold of Amsdorff and kept him at a distance. Meanwhile the three remaining horsemen seized upon Luther, maintaining a profound silence. They pulled him violently from the wagon, threw a military cloak over his shoulders, and placed him on a led horse. The two other masks now quitted Amsdorff and the wagoner; all five leaped to their saddles—one dropped his hat, but they did not even stop to pick it up—and in the twinkling of an eye vanished with their prisoner into the gloomy forest. At first they took the road to Broderode, but soon retraced their steps by another path; and without quitting the wood, made so many windings in every direction as utterly to baffle any attempt to track them.

Luther, little accustomed to be on horseback, was soon overcome with fatigue. They permitted him to alight for a few minutes: he lay down near a beechtree, where he drank some water from a spring which is still called after his name. His brother James, continuing his flight, arrived at Waltershausen in the evening. The affrighted wagoner jumped into the car, which Amsdorff had again mounted, and whipping his horses, drove rapidly away from the spot, and conducted Luther's friend to Wittenberg. At Waltershausen, at Wittenberg, in the country, villages, and towns along their road, they spread the news of the violent abduction of the doctor. This intelligence, which delighted some, struck the greater number with astonishment and indignation. A cry of grief soon resounded through all Germany: "Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies! "

After the violent combat that Luther had just sustained, God had been pleased to conduct him to a place of repose and peace.

After having exhibited him on the brilliant theatre of Worms, where all the powers of the reformer's soul had been strung to so high a pitch. He gave him the secluded and humiliating retreat of a prison. God draws from the deepest seclusion the weak instruments by which He purposes to accomplish great things; and then,

when He has permitted them to glitter for a season with dazzling brilliancy on an illustrious stage, He dismisses them again to the deepest obscurity. The Reformation was to be accomplished by other means than violent struggles or pompous appearances before diets. It is not thus that the leaven penetrates the mass of the people; the Spirit of God seeks more tranquil paths. The man, whom the Roman champions were persecuting without mercy, was to disappear for a time from the world. It was requisite that this great individuality should fade away, in order that the revolution then accomplishing might not bear the stamp of an individual. It was necessary for the man to retire, that God might remain alone to move by His Spirit upon the deep waters in which the darkness of the Middle Ages was already engulfed, and to say: Let there be light, so that there might be light.

As soon as it grew dark, and no one could track their footsteps, Luther's guards took a new road. About one hour before midnight they reached the foot of a mountain. The horses ascended slowly. On the summit was an old castle, surrounded on all sides, save that by which it was approached, by the black forests that cover the mountains of Thuringia.

It was to this lofty and isolated fortress, named the Wartburg, where in former times the ancient landgraves had sheltered themselves, that Luther was conducted. The bolts were drawn back, the iron bars fell, the gates opened; the reformer crossed the threshold; the doors were closed behind him. He dismounted in the court. One of the horsemen, Burkhardt of Hund, lord of Altenstein, withdrew; another, John of Berlepsch, provost of the Wartburg, led the doctor into the chamber that was to be his prison, and where he found a knight's uniform and sword. The three other cavaliers, the provost's attendants, took away his ecclesiastical robes, and dressed him in the military garments that had been prepared for him, enjoining him to let his beard and hair grow, in order that no one in the castle might discover who he was. The people in the Wartburg were to know the prisoner only by the name of Knight George. Luther scarcely recognised himself in his new dress.

At last he was left alone, and his mind could reflect by turns on the astonishing events that had just taken place at Worms, on the uncertain future that awaited him, and on his new and strange residence. From the narrow loopholes of his turret, his eye roamed over the gloomy, solitary, and extensive forests that surrounded him. "It was there," says Mathesius, his friend and biographer, "that the doctor abode, like St. Paul in his prison at Rome."

Frederick of Thun, Philip Feilitsch, and Spalatin, in a private conversation they had with Luther at Worms by the elector's orders, had not concealed from him that

his liberty must be sacrificed to the anger of Charles and of the pope. And yet this abduction had been so mysteriously contrived, that even Frederick was for a long time ignorant of the place where Luther was shut up. The grief of the friends of the Reformation was prolonged. The spring passed away; summer, autumn, and winter succeeded; the sun had accomplished its annual course, and still the walls of the Wartburg enclosed their prisoner. Truth had been interdicted by the diet; its defender, confined within the ramparts of a castle, had disappeared from the stage of the world, and no one knew what had become of him: Aleander triumphed; the reformation appeared lost But God reigns, and the blow that seemed as if it would destroy the cause of the Gospel, did but contribute to save its courageous minister, and to extend the light of faith to distant countries.

Let us quit Luther, a captive in Germany, on the rocky heights of the Wartburg, to see what God was doing in other countries of Christendom.

BOOK VIII—The Swiss 1484—1522

CHAPTER 1

Movement in Switzerland—Source of the Reformation—Its democratic Character—Foreign Service—Morality—The Tockenburg—A Chalet on the Alps—A Family of Shepherds—Young Ulrich

At the moment when the decree of the Diet of Worms appeared, a continually increasing movement began to disturb the quiet valleys of Switzerland. The voices that resounded over the plains of Upper and Lower Saxony were re-echoed from the bosom of the Helvetic mountains by the energetic voices of its priests, of its shepherds, and of the inhabitants of its warlike cities. The partisans of Rome were filled with apprehension, and exclaimed that a wide and terrible conspiracy was forming everywhere in the Church against the Church. The exulting friends of the Gospel said that, as in spring the breath of life is felt from the shores of the sea to the mountain top, so the Spirit of God was now melting throughout Christendom the ices of a lengthened winter, and covering it with fresh flowers and verdure, from its lowest plains to its most barren and its steepest rocks.

It was not Germany that communicated the light of truth to Switzerland, Switzerland to France, and France to England: all these countries received it from God; just as one part of the world does not communicate the light of day to the other, but the same brilliant orb imparts it direct to all the earth. Infinitely exalted above men, Christ, the dayspring from on high, was at the epoch of the Reformation, as he had been at the establishment of Christianity, the Divine fire whence emanated the life of the world. One sole and same doctrine was suddenly established in the sixteenth century, at the hearths and altars of the most distant and dissimilar nations; it was everywhere the same spirit; everywhere producing the same faith.

The Reformation of Germany and that of Switzerland demonstrate this truth. Zwingle had no communication with Luther. There was no doubt a connecting link between these two men; but we must not look for it upon earth: it was above. He who from heaven gave the truth to Luther, gave it to Zwingle also. Their bond of union was God. "I began to preach the Gospel," says Zwingle, "in the year of grace 1516, that is to say, at a time when Luther's name had never been heard in this country. It is not from Luther that I learnt the doctrine of Christ, but from the Word of God. If Luther preaches Christ, he does what I am doing; and that is all."

But if the different reformations derived a striking unity from the same Spirit whence they all proceeded, they also received certain particular marks from the different nations among whom they were effected.

We have already given an outline of the condition of Switzerland at the epoch of the Reformation. We shall add but little to what has been already said. In Germany the monarchical principle predominated, in Switzerland the democratic. In Germany the Reformation had to struggle with the will of princes; in Switzerland against the wishes of the people. An assembly of men, more easily carried away than a single individual, is also more rapid in its decisions. The victory over the papacy, which cost years of struggle beyond the Rhine, required on this side but a few months and sometimes only a few days.

In Germany, the person of Luther towers imposingly above the Saxon people; he seems to be alone in his attacks upon the Roman colossus; and wherever the conflict is raging, we discern from afar his lofty stature rising high above the battle. Luther is the monarch, so to speak, of the revolution that is accomplishing. In Switzerland, the struggle begins in different cantons at the same time; there is a confederation of reformers; their number surprises us; doubtless one head overtops the others, but no one commands; it is a republican senate, in which all appear with their original features and distinct influences. They were a host: Wittembach, Zwingle, Capito, Haller, Oecolampadius, Oswald, Myconius, Leo Juda, Farel, Calvin; their stage was Glaris, Basle, Zurich, Berne, Neufchatel, Geneva, Lucerne, Schafhausen, Appenzel, Saint Gall, and the Grisons. In the German reformation there is but one stage, flat and uniform as the country itself; in Switzerland, the Reformation is divided, like the region itself by its thousand mountains. Each valley, so to speak, has its own awakening, and each peak of the Alps its own light from heaven.

A lamentable epoch for the Swiss had begun after their exploits against the dukes of Burgundy. Europe, which had discovered the strength of their arms, had enticed them from their mountains, and had robbed them of their independence by rendering them the arbitrators of the fate of nations on the battlefield. The hand of a Swiss pointed the sword at the breast of his fellowcountryman on the plains of Italy and of France, and the intrigues of foreigners had filled with jealousy and dissension those lofty valleys of the Alps so long the abode of simplicity and peace. Attracted by the charms of gold, sons, labourers, and servingmen, stealthily quitted their Alpine pastures for the banks of the Rhone or the Po. Helvetian unity was broken under the slow steps of mules laden with gold. The Reformation, for in Switzerland also it had its political bearings, proposed to restore the unity and the ancient virtues of the cantons. Its first cry was for the Swiss to rend the perfidious toils of the stranger, and

to embrace one another in close union at the foot of the cross. But its generous accents were unheeded. Rome, accustomed to purchase in these valleys the blood she shed to increase her power, uprose in anger; excited Swiss against Swiss; and new passions arose to tear the body of the nation.

Switzerland needed a reform. There was, it is true, among the Helvetians, a simplicity and good nature that seemed ridiculous to the refined Italians; but at the same time they had the reputation of being the people that most habitually transgressed the laws of chastity. This astrologers attributed to the constellations; philosophers, to the strength of temperament among those indomitable people; moralists, to the Swiss principles, which looked upon deceit, dishonesty, and calumny, as sins of a much deeper die than impurity. Marriage was forbidden the priests; but it would have been difficult to find one who lived in a real state of celibacy. They were required to behave, not chastely, but prudently. This was one of the earliest disorders against which the Reformation was directed.

It is now time to investigate the dawnings of the new day in these valleys of the Alps.

About the middle of the eleventh century two hermits made their way from Saint Gall towards the mountains that lie to the south of this ancient monastery, and arrived at a desert valley about ten leagues long. On the north, the lofty mountains of the Sentis, Sommerigkopf, and the Old Man, separate this valley from the canton of Appenzel; on the south, the Kuhfirsten with its seven peaks rises between it and the Wallensee, Sargans, and the Grisons; on the east, the valley slopes away to the rays of the rising sun, and displays the magnificent prospect of the Tyrolese Alps. These two hermits, having reached the springs of the little river Thur, erected there two cells. By degrees the valley was peopled; on its most elevated portion, 2010 feet above the level of Lake Zurich, these arouse around a church a village named Wildhaus, or the Wildhouse, upon which now depend two hamlets, Lisighaus, or Elizabeth's house, and Schonenboden. The fruits of the earth grow not upon these heights. A green turf of alpine freshness covers the whole valley, ascending the sides of the mountains, above which enormous masses of rock rise in savage grandeur to the skies.

About a quarter of a league from the church, near Lisighaus, by the side of a path that leads to the pasture grounds beyond the river, may still be seen a peasant's cottage. Tradition narrates that the wood necessary for its construction was felled on the very spot. Everything seems to indicate that it was built in the most remote times. The walls are thin; the windows are composed of small round panes of glass; the roof

is formed of shingles, loaded with stones to prevent their being carried away by the wind. Before the house bubbles forth a limpid stream.

About the end of the fifteenth century, this house was inhabited by a man named Zwingle, amman or bailiff of the parish. The family of the Zwingles or Zwingli was ancient, and in great esteem among the inhabitants of these mountains. Bartholomew, the bailiff's brother, at first incumbent of the parish, and from the year 1487 dean of Wesen, enjoyed a certain celebrity in the country. The wife of the amman of Wildhaus, Margaret Meili (whose brother John was somewhat later abbot of the convent of Fischingen in Thurgovia), had already borne him two sons, Henry and Klaus, when on New Year's day 1484, seven weeks after the birth of Luther, a third son, who was christened Ulrich, was born in this lonely chalet. Five other sons, John, Wolfgang, Bartholomew, James, Andrew, and an only daughter, Anna, increased the number of this Alpine family.

No one in the whole district was more respected than the amman Zwingle. His character, his office, and his numerous children, made him the patriarch of the mountains. He was a shepherd, as were his sons. No sooner had the first days of May clothed the mountains with verdure, than the father and his children would set off for the pasture grounds with their flocks, rising gradually from station to station, and reaching in this way, by the end of July, the highest summits of the Alps. They then began to return gradually towards the valleys, and in autumn the whole population of the Wildhaus re-entered their humble cottages. Sometimes, during the summer, the young people who should have stayed at home, longing to enjoy the fresh breezes of the mountains, set out in companies for the chalets, accompanying their voices with the melodious notes of their rustic instruments; for all were musicians. When they reached the Alps, the shepherds welcomed them from afar with their horns and songs, and spread before them a repast of milk; and then the joyous troop, after many devious windings, returned to their valleys to the sound of the bagpipe. In his early youth, Ulrich doubtless sometimes shared in these amusements. He grew up at the foot of these rocks that seemed everlasting, and whose summits pointed to the skies. "I have often thought," said one of his friends, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he there contracted something very heavenly and divine."

Long were the winter evenings in the cottages of the Wildhaus. At such a season the youthful Ulrich listened, at the paternal hearth, to the conversations between the bailiff and the elders of the parish. He heard them relate how the inhabitants of the valley had in former times groaned beneath a heavy yoke. He thrilled with joy at the thought of the independence the Tockenburg had won for itself, and which its alliance with the Swiss had secured. The love of country kindled in his heart; Switzerland

became dear to him; and if any one chanced to drop a word unfavourable to the confederates, the child would immediately rise up and warmly defend their cause. Often, too, might he be seen, during these long evenings, quietly seated at the feet of his pious grandmother, listening, with his eyes fixed on her, to her scripture stories and her pious legends, and eagerly receiving them into his heart.

CHAPTER 2

Ulrich at Wesen and Basle—Ulrich at Berne—The Dominican Convent—Jetzer—The Apparitions—Passion of the Laybrother—Imposture—Discovery and Punishment—Zwingle at Vienna and Basle—Music at Basle—Wittembach proclaims the Gospel—Leo Juda—The Priest of Glaris

The good amman was charmed at the promising disposition of his son. He perceived that Ulrich might one day do something better than tend herds on Mount Sentis, to the sound of the shepherd's song (ranz des vaches). One day he took him by the hand and led him to Wesen. He crossed the grassy flanks of the Ammon, and descended the bold and savage rocks that border the Lake of Wallenstadt; on reaching the town, he entered the house of his brother the dean, and intrusted the young mountaineer to his care, that he might examine his capacity. Ulrich was particularly distinguished by a natural horror of falsehood, and a great love for truth. He tells us himself, that one day, when he began to reflect, the thought occurred to him that "lying ought to be punished more severely than theft;" for, adds he, "truth is the mother of all virtues." The dean soon loved his nephew like a son; and, charmed with his vivacity, he confided his education to a schoolmaster, who in a short time taught him all he knew himself. At ten years of age, the marks of a superior mind were already noticed in the young Ulrich. His father and his uncle resolved to send him to Basle.

When the child of the Tockenburg arrived in this celebrated city, with that singlemindedness and simplicity of heart which he seems to have inhaled with the pure air of his native mountains, but which really came from a higher source, a new world opened before him. The celebrity of the famous Council of Basle, the university which Pius II had founded in this city in 1460, the printing presses which then resuscitated the masterpieces of antiquity, and circulated through the world the first fruits of the revival of letters; the residence of distinguished men, Wessel, Wittembach, and especially of that prince of scholars, that sun of the schools, Erasmus, all rendered Basle, at the epoch of the Reformation, one of the great centres of light in the West.

Ulrich was placed at St. Theodore's school. Gregory Binzli was then at its head,—a man of feeling heart and gentleness rarely found at that period among teachers. Young Zwingle made rapid progress. The learned disputations, then in fashion among the doctors, had descended even to the children in the schools. Ulrich took part in them; he disciplined his growing powers against the pupils of other establishments, and was always conqueror in these struggles, which were a prelude to those by which

he was to overthrow the papacy in Switzerland. This success filled his elder rivals with jealousy. He soon outgrew the school of Basle, as he had that of Wesen.

Lupulus, a distinguished scholar, had just opened at Berne the first learned institution in Switzerland. The bailiff of Wildhaus and the priest of Wesen resolved to send the boy to it; Zwingle, in 1497, left the smiling plains of Basle, and again approached those Upper Alps where his infancy had been spent, and whose snowy tops, gilded by the sun, might be seen from Berne. Lupulus, himself a distinguished poet, introduced his pupil into the sanctuary of classic learning,—a treasure then unknown, and whose threshold had been passed only by a few. The young neophyte ardently inhaled these perfumes of antiquity. His mind expanded, his style was formed. He became a poet.

Among the convents of Berne, that of the Dominicans was the most celebrated. These monks were engaged in a serious quarrel with the Franciscans. The latter maintained the immaculate conception of the Virgin, which the former denied. Wherever they went, before the dazzling altars that adorned their church, and between the twelve columns that supported its fretted roof, the Dominicans had but one thought—how they might humble their rivals. They had remarked Zwingle's beautiful voice; they had heard of his precocious understanding, and thinking that he might give luster to their order, endeavoured to attract him among them, and invited him to remain in their convent until he was old enough to pass his novitiate. All Zwingle's future career was at stake. The amman of Wildhaus being informed of the lures to which the Dominicans had resorted, trembled for the inexperience of his son, and ordered him to quit Berne immediately. Zwingle thus escaped from these monastic walls within which Luther had entered of his own freewill. What transpired somewhat later may serve to show the imminent danger Zwingle then incurred.

In 1507, a great agitation reigned in the city of Berne. A young man of Zurzach, named John Jetzer, having one day presented himself at this same Dominican convent, had been repulsed. The poor dejected youth made another attempt, and said, holding out fiftythree florins and some pieces of silk, "It is all I possess; take it, and receive me into your order." He was admitted on the 6th of January among the lay brethren. But on the first night, a strange noise in his cell filled him with terror. He fled to the convent of the Carthusians, whence he was sent back to the Dominicans.

On the following night, the eve of the festival of Saint Matthias, he was awoke by deep groans; he opened his eyes, and saw a tall white spectral form standing beside his bed. "I am," said a sepulchral voice, "a soul escaped from the fires of purgatory." The lay brother tremblingly replied: "God help thee! I can do nothing! " The phantom

then advanced towards the poor brother, and seizing him by the throat, indignantly reproached him for his refusal. Jetzer, full of alarm, exclaimed: "What can I do to save thee?" "Scourge thyself eight days in succession until the blood comes, and lie prostrate on the earth in the Chapel of Saint John." The spectre answered thus and vanished. The lay brother confided the particulars of this apparition to his confessor, the convent preacher, and, by his advice, submitted to the discipline required.

It was soon reported through the whole city that a soul had applied to the Dominicans in order to be delivered from purgatory. The Franciscans were deserted, and the people ran in crowds to the church, where the holy man was to be seen prostrate on the pavement. The soul from purgatory had announced its reappearance in eight days. On the appointed night, it came again, attended by two spirits that tormented it, extorting from it the most frightful groans. "Scotus," said the disturbed spirit, "Scotus, the inventor of the Franciscan doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, is among those who suffer like horrible torments with me." At this news, which soon spread through Berne, the partisans of the Franciscans were still more dismayed. But the soul, at the moment of disappearing, had announced a visit from the Virgin herself.

In effect, on the day fixed, the astonished brother saw Mary appear in his cell. He could not believe his eyes. She approached him kindly, gave him three of our Saviour's tears, and as many drops of his blood, with a crucifix and a letter addressed to Pope Julius II, "who," said she, "is the man selected by God to abolish the festival of His pretended immaculate conception." And then, drawing still nearer the bed on which the brother lay, she informed him in a solemn voice that he was about to experience a signal favour, and at the same time pierced his hand with a nail. The brother uttered a horrible shriek; but Mary wrapped his hand in a cloth that her Son (as she said) had worn at the time of the flight into Egypt.

This one wound was not enough; in order that the glory of the Dominicans might at least equal that of the Franciscans, Jetzer must have the five wounds of Christ and of St. Francis on his hands, his feet, and his side. The four others were inflicted, and then, after giving him some drink, he was placed in a hall hung with pictures representing our Lord's passion; here he spent many long days without food, and his imagination soon became greatly excited. The monks from time to time opened the doors of this chamber to the people, who came in crowds to contemplate with devout astonishment the brother with his five wounds, stretching out his arms, bending his head, and imitating by his postures and movements the crucifixion of our Lord. At times, he was quite out of his senses; he foamed at the mouth, and appeared ready to give up the ghost. "He is suffering the cross of Christ," murmured the spectators. The

multitude, eager in pursuit of miracles, thronged the convent incessantly. Men who deserve our highest esteem, even Lupulus himself, Zwingle's teacher, were overcome with fear; and the Dominicans, from their pulpits, boasted of the glory God had conferred upon their order.

For many years this order had felt the necessity of humbling the Franciscans and of increasing by means of miracles the respect and liberality of the people. The theatre selected for these operations was Berne, "a simple, rude, and ignorant city," as it had been styled by the subprior of Berne in a CHAPTER held at Wimpfen on the Neckar. To the prior, subprior, Chaplain, and purveyor of the convent were assigned the principal parts, but they were not able to play them out. A new apparition of Mary having taken place, Jetzer fancies he recognised his confessor's voice; and on saying so aloud, Mary disappeared. She came again to censure the incredulous brother. "This time it is the prior," exclaimed Jetzer, rushing on him with a knife in his hand. The saint flung a pewter platter at the head of the poor brother, and vanished.

Alarmed at the discovery Jetzer had made, the Dominicans endeavoured to get rid of him by poison. He detected their treachery, and having escaped from the convent, revealed their imposture. They put a good face on the matter, and sent deputies to Rome. The pope empowered his legate in Switzerland, and the bishops of Lausanne and Sion, to inquire into the affair. The four Dominicans were convicted and condemned to be burnt alive, and on the 1st of May 1509, they perished at the stake in the presence of more than thirty thousand spectators. The rumour of this imposture circulated through Europe, and by laying bare one of the greatest sores of the Church, prepared the way for the Reformation.

Such were the men from whose hands the youthful Ulrich Zwingle escaped. He had studied polite letters at Berne; he had now to study philosophy, and for this purpose went to Vienna in Austria. The companions of Ulrich's studies and amusements in the capital of Austria were a young man of Saint Gall, Joachim Vadian, whose genius promised to adorn Switzerland with a learned scholar and a distinguished statesman; Henry Loreti, of the canton of Glaris, better know as Glarean, and who appeared destined to shine as a poet; and a young Swabian, John Heigerlin, the son of a blacksmith, and hence called Faber, a man of pliant character, proud of honours and renown, and who gave promise of all the qualities requisite to form a courtier.

Zwingle returned to Wildhaus in 1502; but on revisiting his native mountains, he felt that he had quaffed of the cup of learning, and that he could not live amidst the songs of his brothers, and the lowing of their herds. Being now eighteen years of

age, he again repaired to Basle to continue his literary pursuits; and there, at once master and scholar, he taught in Saint Martin's school, and studied at the university; from that time he was able to do without the assistance of his parents. Not long after he took the degree of Master of Arts. An Alsatian, Capito by name, who was his elder by nine years, was one of his greatest friends.

Zwingle now applied to the study of scholastic divinity; for as he would one day be called to expose its sophistry, it was necessary that he should first explore its gloomy labyrinths. But the joyous student of the Sentis mountains might be seen suddenly shaking off the dust of the schools and changing his philosophic toils for innocent amusements; he would take up one of his numerous musical instruments (the lute, harp, violin, flute, dulcimer, or hunting horn), draw from them some cheerful air, as in the pasturegrounds of Lisighaus; make his own chamber or that of his friends reecho with the tunes of his native place, or accompany them with his songs. In his love for music he was a real child of the Tockenburg,—a master among many. He played on other instruments besides those we have already named. Enthusiastic in the art, he spread a taste for it through the university; not that he was fond of dissipation, but because he liked by this means to relax his mind, fatigued by serious study, and to put himself in a condition to return with greater zeal to such arduous pursuits. None possessed a livelier disposition, or more amiable character, or more attractive conversational powers. He was like a vigorous Alpine tree, expanding in all its strength and beauty, and which, as yet unpruned, throws out its healthy branches in every direction. The time will come for these branches to shoot with fresh vigour towards heaven.

After having plunged into the scholastic divinity, he quitted its barren wastes with weariness and disgust, having only found therein a medley of confused ideas, empty babbling, vainglory, and barbarism, but not one atom of sound doctrine. "It is a mere loss of time," said he, and he waited his hour.

In November 1505, Thomas Wittembach, son of a burgomaster of Bienne, arrived at Basle. Hitherto he had been teaching at Tubingen, at the side of Reuchlin. He was in the flower of life, sincere, pious, skilled in the liberal arts, the mathematics, and in the knowledge of Scripture. Zwingle and all the youths of the academy immediately flocked around him. A life till then unknown animated his lectures, and prophetic words fell from his lips. "The hour is not far distant," said he, "in which the scholastic theology will be set aside, and the old doctrines of the Church revived."—"Christ's death," added he, "is the only ransom for our souls." Zwingle's heart eagerly received these seeds of life. This was at the period when classical studies were beginning

everywhere to replace the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. Zwingle, like his master and his friends, rushed into this new path.

Among the students who were most attentive to the lessons of the new doctor, was a young man twenty-three years old, of small stature, of weak and sickly frame, but whose looks announced both gentleness and intrepidity. This was Leo Juda, the son of an Alsatian parish priest, and whose uncle had died at Rhodes fighting under the banners of the Teutonic knights in the defense of Christendom. Leo and Ulrich became intimate friends. Leo played on the dulcimer and had a very fine voice. Often did his chamber re-echo with the cheerful songs of these young friends of the arts. Leo Juda afterwards became Zwingle's colleague, and even death could not destroy so holy a friendship.

The office of pastor of Glaris became vacant at this time. One of the pope's youthful courtiers, Henri Goldli, his Holiness's equerry, and who was already the possessor of several benefices, hastened to Glaris with the pontiff's letter of nomination. But the shepherds of Glaris, proud of the antiquity of their race and of their struggles in the cause of liberty, did not feel inclined to bend their heads before a slip of parchment from Rome. Wildhaus is not far from Glaris, and Wesen, of which Zwingle's uncle was the incumbent, is the place where these people hold their markets. The reputation of the young master of arts of Basle had extended even to these mountains, and him the people of Glaris desired to have for their priest. They invited him in 1506. Zwingle was ordained at Constance by the bishop, preached his first sermon at Rapperswyl, read his first mass at Wildhaus on St. Michael's day, in the presence of all his relations and the friends of his family, and about the end of the year arrived at Glaris.

CHAPTER 3

Fondness for War—Schinner—Pension from the Pope—The Labyrinth—Zwingle in Italy—Principle of Reform—Zwingle and Luther—Zwingle and Erasmus—Zwingle and the ancient Classics—Paris and Glaris

Zwingle immediately applied himself with zeal to the duties of his large parish. Yet he was but twentytwo years old, and often permitted himself to be led away by dissipation, and by the relaxed ideas of the age. As a Romish priest, he did not differ from all the surrounding clergy. But even at this time, when the evangelical doctrine had not changed his heart, he never gave rise to those scandals which often afflicted the Church, and always felt the necessity of subjecting his passions to the holy standard of the Gospel.

A fondness for war at that time inflamed the tranquil valleys of Glaris. There dwelt the families of heroes—the Tchudis, the Walas, the Oeblis, whose blood had flowed on the field of battle. The aged warriors would relate to the youths, delighted at these recitals, their exploits in the wars of Burgundy and Swabia, and the combats of St. Jacques and of Ragaz. But, alas! it was no longer against the enemies of their independence that these warlike shepherds took up arms. They might be seen, at the voice of the king of France, of the emperor, of the duke of Milan, or even of the holy father himself, descending like an avalanche from the Alps, and dashing with a noise of thunder against the troops drawn up in the plains.

As a poor boy named Matthew Schinner, who attended the school of Sion, in the Valais (about the middle of the second half of the fifteenth century), was singing one day in the streets, as the young Martin Luther did a little later, he heard his name called by an old man. The latter, struck by the freedom with which the child answered his questions, said to him with that prophetic tone which a man is thought sometimes to possess on the brink of the grave: “Thou shalt be a bishop and a prince.” These words struck the youthful mendicant, and from that moment a boundless ambition entered his soul. At Zurich and at Como he made such progress as to surprise his masters. He became a priest of a small parish in the Valais, rose rapidly, and being sent to Rome somewhat later to demand of the pope the confirmation of a bishop of Sion, who had just been elected, he obtained this bishopric for himself, and encircled his brows with the episcopal mitre. This ambitious and crafty though often noble-minded and generous man, never considered any dignity but as a step to mount still higher. Having offered his services to Louis XII, and at the same time naming his price: “It is too much for one man,” said the king. “I will show him,” replied the exasperated Bishop of Sion, “that I, alone, am worth many men.” In effect, he turned

towards Pope Julius II, who gladly welcomed him; and, in 1510, Schinner succeeded in attaching the whole Swiss confederation to the policy of this warlike pontiff. The bishop was rewarded by a cardinal's hat, and he smiled as he now saw but one step between him and the papal throne.

Schinner's eyes wandered continually over the cantons of Switzerland, and as soon as he discovered an influential man in any place, he hastened to attach him to himself. The pastor of Glaris fixed his attention, and Zwingle learnt erelong that the pope had granted him a yearly pension of fifty florins, to encourage him in his literary pursuits. His poverty did not permit him to buy books; this money, during the short time Ulrich received it, was entirely devoted to the purchase of classical or theological works, which he procured from Basle. Zwingle from that time attached himself to the cardinal, and thus entered the Roman party. Schinner and Julius II at last betrayed the object of their intrigues; eight thousand Swiss, whom the eloquence of the cardinal bishop had enlisted, crossed the Alps; but want of provisions, with the arms and money from the French, made them return ingloriously to their mountains. They carried back with them the usual concomitants of these foreign wars—distrust, licentiousness, party-spirit, violence, and disorders of every kind. Citizens refused to obey their magistrates; children their parents; agriculture and the cares of their flocks and herds were neglected; luxury and beggary increased side by side; the holiest ties were broken, and the Confederation seemed on the brink of dissolution.

Then were the eyes of the young priest of Glaris opened, and his indignation burst forth. His powerful voice was raised to warn the people of the gulf into which they were about to fall. It was in the year 1510 that he published his poem entitled the Labyrinth. Within the mazes of this mysterious garden, Minos has concealed the Minotaur, that monster, half man, half-bull, whom he feeds with the bodies of the young Athenians. "This Minotaur," says Zwingle, "represents the sins, the vices, the irreligion, the foreign service of the Swiss, which devour the sons of the nation."

A bold man, Theseus, determines to rescue his country; but numerous obstacles arrest him:—first, a one-eyed lion; this is Spain and Aragon:—then a crowned eagle, whose beak opens to swallow him up; this is the Empire:—then a cock, raising its crest, and seeming to challenge to the fight; this is France. The hero surmounts all these obstacles, reaches the monster, slays him, and saves his country.

"In like manner," exclaims the poet, "are men now wandering in a labyrinth, but, as they have no clue, they cannot regain the light. Nowhere do we find an imitation of Jesus Christ. A little glory leads us to risk our lives, torment our neighbour, and

rush into disputes, war, and battle One might imagine that the furies had broken loose from the abyss of hell."

A Theseus, a reformer was needed; this Zwingle perceived clearly, and henceforth he felt a presentiment of his mission. Shortly after, he composed an allegory, the meaning of which was less enigmatical.

In April 1512, the confederates again arose at the voice of the cardinal for the defense of the Church. Glaris was in the foremost rank. The whole parish took the field under their banner, with the landamman and their pastor. Zwingle was compelled to march with them. The army passed the Alps, and the cardinal appeared in the midst of the confederates decorated with the pontiff's presents;—a ducal cap ornamented with pearls and gold, and surmounted by the Holy Ghost represented under the form of a dove. The Swiss scaled the ramparts of fortresses and the walls of cities; and in the presence of their enemies swam naked across rivers, halberd in hand. The French were defeated at every point; bells and trumpets pealed their notes of triumph; the people crowded around them from all quarters; the nobles furnished the army with wine and fruits in abundance; monks and priests mounted the pulpits, and proclaimed that the confederates were the people of God, who avenged the Bride of the Lord on her enemies; and the pope, a prophet like Caiaphas of old, conferred on them the title of "Defenders of the Liberty of the Church."

This sojourn in Italy was not without its influence on Zwingle as regards his call to the Reformation. On his return from this campaign, he began to study Greek, "in order (as he said) to be able to draw from the fountainhead of truth the doctrines of Jesus Christ. I am determined to apply myself to Greek," wrote he to Vadian on the 23rd of February 1513, "that no one shall be able to turn me aside from it, except God: I do it, not for glory, but for the love of sacred learning." Somewhat later, a worthy priest, who had been his schoolfellow, coming to see him: "Master Ulrich," said he, "I am informed that you are falling into this new error; that you are a Lutheran."—"I am not a Lutheran," said Zwingle, "for I learned Greek before I had ever heard the name of Luther." To know Greek, to study the Gospel in the original language, was, in Zwingle's opinion, the basis of the Reformation.

Zwingle went farther than merely acknowledging at this early period the grand principle of evangelical Christianity,—the infallible authority of Holy Scripture. He perceived, moreover, how we should determine the sense of the Divine Word: "They have a very mean idea of the Gospel," said he, "who consider as frivolous, vain, and unjust, all that they imagine does not accord with their own reason. Men are not permitted to wrest the Gospel at pleasure that it may square with their own

sentiments and interpretation."—"Zwingle turned his eyes to heaven," says his best friend, "for he would have no other interpreter than the Holy Ghost himself."

Such, at the commencement of his career, was the man whom certain persons have not hesitated to represent as having desired to subject the Bible to human reason. "Philosophy and divinity," said he, "were always raising objections. At last I said to myself: I must neglect all these matters, and look for God's will in his Word alone. I began (continues he) earnestly to entreat the Lord to grant me his light, and although I read the Scriptures only, they became clearer to me than if I had read all the commentators." He compared Scripture with itself; explaining obscure passages by those that are clear. He soon knew the Bible thoroughly, and particularly the New Testament. When Zwingle thus turned towards Holy Scripture, Switzerland took its first step towards the Reformation. Accordingly, when he explained the Scriptures, everyone felt that his teaching came from God, and not from man. "Alldivine work! " exclaimed Oswald Myconius; "it is thus we recovered the knowledge of the truth from heaven! "

Zwingle did not, however, contemn the explanations of the most celebrated doctors: in afteryears he studied Origen, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Chrysostom, but not as authorities. "I study the doctors," said he, "with the same end as when we ask a friend: How do you understand this passage?" Holy Scripture, in his opinion, was the touchstone by which to test the holiest doctors themselves.

Zwingle's course was slow, but progressive. He did not arrive at the truth, like Luther, by those storms which impel the soul to run hastily to its harbour of refuge; he reached it by the peaceful influence of Scripture, whose power expands gradually in the heart. Luther attained the wished for shore through the storms of the wide ocean; Zwingle, by gliding softly down the stream. These are the two principal ways by which the Almighty leads men. Zwingle was not fully converted to God and to his Gospel until the earlier years of his residence at Zurich; yet the moment when, in 1514 or 1515, this strong man bent the knee before God, in prayer for the understanding of his Word, was that in which appeared the first glimmering rays of the bright day that afterwards beamed upon him.

About this period one of Erasmus's poems, in which Jesus Christ is introduced addressing mankind perishing through their own fault, made a deep impression on Zwingle. Alone in his closet, he repeated to himself that passage in which Jesus complains that men do not seek every grace from him, although he is the source of all that is good. "All," said he, "All." And this word was ever present to his mind. "Are

there, then, any creatures, any saints, of whom we should beg assistance? No: Christ is our only treasure."

Zwingle did not restrict himself to the study of christian letters. One of the characteristic features of the reformers of the sixteenth century is their profound study of the Greek and Roman writers. The poems of Hesiod, Homer, and Pindar possessed great charms for Zwingle, and he has left some commentaries or characteristics of the two last poets. It seemed to him that Pindar spoke of the gods in so sublime a strain that he must have felt a presentiment of the true God. He studied Demosthenes and Cicero thoroughly, and in their writings learnt the art of oratory and the duties of a citizen.

He called Seneca a holy man. The child of the Swiss mountains delighted also to investigate the mysteries of nature in the works of Pliny. Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Caesar, Suetonius, Plutarch, and Tacitus taught him the knowledge of mankind. He has been reproached with his enthusiasm for the great men of antiquity, and it is true that some of his expressions on this subject admit of no justification. But if he honoured them so highly, it was because he fancied he discerned in them, not mere human virtues, but the influence of the Holy Ghost. In his opinion, God's influence, far from being limited in ancient times by the boundaries of Palestine, extended over the whole world. "Plato," said he, "has also drunk at this heavenly spring. And if the two Catos, Scipio, and Camillus, had not been truly religious, could they have been so highminded?"

Zwingle communicated a taste for letters to all around him. Many intelligent young men were educated at his school. "You have offered me not only books, but yourself also," wrote Valentine Tschudi, son of one of the heroes in the Burgundian wars; and this young man, who had already studied at Vienna and Basle under the most celebrated doctors, added: "I have found no one who could explain the classic authors with such acumen and profundity as yourself." Tschudi went to Paris, and thus was able to compare the spirit that prevailed in this university with that which he had found in a narrow valley of the Alps, over which soared the gigantic summits and eternal snows of the Dodi, the Glarnisch, the Viggis and the Freyberg. "In what frivolities do they educate the French youth! " said he. "No poison can equal the sophistical art that they are taught. It dulls the senses, weakens the judgment, and brutalizes the man, who then becomes, as it were, a mere echo, an empty sound. Ten women could not make head against one of these rhetoricans. Even in their prayers, I am certain, they bring their sophisms before God, and by their syllogisms presume to constrain the Holy Spirit to answer them." Such were at that time Paris, the

intellectual metropolis of Christendom, and Glaris, a village of herdmen among the Alps. One ray of light from God's Word enlightens more than all the wisdom of man.

CHAPTER 4

Zwingle to Erasmus—Oswald Myconius—The Robbers—Oecolampadius—Zwingle at Marignan—Zwingle in Italy—Zwingle's Method—Commencement of the Reform—Discovery—Passage from one World to the other

A great man of that age, Erasmus, exercised much influence over Zwingle. No sooner did one of his writings appear than Zwingle hastened to purchase it. In 1514, Erasmus arrived in Basle, where the bishop received him with every mark of esteem. All the friends of learning immediately assembled around him. But the prince of the schools had easily discovered him who was to be the glory of Switzerland. "I congratulate the Helvetians," wrote he to Zwingle, "that you are labouring to polish and civilize them by your studies and your morals, which are alike of the highest order." Zwingle earnestly longed to see him. "Spaniards and Gauls went to Rome to see Livy," said he, and set out. On arriving at Basle, he found there a man about forty years of age, of small stature, weak frame, and delicate appearance, but exceedingly amiable and polite. It was Erasmus. His agreeable manners soon banished Zwingle's timidity; the power of his genius subdued him. "Poor as Aeschines," said he, "when each of Socrates' disciples offered their master a present, I give you what Aeschines gave I give you myself! "

Among the men of learning who then formed the court of Erasmus,—such as Amerbach, Rhenanus, Frobenius, Nessenus, and Glarean,—Zwingle noticed Oswald Geisshussler, a young man of Lucerne, twentyseven years old. Erasmus hellenised his name, and called him Myconius. We shall generally speak of him by his christian name, in order to distinguish the friend of Zwingle from Frederick Myconius, the disciple of Luther. Oswald, after studying at Rothwyl, with a youth of his own age named Berthold Haller, and next at Berne and at Basle, had become rector of Saint Theodore's school, and afterwards of Saint Peter's in the latter city. The humble schoolmaster, though possessed of a scanty income, had married a young woman whose simplicity and purity of mind won all hearts. We have already seen that this was a time of trouble in Switzerland, in which foreign wars gave rise to violent disorders, and the soldiers, returning to their country, brought back with them their campaigning habits of licentiousness and brutality.

One dark and cloudy day in winter, some of these ruffians attacked Oswald's quiet dwelling in his absence. They knocked at the door, threw stones, and called for his modest wife in the most indecent language; at last they dashed in the windows, and entering the schoolroom, broke everything they could find, and then retired. Oswald returned shortly after. His son, little Felix, ran to meet him with loud cries,

and his wife, unable to speak, made signs of the utmost affright. He perceived what had happened to him. At the same moment, a noise was heard in the street. Unable to control his feelings, the schoolmaster seized a weapon, and pursued the rioters to the cemetery. They took refuge within it, prepared to defend themselves: three of their number fell upon Myconius, and wounded him; and while his wound was dressing, those wretches again broke into his house with furious cries. Oswald says no more. Such were the scenes that took place in the cities of Switzerland at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and before the Reformation had softened and disciplined manners.

The integrity of Oswald Myconius, his thirst for knowledge and virtue, brought him into contact with Zwingle. The rector of the school of Basle recognised the superiority of the priest of Glaris. In his humility he shrunk from the praises lavished on him both by Zwingle and Erasmus. The latter would often say: "I look upon you schoolmasters as the peers of kings." But the modest Myconius was of a different opinion. "I do but crawl upon the earth; from my childhood, there has been something humble and mean about me."

A preacher who had arrived in Basle at nearly the same time as Zwingle was then attracting general attention. Of a mild and peaceful disposition, he loved a tranquil life; slow and circumspect in action, his chief delight was to labour in his study and to promote concord among all Christians. His name was John Hausschein, in Greek Oecolampadius, or "the light of the house;" he was born in Franconia, of rich parents, a year before Zwingle. His pious mother desired to consecrate to learning and to God the only child that Providence had left her. His father at first destined him to business, and then to jurisprudence. But after Oecolampadius had returned to Bologna, where he had been studying the law, the Lord, who was pleased to make him a light in the Church, called him to the study of theology. He was preaching in his native town, when Capito, who had known him at Heidelberg, got him appointed preacher at Basle. He there proclaimed Christ with an eloquence which filled his hearers with admiration. Erasmus admitted him into his intimacy. Oecolampadius was charmed with the hours he passed in the society of this great genius. "There is but one thing," said the monarch of learning to him, "that we should look for in Holy Scripture, and that is Jesus Christ." He gave the youthful preacher, as a memorial of his friendship, the commencement of the Gospel of St. John. Oecolampadius would often kiss this pledge of so valued an affection, and kept it suspended to his crucifix, "in order," said he, "that I may always remember Erasmus in my prayers."

Zwingle returned to his native mountains, his heart and mind full of all he had seen and heard at Basle. "I should be unable to sleep," wrote he to Erasmus shortly

after his return, "if I had not held some conversation with you. There is nothing I am prouder of than of having seen Erasmus." Zwingle had received a new impulse. Such journeys often exercise a great influence over the career of a Christian. Zwingle's pupils—Valentine, Jost, with Louis Peter and Egidius Tschudi; his friends—the landamman Aebli, the priest Binzli of Wesen, Fridolin Brunner, and the celebrated professor Glarean, were delighted to see him increase in knowledge and in wisdom. The old respected him as a courageous patriot; the faithful pastors, as a zealous minister of the Lord. Nothing was done in the country without his being first consulted. All good people hoped that the ancient virtues of Switzerland would be one day revived by him.

Francis I having ascended the throne, and desiring to avenge in Italy the honour of the French name, the pope in consternation endeavoured to gain over the cantons. Thus, in 1515, Ulrich again visited the plains of Italy in the midst of the phalanxes of his countrymen. But the dissensions that the intrigues of the French sowed in the confederate army wrung his heart. Often might he be seen in the midst of the camp haranguing with energy, and at the same time with great wisdom, an audience armed from head to foot, and ready to fight. On the 8th of September, five days before the battle of Marignan, he preached in the square of Monza, where the Swiss soldiers who had remained faithful to their colours were assembled. "If we had then, and even later, followed Zwingle's advice," said Werner Steiner of Zug, "what evils would our country have been spared! " But all ears were shut against the voice of concord, prudence, and submission. The impetuous eloquence of Cardinal Schinner electrified the confederates, and impelled them to rush like a torrent to the fatal field of Marignan. The flower of the Helvetian youth perished there.

Zwingle, who had been unable to prevent such disasters, threw himself, in the cause of Rome, into the midst of danger. His hand wielded the sword. A melancholy error! A minister of Christ, he forgot more than once that he should fight only with the weapons of the Spirit, and he was destined to see fulfilled, in his own person, this prophecy of our Lord: They that take the sword, shall perish with the sword.

Zwingle and the Swiss had been unable to save Rome. The ambassador of Venice was the first in the pontifical city to hear of the defeat at Marignan. Quite elated, he repaired early in the morning to the Vatican. The pope left his chamber half dressed to give him an audience. When Leo X heard the news, he did not conceal his terror. In this moment of alarm he saw only Francis I, and had no hope but in him: "My lord ambassador," said he trembling to Zorsi, "we must throw ourselves into the arms of the king, and cry for mercy! " Luther and Zwingle, in their dangers, knew another arm, and invoked another mercy.

This second visit to Italy was not unprofitable to Zwingle. He remarked the difference between the Ambrosian ritual in use at Milan and that of Rome. He collected and compared with each other the most ancient canons of the mass. Thus a spirit of inquiry was developed in him, even amid the tumult of camps. At the same time the sight of the children of his fatherland, led beyond the Alps and delivered up to slaughter like their herds, filled him with indignation. It was a common saying, that "the flesh of the confederates was cheaper than that of their kine." The faithlessness and ambition of the pope, the avarice and ignorance of the priests, the licentiousness and dissipation of the monks, the pride and luxury of the prelates, the corruption and venality that infected the Swiss on every side—all these evils forced themselves upon his attention, and made him feel more keenly than ever the necessity of a reform in the Church.

From this time Zwingle preached the Word of God more clearly. He explained the portions of the Gospels and Epistles selected for the public services, always comparing scripture with scripture. He spoke with animation and with power, and pursued with his hearers the same course that God had adopted with him. He did not, like Luther, expose the sores of the Church; but in proportion as the study of the Bible manifested to him any useful lesson, he communicated it to his flock. He endeavoured to instil the truth into their hearts, and then relied on it for the result that it was destined to produce. "If the people understand what is true," thought he, "they will soon discern what is false." This maxim is good for the commencement of a reformation; but there comes a time when error should be boldly pointed out. This Zwingle knew full well. "The spring is the season for sowing," said he; and it was then seedtime with him.

Zwingle has indicated this period (1516) as the beginning of the Swiss Reformation. In effect, if four years before he had bent his head over the book of God, he now raised it, and turned towards his people to impart to them the light that he had found therein. This is a new and important epoch in the history of the development of the religious revolution in these countries; but it has been erroneously concluded from these countries; but it has been erroneously concluded from these dates that Zwingle's reform preceded that of Luther. Perhaps Zwingle preached the Gospel a year previous to the publication of Luther's theses, but Luther himself preached four years before those celebrated propositions. If Luther and Zwingle had strictly confined themselves to preaching, the Reformation would not so rapidly have overrun the Church. Luther and Zwingle were neither the first monk nor the first priest that had taught a purer doctrine than the schoolmen. But Luther was the first to uplift publicly and with indomitable courage the standard of truth against the dominion of error; to direct general attention to the fundamental doctrine of the

Gospel,—salvation through grace; to lead his generation into that new way of knowledge, faith, and life, from which a new world has issued; in a word, to begin a salutary and real revolution. The great struggle of which the theses of 1517 were the signal, really gave birth to the Reformation, and imparted to it both a soul and a body. Luther was the first reformer.

A spirit of inquiry was beginning to breathe on the mountains of Switzerland. One day the priest of Glaris, chancing to be in the delightful country of Mollis, at the house of Adam the priest of the place, together with Bunzli, priest of Wesen, and Varschon, priest of Kerensen, these friends discovered an old liturgy, in which they read these words: "After the child is baptised, let him partake of the sacrament of the Eucharist and likewise the cup."—"So then," said Zwingle, "the sacrament was at that time given in our churches under both kinds." This liturgy, which was about two hundred years old, was a great discovery for these Alpine priests.

The defeat at Marignan produced its natural results in the can tons. The victorious Francis I was prodigal of gold and flatteries to win over the confederates, and the emperor conjured them by their honour, by the tears of widows and orphans, and by the blood of their brethren, not to sell themselves to their murderers. The French party had the upperhand in Glaris, and from that time this residence became burdensome to Ulrich.

Had Zwingle remained at Glaris, he might possibly have been a mere man of the age. Party intrigue, political prejudices, the empire, France, and the Duke of Milan, might have almost absorbed his life. God never leaves in the midst of the tumult of the world those whom he is training for his people. He leads them aside; He places them in some retirement, where they find themselves face to face with God and themselves, and whence they derive inexhaustible instruction. The Son of God himself, a type in this respect of the course He pursues with his servants, passed forty days in the wilderness. It was now time to withdraw Zwingle from this political movement which, by constant repetition in his soul, would have quenched the Spirit of God. The hour had come to prepare him for another stage than that on which courtiers, cabinets, and factions contended, and where he would have uselessly wasted a strength worthy of a higher occupation. His fellow-countrymen had need of something better. It was necessary that a new life should now descend from heaven, and that the instrument of its transmission should unlearn the things of earth, to learn those of heaven. These two spheres are entirely distinct: a wide gulf separates the two worlds; and before passing wholly from one to the other, Zwingle was to sojourn for a time on a neutral territory,—an intermediate and preparatory state, there to be taught of God. God at this time removed him from among the factions of

Glaris, and conducted him, for his novitiate, to the solitude of a hermitage. He confined within the narrow walls of an abbey this generous seed of the Reformation, which, soon transplanted to a better soil, was to cover the mountains with its shadow.

CHAPTER 5

Our Lady of Einsidlen—Zwingle's Call—The Abbot—Geroldsek—A learned Society—The Bible copied—Zwingle and Superstition—First Opposition to Error—Sensation—Hedio—Zwingle and the Legates—The Honours of Rome—The Bishop of Constance—Samson and the Indulgences—Stapfer—Zwingle's Charity—His Friends

About the middle of the ninth century, a German monk, Meinrad of Hohenzollern, had passed between the lakes of Zurich and Wallenstadt, and halted on a little hill in front of an amphitheatre of pines, where he built a cell. Ruffians imbrued their hands in the blood of the saint. The polluted cell long remained deserted. About the end of the tenth century, a convent and church in honour of the Virgin were built on this sacred spot. About midnight on the eve of the day of consecration, the Bishop of Constance and his priests were at prayers in the church: a heavenly strain, proceeding from invisible beings, suddenly resounded through the chapel. They listened prostrate and with admiration.

On the morrow, as the bishop was about to consecrate the building, a voice repeated thrice: "Stop! stop! God himself has consecrated it! " Christ in person (it was said) had blessed it during the night: the strains they had heard were those of angels, apostles, and saints; and the Virgin standing above the altar shone with the brightness of lightning. A bull of Leo VIII had forbidden the faithful to doubt the truth of this legend. From that time an immense crowd of pilgrims had annually visited our Lady of the Hermits for the festival of "the Consecration of the Angels." Delphi and Ephesus in ancient times, and Loretto in more recent days, have alone equaled the renown of Einsidlen. It was in this extraordinary place that, in 1516, Ulrich Zwingle was invited to be priest and preacher.

Zwingle did not hesitate. "It is neither ambition nor covetousness," said he, "that takes me there, but the intrigues of the French. Reasons of a higher kind determined him. On the one hand, having more solitude, more tranquillity, and a less extensive parish, he would be able to devote more time to study and meditation; on the other, this resort of pilgrims offered him an easy means of spreading a knowledge of Jesus Christ into the most distant countries.

The friends of evangelical preaching at Glaris loudly expressed their grief. "What more distressing can happen to Glaris," said Peter Tschudi, one of the most distinguished citizens of the canton, "than to be deprived of so great a man?" His parishioners, seeing that he was inflexible, resolved to leave him the title of pastor of Glaris, with a portion of the stipend, and the power of returning whenever he chose.

Conrad of Rechberg, a gentleman descended from an ancient family, serious, frank, intrepid, and sometimes perhaps a little rough, was one of the most celebrated huntsmen of the country to which Zwingle was going. In one of his farms (the Silthal) he had established a stud where he raised a breed of horses that became famous in Italy.

Such was the abbot of Our Lady of the Hermits. Rechberg held in equal detestation the pretensions of Rome and theological discussions. One day when, during a visitation of the order, some observations were made to him: "I am master here, and not you," said he, somewhat rudely; "go your ways." At another time, as Leo Juda was discussing some intricate question at table with the administrator of the convent, the hunting abbot exclaimed: "Leave off your disputes! I cry with David: Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness, and enter not into judgment with thy servant. I desire to know nothing more."

The manager of the monastery was Baron Theobald of Geroldsek; a man of mild character, sincere piety, and great love for letters. His favourite plan was to assemble in his convent a body of learned men; and with this view he had invited Zwingle. Eager for instruction and reading, he begged his new friend to direct him. "Study the Holy Scriptures," replied Zwingle, "and that you may better understand them, read Saint Jerome. However (added he) a time will come (and that soon, with God's help) when Christians will not set great store either by Saint Jerome or any other doctor, but solely by the Word of God."

Geroldsek's conduct gave indication of his progress in faith. He permitted the nuns in a convent depending on Einsidlen to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue; and some years later, Geroldsek went and lived at Zurich beside Zwingle, and died with him on the field of Cappel. The same charm erelong tenderly attached to Zwingle, not only Geroldsek, but also Zink the chaplain, the worthy Oexlin, Lucas, and other inmates of the abbey. These studious men, far from the tumult of parties, used to unite in reading the Scriptures, the fathers of the Church, the masterpieces of antiquity, and the writings of the restorers of learning. This interesting circle was often increased by friends from distant parts. Among others, Capito one day arrived at Einsidlen. The two old friends of Basle walked over the convent together, and strolled about its wild environs, absorbed in conversation, examining the Scriptures, and seeking to learn God's will. There was one point upon which they were agreed, and it was this: "The pope of Rome must fall! " Capito was at this time a bolder man than he was afterwards.

In this calm retreat Zwingle enjoyed rest, leisure, books, and friends, and grew in understanding and in faith. It was then (May 1517) that he commenced a work that proved very useful to him. As in ancient days the kings of Israel transcribed God's law with their own hands, so Zwingle with his copied out the Epistles of St. Paul. At that time there existed none but voluminous editions of the New Testament, and Zwingle wished to be able to carry it with him always. He learned these Epistles by heart, and somewhat later the other books of the New Testament and part of the Old. His soul thus grew daily more attached to the supreme authority of the Word of God. He was not content simply to acknowledge this authority; he resolved sincerely to subject his life to it. He entered gradually into a more christian path. The purpose for which he had been brought into this desert was accomplishing. Doubtless, it was not until his residence at Zurich that the power of a christian life penetrated all his being; but already at Einsidlen he had made evident progress in sanctification. At Glaris, he had been seen to take part in worldly amusements; at Einsidlen, he sought more and more after a life pure from every stain and from all worldliness; he began to have a better understanding of the great spiritual interests of the people, and learned by degrees what God designed to teach him.

Providence, in bringing him to Einsidlen, had also other aims. He was to have a nearer view of the superstitions and abuses which had invaded the Church. The image of the Virgin, carefully preserved in the monastery, had, it was said, the power of working miracles. Over the gate of the abbey might be read this presumptuous inscription: "Here a plenary remission of sins may be obtained." A crowd of pilgrims flocked to Einsidlen from every part of Christendom to merit this grace by their pilgrimage at the festival of the Virgin.

The church, the abbey, and all the valley were filed with her devout worshippers. But it was particularly at the great feast of "the Consecration of the Angels" that the crowd thronged the hermitage. Many thousand individuals of both sexes climbed in long files the slopes of the mountain leading to the oratory, singing hymns or counting their beads. These devout pilgrims crowded eagerly into the church, imagining themselves nearer to God there than elsewhere.

Zwingle's residence at Einsidlen, as regards a knowledge of the abuses of the papacy, produced an analogous effect to that resulting from Luther's visit to Rome. In this monastery he completed his education as a reformer. God alone is the source of salvation, and He is everywhere: this was what he learned at Einsidlen, and these two truths became the fundamental articles of Zwingle's theology. The seriousness he had acquired in his soul soon manifested itself in his actions. Struck by the knowledge of so many evils, he resolved to oppose them boldly. He did not hesitate

between his conscience and his interests: he stood forth with courage, and his energetic eloquence uncompromisingly attacked the superstitions of the crowd that surrounded him. "Do not imagine," said he from the pulpit, "that God is in this temple more than in any other part of creation. Whatever be the country in which you dwell, God is around you, and hears you as well as at Our Lady's of Einsidlen. Can unprofitable works, long pilgrimages, offerings, images, the invocation of the Virgin or of the saints, secure for you the grace of God? What avails the multitude of words with which we embody our prayers? What efficacy has a glossy cowl, a smoothshorn head, a long and flowing robe, or goldembroidered slippers! God looks at the heart, and our hearts are far from Him! "

But Zwingle desired to do more than merely inveigh against superstition; he wished to satisfy the ardent yearnings for reconciliation with God, experienced by many pilgrims who flocked to the chapel of Our Lady of Einsidlen. "Christ," exclaimed he, like John the Baptist in this new desert of the mountains of Judea, "Christ, who was once offered upon the cross, is the sacrifice (host) and victim, that had made satisfaction for the sins of believers to all eternity." Thus Zwingle advanced. On the day when such bold language was first heard in the most venerated sanctuary of Switzerland, the standard uplifted against Rome began to rise more distinctly above its mountains, and there was, so to speak, an earthquake of reformation that shook her very foundations.

In effect, universal astonishment filled the crowd as they listened to the words of the eloquent priest. Some withdrew in horror; others hesitated between the faith of their sires and this doctrine which was to ensure peace; many went to Jesus, who was preached to them as meek and gentle, and carried back the tapers they had brought to present to the Virgin. A crowd of pilgrims returned to their homes, everywhere announcing what they had heard at Einsidlen: "Christ Alone Saves, and he saves Everywhere." Often did whole bands, amazed at these reports, turn back without completing their pilgrimage. Mary's worshippers diminished in number daily. It was their offerings that made up in great measure the stipends of Zwingle and Geroldsek. But this bold witness to the truth felt happy in impoverishing himself, if he could spiritually enrich souls.

Among Zwingle's numerous hearers at the feast of Whitsuntide in 1518, was Gaspard Hedio, doctor of divinity at Basle, a learned man, of mild character and active charity. Zwingle was preaching on the narrative of the paralytic (Luke 5.), in which occurs this declaration of our Lord: The Son of Man hath power upon earth to forgive sins—words well adapted to strike the crowd assembled in the temple of the Virgin. The preacher's sermon stirred, harmed, and inspired his congregation, and

particularly the Basle doctor. For a long while after, Hedio was accustomed to speak of it with admiration. "How beautiful is this discourse," said he: "how profound, solemn, copious, penetrating, and evangelical! how it reminds us of the energeia (the force) of the ancient doctors! " From this moment Hedio admired and loved Zwingle. He would have liked to have spoken with him, to have unbosomed himself to him; he wandered round the abbey, yet dared not advance, being held back (he says) by superstitious timidity. He remounted his horse, and retired slowly, often turning his head towards the walls that enclosed so great a treasure, and bearing away in his heart the keenest regret.

Thus preached Zwingle; certainly with less force, but with more moderation and not less success than Luther; he precipitated nothing; he shocked men's minds far less than the Saxon reformer; he expected everything from the power of truth. He behaved with the same discretion in his intercourse with the heads of the Church. Far from showing himself immediately as their adversary, like Luther, he long remained their friend. The latter humoured him exceedingly, not only on account of his learning and talents (Luther had the same claims to the respect of the Bishops of Mentz and Brandenburg), but especially because of his attachment to the political party of the pope, and the influence such a man as Zwingle possessed in a republican state.

Several cantons, indeed, disgusted with the papal service, were on the point of breaking with it. But the legates flattered themselves they would retain many by gaining Zwingle, as they had already gained Erasmus, by pensions and honours. The legates Ennius and Pucci paid frequent visits to Einsidlen, whence, considering its vicinity to the democratic cantons, their negotiations with these states were easier. But Zwingle, far from sacrificing the truth to the demands and offers of Rome, let no opportunity escape of defending the Gospel. The famous Schinner, whose diocese was then in a disturbed state, spent some time at Einsidlen. "The popedom," said Zwingle one day, "reposes on a bad foundation: apply yourselves to the work; reject all errors and abuses, or else you will see the whole edifice fall with a tremendous crash."

He spoke with the same freedom to Cardinal Pucci. Four times he returned to the charge. "With God's aid," said he, "I will continue to preach the Gospel, and this preaching will make Rome totter." He then explained to the prelate what ought to be done in order to save the Church. Pucci promised everything, but did nothing. Zwingle declared that he would resign the pope's pension. The legate entreated him to keep it, and Zwingle, who had no intention at that time of setting himself in open hostility against the head of the Church, consented to receive it for three years longer. "But do not imagine," added he, "that for love of money I retract a single syllable of the truth."

Pucci in alarm procured for the reformer the nomination of acolyte to the pope. This was a step to further honours. Rome aimed at frightening Luther by her judgments, and gaining Zwingle by her favours. Against the one she hurled her excommunications; to the other she cast her gold and splendours. These were two different ways of attaining the same end, and of silencing the bold tongues that dared, in the pope's despite, proclaim the Word of God in Germany and in Switzerland. The latter was the more skillful policy: but neither was successful. The emancipated souls of the preachers of the truth were equally beyond the reach of vengeance or of favour.

Another Swiss prelate, Hugo of Landenberg, bishop of Constance, about this time excited hopes in Zwingle's breast. He ordered a general visitation of the churches. But Landenberg, a man of no decision of character, permitted himself to be guided at one time by Faber his vicar, and at another by a vicious woman whose influence he could not shake off. Sometimes he appeared to honour the Gospel, and yet he looked upon any man as a disturber of the people who ventured to preach it boldly. He was one of those men, too common in the Church, who, although they prefer truth to error, show more regard to error than to truth, and often end by turning against those by whose sides they should have fought. Zwingle applied to him, but in vain. He was destined to make the same experiment as Luther, and to acknowledge that it was useless to invoke the assistance of the heads of the Church, and that the only way of reviving Christianity was to act as a faithful teacher of the Word of God. The opportunity soon came.

Along the heights of Saint Gothard, over those elevated roads that have been cut with incredible toil through the steep rocks that separate Switzerland from Italy, journeyed a Franciscan monk, in the month of August 1518. Emerging from an Italian convent, he was the bearer of the papal indulgences which he had been empowered to sell to the good Christians of the Helvetic Confederation. The brilliant successes gained under the two preceding popes had conferred honour on this scandalous traffic. Accompanied by men appointed to puff off the wares he had for sale, he crossed these snows and icy glaciers as old as the world. This greedy train, whose appearance was wretched enough, not ill resembling a band of adventurers in search of plunder, advanced silently to the noise of the impetuous torrents that form the Rhine, the Rhone, the Ticino, and other rivers, meditating the spoliation of the simple inhabitants of Switzerland. Samson, for such was the Franciscan's name, and his troop, arrived first in Uri, and there opened their trade. They had soon finished with these poor mountaineers, and then passed on to Schwytz. Zwingle resided in this canton—and here combat was to take place between the two servants of two very different masters. "I can pardon all sins," said the Italian monk, the Tetzel of Switzerland, addressing the inhabitants of the capital. "Heaven and hell are subject

to my power; and I sell the merits of Christ to any who will purchase them by buying an indulgence for ready money."

Zwingle's zeal took fire as he heard of these discourses. He preached with energy, saying; "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has said, Come Unto Me all ye that are weary and heaven laden, and I will give you rest. Is it not, then, most presumptuous folly and senseless temerity to declare, on the contrary: 'Buy letters of indulgence! hasten to Rome! give to the monks! sacrifice to the priests! and if thou doest these things, I absolve thee from thy sins?' Jesus Christ is the only oblation; the only sacrifice; the only way! "

Throughout Schwytz, Samson erelong was called a cheat and seducer. He took the road to Zug, and for a time the two champions did not meet.

Scarcely had Samson left Schwytz, when Stapfer, a citizen of this canton, a man of distinguished character, and afterwards secretary of state, was suddenly reduced with his family to great distress. "Alas! " said he, addressing Zwingle in his anguish, "I know not how to satisfy my hunger, and that of my poor children." Zwingle could give when Rome could take, and he was as ready to practice good works, as he was to combat those who taught that salvation was to be gained by them. Every day he carried Stapfer abundant supplies. "It is God," said he, desirous of taking no praise to himself, "it is God who begets charity in the faithful, and gives at once the thought, the resolve, and the work itself. Whatever good work the just man doeth, it is God who doeth it by His own power." Stapfer remained attached to Zwingle all his life, and when four years later he had become secretary of state at Schwytz, and felt impelled by more elevated desires, he turned towards Zwingle, saying with nobleness and candour: "Since it was you who provided for my temporal wants, how much more may I now expect from you the food that shall satisfy my soul! "

Zwingle's friends increased in number. It was not only at Glaris, Basle, and Schwytz that souls were found in harmony with his: in Uri, there was Schmidt, the secretary of state; at Zug, Colin, Muller, and Werner Steiner, an old fellowsoldier at Marignan; at Lucerne, Xyloctect and Kilchmeyer; at Bienne, Wittembach; and many others in other places besides. But the priest of Einsidlen had no friend more devoted that Oswald Myconius. Oswald had quitted Basle in 1516, to superintend the cathedral school at Zurich. At that time this city possessed neither learned men nor learned schools. Oswald laboured, in conjunction with several other welldisposed men, among whom was Utinger, the pope's notary, to rescue the Zurich people from their ignorance, and to initiate them in the literature of the ancients. At the same time he upheld the immutable truth of the Holy Scriptures, and declared that if the pope and

the emperor commanded anything in opposition to the Gospel, man is bound to obey God alone, who is above the emperor and the pope.

CHAPTER 6

The Canon's College—Election to the Cathedral—Fable—Accusations—Zwingle's Confession—Development of God's Purposes—Farewell to Einsidlen—Arrival at Zurich—Zwingle's bold Declaration—First Sermons—Their Effect—Opposition—Zwingle's Character—Taste for Music—Arrangement of the Day—The Bookhawker

Seven centuries before, Charlemagne had attached a college of canons to the cathedral of Zurich, the school belonging to which was under the direction of Myconius. These canons having declined from their primitive institutions, and desiring to enjoy their benefices in the sweets on an indolent life, used to elect a priest to whom they confided the preaching and the cure of souls. This post became vacant shortly after the arrival of Myconius, who immediately thought of his friend. What a gain it would be to Zurich! Zwingle's exterior was in his favour. He was a handsome man, of graceful manners, and pleasing conversation; he had already become celebrated for his eloquence, and excelled throughout the Confederation by the splendour of his genius.

Myconius spoke of him to Felix Frey, the provost of the CHAPTER, who was prepossessed by Zwingle's talents and appearance; to Utinger, an old man, highly respected, and to the canon Hoffmann, a person of upright and open character, who, from having long preached against the foreign service, was already well disposed in Ulrich's favour. Other Zurichers had, on different occasions, heard Zwingle at Einsidlen, and had returned full of admiration. The election of a preacher for the cathedral soon put everybody in Zurich in motion. The different parties began to bestir themselves. Many laboured day and night to procure the election of the eloquent preacher of Our Lady of the Hermits. Myconius informed his friend of this "Wednesday next, I shall go and dine at Zurich," replied Zwingle, "and then we will talk this matter over." He came accordingly. While paying a visit to one of the canons, the latter said, "Can you not come and preach the Word of God among us?"—"I can," replied he, "but I will not come, unless I am called." He then returned to his abbey.

This visit spread alarm in the camp of his enemies. They pressed several priests to become candidates for the vacant post. A Swabian, Lawrence Fable, even delivered a probationary sermon, and a report was circulated that he had been elected. "It is very true, then" said Zwingle, on being apprized of this, "that no man is a prophet in his own country since a Swabian is preferred to a Swiss. I know what the applause of the people is worth." Immediately after, Zwingle received a letter from Cardinal Schinner's secretary, informing him that the election had not yet taken place. But the

false intelligence that had reached him first, piqued the chaplain of Einsidlen. Knowing that a man so unworthy as this Fable aspired to the station, he became the more eager for himself, and wrote about it to Myconius. Oswald replied on the following day: "Fable will always remain a fable; our gentlemen have learnt that he is the father of six boys, and already holds I know not how many livings."

Zwingle's enemies, however, did not consider themselves beaten. All agreed in extolling to the clouds the extent of his acquirements; but some said, "He is too fond of music! " Others, "He loves com pany and pleasure! " And others again, "He was once too intimate with persons of light conduct! " One man even accused him of seduction. Zwingle was not blameless, and although less erring than the ecclesiastics of his day, he had more than once, in the first years of his ministry, allowed himself to be led astray by the passions of youth. We cannot easily form an idea of the influence upon the soul of the corrupt atmosphere in which it lives. There existed in the papacy, and among the priests, disorders that were established, allowed, and authorized, as conformable to the laws of nature. A saying of Aeneas Sylvius, afterwards pope under the title of Pius II, gives some notion of the degraded state of public manners at this epoch. Disorder had come to be the generally admitted order of things.

Oswald exerted an unwearying activity in his friend's behalf; he employed all his powers to justify him, and luckily succeeded. He visited the Burgomaster Roust, Hoffman, Frey, and Utinger; he lauded the probity, decorum, and purity of Zwingle's conduct, and confirmed the Zurichers in the favourable impression they entertained towards the priest of Einsidlen. Little credit was paid to the stories of his adversaries. The most influential men said that Zwingle would be preacher at Zurich. The canons said the same, but in an undertone. "Hope on," wrote Oswald with a rising heart; "hope on, for I hope." He nevertheless informed him of the accusations of his enemies. Although Zwingle had not yet become altogether a new man, he was one of those whose conscience is awakened, who may fall into sin, but never without a struggle and without remorse. Often had he resolved to lead a holy life, alone among his kind, in the midst of the world. But when he found himself accused, he would not boast of being without sin. "Having no one to walk with me in the resolutions I had formed," wrote he to the canon Utinger, "many even of those about me being offended at them, alas! I fell, and like the dog of which St. Peter speaks (2 Peter 2:22), I turned again to my vomit. The Lord knows with what shame and anguish I have dragged these faults from the bottom of my heart, and laid them before that great Being to whom, however, I confess my wretchedness far more willingly than to man." But if Zwingle acknowledged himself a sinner, he vindicated himself from the odious accusations that had been made against him. He declared that he had always banished far from

the thought of adultery or seducing the innocent,—grievous excesses which were then too common. "I call to witness," says he, "all those with whom I have ever lived."

The election took place on the 11th of December. Zwingle was appointed by a majority of seventeen votes out of twenty-four. It was time that the Reformation began in Switzerland. The chosen instrument that Providence had been preparing for three years in the hermitage of Einsidlen was ready; the hour was come for him to be stationed elsewhere. God, who had chosen the new university of Wittenberg, situated in the heart of Germany, under the protection of one of the wisest of princes, there to call Luther, selected in Helvetia the city of Zurich, regarded as the head of the confederation, there to station Zwingle. In that place he would be in communication not only with one of the most intelligent and simplehearted, the strongest and the most energetic people in Switzerland, but still more with all the cantons that collected around this ancient and powerful state. The hand that had led a young herdsman from the Sentis to the school of Wesen, was now setting him, mighty in word and in deed, in the face of all, that he might regenerate his nation. Zurich was about to become the centre of light to the whole of Switzerland.

It was a day of mingled joy and sorrow at Einsidlen, when its inmates were informed of Zwingle's nomination. The society which had been formed there was about to be broken up by the removal of its most valuable member; and who could say that superstition might not again prevail in this ancient resort of pilgrims? The statecouncil of Schwytz transmitted to Ulrich the expression of their sentiments, styling him, "reverend, most learned, very gracious lord and good friend."—"Give us at least a successor worthy of yourself," said the heartbroken Geroldsek to Zwingle.—"I have a little lion for you," replied he, "one who is simpleminded and prudent, and deep in the mysteries of Scripture."—"I will have him," said the administrator. It was Leo Juda, that mild and intrepid man, with whom Zwingle had been so intimate at Basle. Leo accepted this invitation which brought him nearer his dear Ulrich. The latter embraced his friends, quitted the solitude of Einsidlen, and arrived at that delightful spot where rises the cheerful and animated city of Zurich, with its amphitheatre of hills, covered with vineyards, or adorned with pastures and orchards, and crowned with forests above which appear the highest summits of the Albis.

Zurich, the centre of the political interests of Switzerland, and in which were often collected the most influential men in the nation, was the spot best adapted for acting upon Helvetia, and scattering the seeds of truth through all the cantons. Accordingly, the friends of learning and of the Bible joyfully hailed Zwingle's nomination. At Paris, in particular, the Swiss students, who were very numerous, thrilled with joy at this intelligence. But if at Zurich a great victory lay before Zwingle,

he had also to expect a hard struggle. Glarean wrote to him from Paris: "I foresee that your learning will excite great hatred; but be of good cheer, and like Hercules you will subdue the monsters."

On the 27th of December 1518, Zwingle arrived at Zurich and alighted at the hotel of Einsidlen. He received a hearty and an honourable welcome. The canons immediately r assembled, and invited him to take his place among them. Felix Frey presided; the canons, friends or enemies to Zwingle, sat indiscriminately around theiprovost. Unusual excitement prevailed in the assembly; for everyone felt, unconsciously perhaps, how serious was the beginning of this ministry. As they feared the innovating spirit of the young priest, it was agreed to explain to him the most important duties of his charge. "You will make every exertion," they said to him gravely, "to collect the revenues of the chapter, without overlooking the least. You will exhort the faithful, both from the pulpit and in the confessional, to pay all tithes and dues, and to show by their offerings their affection to the Church. You will be diligent in increasing the income arising from the sick, from masses, and in general from every ecclesiastical ordinance." The chapter added: "As for the administration of the sacraments, the preaching and the care of the flock, these are also the duties of the chaplain. But for these you may employ a substitute, and particularly in preaching. You should administer the sacraments to none but persons of note, and only when called upon; you are forbidden to do so without distinction of persons."

What a regulation for Zwingle! money! , money, nothing but money! Did Christ establish his ministry for this? Prudence, however, moderated his zeal; he knew that he could not at once deposit the seed in the earth, behold the tree grow up, and gather its fruits. Without any remark on the duties imposed upon him, Zwingle, after humbly expressing his gratitude for their flattering selection, announced what he intended doing: "The life of Christ," said he, "has been too long hidden from the people. I shall preach upon the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew, chapter after chapter, according to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, without human commentaries, drawing solely from the fountains of Scripture, sounding its depths, comparing one passage with another, and seeking for understanding by constant and earnest prayer. It is to God's glory, to the praise of his only Son, to the real salvation of souls, and to their edification in the true faith, that I shall consecrate my ministry." Language so novel made a deep impression on the chapter Some testified their joy; but the majority evinced sorrow. "This way of preaching is an innovation," exclaimed they; "one innovation will lead to another, and where shall we stop?" The canon Hoffman, especially, thought it his duty to prevent the melancholy consequences of an election for which he himself had been so earnest. "This explanation of Scripture," said he, "will be more injurious than useful to the people."—"It is not a new manner," replied

Zwingle, "it is the old custom. Call to mind the homilies of Chrysostom on St. Matthew, and of Augustine on St. John. Besides, I will speak with moderation, and give no persons just cause to complain of it."

Thus did Zwingle abandon the exclusive use of the fragments of the Gospels read since the time of Charlemagne: by restoring the Holy Scriptures to their ancient rights, he bound the Reformation from the very commencement of his ministry to the primitive times of Christianity, and laid a foundation by which future ages might study the Word of God. But we may go further: the firm and independent position he took up as regards the Gospel, announced a new work; the figure of the reformer stood in bold outline before the eyes of his people, and the reform advanced.

Hoffman, having failed in the chapter, addressed a written request to the provost, praying him to forbid Zwingle to disturb the faith of the people. The provost called the new preacher before him, and spoke to him very affectionately. But no human power could close Zwingle's lips. On the 31st December, he wrote to the council of Glaris, resigning entirely the cure they had reserved for him up to this time: he was all for Zurich, and for the work that God was preparing for him in this city.

On Saturday, the 1st day of the year 1519, and it was also his thirtyfifth birthday, Zwingle went into the cathedral pulpit. A great crowd, eager to see this celebrated man, and to hear this new Gospel, which was a general topic of conversation, crowded the temple. "It is to Christ," said Zwingle, "that I desire to lead you; to Christ, the true source of salvation. His Divine Word is the only food that I wish to set before your hearts and souls." He then gave out that on the following day, the first Sunday in the year, he would begin to explain the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The next morning, the preacher and a still more numerous congregation were at their posts. Zwingle opened the Gospel—so long a sealed book—and read the first page. Discoursing on the history of the patriarchs and prophets (1st Chapter of St. Matthew), he explained it in such a manner that his wondering and enraptured hearers exclaimed: "We never heard the like of this before! "

He continued thus to explain St. Matthew according to the Greek text. He showed how all the Bible found at once its explanation and its application in the very nature of man. Setting forth the highest truths of the Gospel in simple language, his preaching reached all classes, the wise and learned, as well as the ignorant and foolish. He extolled the infinite mercies of God the Father, and conjured all his hearers to place their sole trust in Jesus Christ, as their only Saviour. At the same time, he called them most earnestly to repentance; he forcibly attacked the prevailing errors among his people; and inveighed courageously against the luxury,

intemperance, costly garments, the oppression of the poor, idleness, foreign service, and pensions from the princes. "In the pulpit," said one of his contemporaries, "he spared no one, neither pope, emperor, kings, dukes, princes, lords, nor even the confederates themselves. All his strength and all the delight of his heart was in God; and accordingly he exhorted all the city of Zurich to trust solely in Him." "Never had they heard a man speak with such authority," said Oswald Myconius, who followed his friend's labours with great joy and hope.

It was impossible that the Gospel could be preached in Zurich to no purpose. An ever increasing multitude of all classes, and particularly of the lower orders, flocked to hear him. Many Zurichers had ceased to frequent the public worship. "I derive no instruction from the sermons of these priests," said Fusslin, the poet, historian, and councillor of state; "they do not preach the things belonging to salvation, because they understand them not. I can see in these men nothing but avarice and licentiousness." Henry Rauschlin, treasurer of state, a constant reader of scripture, thought the same: "The priests," said he, "met in thousands at the Council of Constance to burn the best of them all." These distinguished men, attracted by curiosity, came to hear Zwingle's first sermon. On their features might be read the emotion with which they listened to the preacher. "Glory be to God! " said they, as they retired; "this man is a preacher of the truth. He will be our Moses to lead us forth from this Egyptian darkness." From this moment they became the intimate friends of the reformer. "Ye mighty ones of the world," said Fusslin, "cease to proscribe the doctrine of Christ! When Christ, the Son of God, had been put to death, fishermen rose up to fill his place. And now, if you destroy the preachers of the truth, you will see glaziers, millers, potters, founders, shoemakers, and tailors teaching in their stead."

For a time there was but one cry of admiration in Zurich; but as soon as the first moments of enthusiasm were passed, the adversaries resumed their courage. Many well-meaning men, alarmed by the fear of a reformation, gradually became estranged from Zwingle. The violence of the monks, suppressed for a while, burst forth again, and the college of the canons resounded with complaints. Zwingle was immovable. His friends, as they contemplated his courage, imagined they saw a man of the apostolic age reappearing before them. Among his enemies, some laughed and joked, others gave utterance to violent threats; but he endured all with christian patience. "If we desire to gain over the wicked to Jesus Christ," he was accustomed to say, "we must shut our eyes against many things." An admirable saying, which should not be lost!

His character and his deportment towards all men contributed, as much as his discourses, to win their hearts. He was at once a true Christian and a true republican.

The equality of mankind was not with him a mere conventional term; it was written in his heart, and shown by his life. He had neither that pharisaical pride nor that monastic coarseness which offend equally the simple and the wise of this world; they felt attracted towards him, and were at ease in his society. Bold and energetic in the pulpit, he was affable to all whom he met in the streets or public places; he was often seen in the halls where the companies and trades used to meet, explaining to the citizens the chief features of the christian doctrine, or conversing familiarly with them. He addressed peasants and patricians with the same cordiality. "He invited the countrypeople to dine with him," said one of his most violent enemies, "walked with them, talked to them of God, put the devil in their hearts, and his books into their pockets. He succeeded so well that the notables of Zurich used to visit the peasants, drink with them, show them about the city, and pay them every mark of attention."

He continued to cultivate music "with moderation," says Bullinger; nevertheless the opponents of the Gospel took advantage of this, and called him "the evangelical luteplayer and fifer." Faber having one day censured him for this taste, he replied with noble frankness: "My dear Faber, you do not know what music is. True, I have learnt to play on the lute, the violin, and other instruments, and they serve me to quiet little children; but you are too holy for music! Do you not know that David was a skilful player on the harp, and how by this means he drove the evil spirit out of Saul? Ah! if you did but know the sounds of the heavenly lyre, the wicked spirit of ambition and love of riches which possesses you would soon depart from you likewise."

Perhaps this may have been a weakness in Zwingle; still it was with a spirit of cheerfulness and evangelical liberty that he cultivated this art, which religion has always associated with her sublimest devotion. He set to music some of his christian poems, and was not ashamed from time to time to amuse the little ones of his flock with his lute. He conducted himself in the same kindly manner towards the poor. "He would eat and drink with all who invited him," says one of his contemporaries; "he despised no one; he was compassionate to the poor, always steadfast and cheerful in good and evil fortune. No misfortune alarmed him; his conversation was at all times full of consolation, and his heart firm." Thus Zwingle's popularity was ever on the increase; sitting by times at the tables of the poor and at the banquets of the rich, as his Master had done in former days, and everywhere doing the work to which God had called him.

He was indefatigable in study. From daybreak until ten o'clock he used to read, write, and translate; at that time Hebrew was the special object of his studies. After dinner he listened to those who had any news to give him or who required his advice;

he then would walk out with some of his friends and visit his flock. At two o'clock he resumed his studies. He took a short walk after supper, and then wrote his letters, which often occupied him till midnight. He always worked standing, and never permitted himself to be disturbed except for some very important cause.

But the exertions of more than one man were required. A man named Lucian called on him one day with the works of the German reformer. Rhenanus, a scholar then residing at Basle, and indefatigable in circulating Luther's writings in Switzerland, had sent him to Zwingle. Rhenanus had perceived that the hawking of books was a powerful means of spreading the evangelical doctrines. Lucian had travelled over almost the whole of Switzerland, and knew nearly everybody. "Ascertain," said Rhenanus to Zwingle, "whether this man possesses sufficient prudence and skill; if so, let him carry from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, and even from house to house, among the Swiss, the works of Luther, and especially his exposition of the Lord's prayer written for the laity. The more they are known, the more purchasers they will find. But you must take care not to let him hawk any other books; for if he has only Luther's, he will sell them so much faster." By this means a ray of light penetrated the humble dwelling of many a Swiss family. There was however one book that Zwingle should have caused to be distributed along with Luther's,—the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER 7

The Indulgences—Samson at Berne and at Baden—The Dean of Bremgarten—Young Henry Bullinger—Samson and the Dean—Zwingle's internal Struggles—Zwingle opposes the Indulgences—Samson is sent back

An opportunity of displaying Zwingle's zeal in a new vocation presented itself. Samson, the famous indulgence merchant, was slowly approaching Zurich. This wretched trafficker had left Schwytz and arrived at Zug on the 20th of September 1518, and had remained there three days. An immense crowd had gathered round him. The poorest were the most eager, and thus prevented the rich from getting near him. This did not suit the monk's views; and accordingly one of his attendants began to cry out to the populace: "Good folks, do not crowd so much! make way for those who have money! We will afterwards endeavour to satisfy those who have none." From Zug, Samson and his band proceeded to Lucerne; from Lucerne to Unterwalden; and then, after crossing fertile mountains and rich valleys, skirting the everlasting snows of the Oberland, and displaying their Romish merchandise in these most beautiful portions of Switzerland, they arrived in the neighbourhood of Berne. The monk was at first forbidden to enter the city; but eventually, by means of cer tain friends he had there, he succeeded in gaining admission, and set up his stall in St. Vincent's Church.

Here he began to bawl out more lustily than before: "Here," said he to the rich, "are indulgences on parchment for a crown."—"There," said he to the poor, "are absolutions on common paper for two batz! " One day a celebrated knight, Jacques de Stein, appeared before him, prancing on a dapplegray horse, which the monk admired very much. "Give me," said the knight, "an indulgence for myself, for my troop, five hundred strong, for all my vassals at Belp, and for all my ancestors, and you shall have my dapplegray charger in exchange."

This was asking a high price for a horse; but as it pleased the Franciscan, they soon came to terms; the charger was led to the monk's stable, and all those souls were declared for ever exempt from hell. Another day, a citizen purchased of him for thirteen florins an indulgence empowering his confessor to absolve him, among other matters, from every kind of perjury. So much respect was felt for Samson, that the councillor De May, an aged and enlightened man, who had spoken irreverently of him, was compelled to beg pardon of the haughty monk on his knees.

On the last day of his stay the noisy sound of bells proclaimed the departure of the monk from Berne. Samson was in the church, standing on the steps of the high

altar. The canon Henry Lupulus, formerly Zwingle's teacher, was his interpreter. "When the wolf and the fox prowl about together," said the canon Anselm, turning to the schultheiss De Watteville, "your safest plan, my gracious lord, is to shut up your sheep and your geese." But the monk cared little for such remarks, which, moreover, did not reach his ears: "Kneel down," said he to the superstitious crowd, "recite three Paters, three Aves, and your souls will immediately be as pure as at the moment of your baptism." Upon this all the people fell on their knees. Samson, desirous of surpassing himself, exclaimed: "I deliver from the torments of purgatory and of hell all the souls of the Bernese who are dead, whatever may have been the manner and the place of their death! " These mountebanks, like their brothers of the fairs, kept their best trick till the last.

Samson, laden with money, proceeded through Argovia and Baden towards Zurich. At every step, this monk, whose appearance had been so wretched when first he crossed the Alps, displayed greater haughtiness and splendour. The Bishop of Constance, who was irritated because Samson would not have his bulls legalized by him, had forbidden all the priests of his diocese to open their churches to him. At Baden, however, the priest of the parish dared not make any strenuous opposition to his traffic. The effrontery of the monk was redoubled. Heading a procession round the cemetery, he seemed to fix his eyes upon some object in the air, while his acolytes were chanting the hymn for the dead; and pretending to see the souls escaping from the cemetery to heaven, he exclaimed: "Ecce volant! See how they fly! " exclaimed this wag, shaking a cushion on the summit of the tower. Many persons burst out laughing. Samson flew into a passion, and was not to be appeased until he was told that a man's wits were sometimes disordered. He left Baden quite abashed.

He continued his journey, and about the end of February 1519, arrived at Bremgarten, which the schultheiss and junior priest of the town, who had seen him at Baden, had invited him to visit. In all that district no one enjoyed a better reputation than Dean Bullinger. This man, although ill informed in the Word of God and in the errors of the Church, was frank, zealous, eloquent, charitable to the poor, ever ready to do a kindness to the little ones of his flock, and was generally beloved. In his youth he had formed a conscientious union with the daughter of a councillor in the town. This was a practice not unusual among priests who were unwilling to lead a scandalous life. Anna had borne him five sons, and this numerous family had by no means diminished the respect felt towards him. In all Switzerland there was not a more hospitable house than his. He was fond of hunting, and might often be seen with a pack of ten or twelve hounds, and accompanied by the lords of Hallwyll, the abbot of Mury, and the patricians of Zurich, scouring the neighbouring fields and forests. His table was free to all comers, and none of his guests was gayer than himself. When

the deputies to the diet were going to Baden by way of Bremgarten, they were always entertained by the dean. "Bullinger," said they, "holds a court like the most powerful lord."

Strangers had remarked in this house a child with intelligent features. Henry, one of the dean's sons, had incurred many dangers from his earliest infancy. At one time he was attacked by the plague, and he was about to be buried, when some feeble signs of life restored joy to his parent's hearts. On another occasion, a vagabond, having attracted him by his caresses, was carrying him away, when some passersby recognised and rescued him. At three years old, he knew the Lord's prayer and the Apostles' creed; and creeping into the church, he would go into his father's pulpit, gravely take his station, and repeat at the full strength of his voice: "I believe in God the Father," &c. At twelve years of age his parents sent him to the grammar school of Emmeric; their hearts were filled with apprehension, for the times were dangerous for an inexperienced boy.

When the regulations of a university appeared to them too severe, the students might often be seen quitting the school in troops, taking little children with them, and encamping in the woods, whence they would send the youngest of their number to beg bread, or else, with arms in their hands, would fall upon travellers, whom they robbed, and then consumed the fruits of their plunder in debauchery. Fortunately, Henry was preserved from evil in this distant place. Like Luther, he gained his bread by singing from door to door, for his father wished him to learn to live on his own resources. He was sixteen years old when he opened a New Testament. "I there found," said he, "all that is necessary for man's salvation, and from that time I adhered to this principle, that we must follow the sacred Scriptures alone, and reject all human additions. I believe neither the Fathers nor myself, but explain scripture by scripture, without adding or taking away anything." Thus did God prepare this young man, who was one day to be Zwingle's successor. He is the author of the chronicle so often quoted by us.

About this time Samson arrived at Bremgarten with all his train. The bold dean, whom this little Italian army did not dismay, forbade the monk to sell his merchandise in his deanery. The schultheiss, the towncouncil, and the junior pastor,—all friends to Samson,—were met together in a chamber of the inn where the latter had alighted, and, greatly disconcerted, had gathered round the impatient monk when the dean arrived. "Here are the papal bulls," said the monk; "open your church! "

The Dean.—"I will not permit the purses of my parishioners to be drained by unauthenticated letters; for the bishop has not legalized them."

The Monk, solemnly.—"The pope is above the bishop. I forbid you to deprive your flock of so signal a favour."

The Dean.—"Should it cost me my life, I will not open my church."

The Monk, indignantly.—"Rebellious priest! in the name of our most holy lord the pope, I pronounce against you the greater excommunication, and will not absolve you until you have redeemed such unprecedented rashness by paying three hundred ducats."

The Dean, turning his back and quitting the room.—"I shall know how to reply to my lawful judges: as for you and your excommunication, I care not for either."

The Monk, in a passion.—"Impudent brute! I am going to Zurich, and I will there lay my complaint before the deputies of the confederation."

The Dean.—"I can appear there as well as you, and will go thither immediately."

While these events were taking place at Bremgarten, Zwingle, who saw the enemy gradually approaching, preached energetically against the indulgences. The vicar, Faber of Constance, encouraged him, promising him the bishop's support. "I am aware," said Samson, as he was moving towards Zurich, "that Zwingle will speak against me, but I will stop his mouth." In effect, Zwingle felt too deeply all the sweetness of Christ's forgiveness, not to attack the paper indulgences of these foolish men. Like Luther, he often trembled because of his sinfulness, but he found in the Lord a deliverance from every fear. This modest but resolute man increased in the knowledge of God. "When Satan frightens me," said he, "by crying out: 'You have not done this or that, which God commands! ' forthwith the gentle voice of the Gospel consoles me, by saying: 'What thou canst not do (and certainly thou canst do nothing), Christ has done and perfected.' Yes (continued the pious evangelist), when my heart is troubled because of my helplessness and the weakness of my flesh, my spirit is revived at the sound of these glad tidings: Christ is thy innocence! Christ is they righteousness! Christ is thy salvation! Thou art nothing, thou canst do nothing! Christ is the Alpha and Omega; Christ is the First and the Last; Christ is all things; he can do all things. All created things will forsake and deceive thee; but Christ, the innocent and righteous one, will receive and justify thee Yes! it is he," exclaimed

Zwingle, "who is our righteousness, and the righteousness of all those who shall ever appear justified before the throne of God! "

In the presence of such truths, the indulgences fell of themselves: Zwingle accordingly feared not to attack them. "No man," said he, "can remit sins; Christ, who is very God and very man, alone has this power. Go! buy indulgences but be assured, that you are not absolved. Those who sell remission of sins for money, are the companions of Simon the magician, the friends of Balaam, and the ambassadors of Satan."

Dean Bullinger, still heated by his conversation with the monk, arrived at Zurich before him. He came to lay his complaints before the diet against this shameless merchant and his traffic. He found some envoys from the bishop who were there with the same motives, and made common cause with them. All promised to support him. The spirit that animated Zwingle pervaded the city. The council of state resolved to oppose the monk's entry into Zurich.

Samson had reached the suburbs and alighted at an inn. He was preparing to mount his horse to make his solemn entry, and had already one foot in the stirrup, when deputies from the council appeared before him, offering him the honorary cup of wine as envoy from the pope, and informing him that he might dispense with entering Zurich. "I have something to communicate to the diet in the name of his holiness," replied the monk. This was a mere trick. It was agreed, however, to receive him; but as he spoke of nothing but papal bulls, he was dismissed after being compelled to withdraw the excommunication pronounced against the dean of Bremgarten. He quitted the hall fuming with anger, and soon after the pope recalled him to Italy. A wagon, drawn by three horses and laden with the money that his falsehoods had wrung from the poor, preceded him on those steep paths of the St. Gothard that he had crossed eight months before, without money or parade, and burdened with only a few papers.

The Helvetic diet showed more resolution than the German. It was because neither bishops nor cardinals had a seat in it. And hence the pope, deprived of these supporters acted more mildly towards Switzerland than towards Germany. But the affair of the indulgences, which played so important a part in the German, was merely an episode in the Swiss Reformation.

CHAPTER 8

Zwingle's Toils and Fatigue—The Baths of Pfeffers—The Moment of God—The Great Death—Zwingle attacked by the Plague—His Adversaries—His Friends—Convalescence—General Joy—Effects of the Pestilence—Myconius at Lucerne—Oswald encourages Zwingle—Zwingle at Basle—Capito invited to Mentz—Hedio at Basle—The Unnatural Son—Preparations for the Struggle

Zwingle did not spare himself. Such great and continued toil called for relaxation, and he was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. "Oh! had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, as Virgil says; or rather had I the eloquence of Cicero, how could I express all that I owe to you, and the pain this separation causes me?" Such were the parting words of Herus, one of the pupils resident in his house, and who thus gave utterance to the feelings of all who knew Zwingle. He departed, and reached Pfeffers through the frightful gorge formed by the impetuous torrent of the Jamina. He descended into that infernal gulf, as Daniel the hermit terms it, and arrived at those baths, perpetually shaken by the fall of the torrent, and moistened by the spray of its broken waters. Torches were required to be burned at noonday in the house where Zwingle lodged. It was even asserted by the inhabitants, that frightful spectres appeared sometimes amid the gloom.

And yet even here he found an opportunity of serving his Master. His affability won the hearts of many of the invalids. Among their number was the celebrated poet, Philip Ingentinus, professor at Friburg, in Brisgau, who from that time became a zealous supporter of the Reformation.

God was watching over his work, and designed to accelerate it. Strong in frame, in character, and in talents, Zwingle, whose defect consisted in this strength, was destined to see it prostrated, that he might become such an instrument as God loves. He needed the baptism of adversity and infirmity, of weakness and pain. Luther had received it in that hour of anguish when his cell and the long galleries of the convent at Erfurth reechoed with his piercing cries. Zwingle was appointed to receive it by being brought into contact with sickness and death. There is a moment in the history of the heroes of this world, of such as Charles XII or Napoleon, which decides their career and their renown; it is that in which their strength is suddenly revealed to them. An analogous moment exists in the life of God's heroes, but it is in a contrary direction; it is that in which they first recognise their helplessness and nothingness; from that hour they receive the strength of God from on high. A work like that of which Zwingle was to be the instrument, is never accomplished by the natural strength of man; it would wither immediately, like a tree transplanted in all its

maturity, and vigour. A plant must be feeble or it will not take root, and a grain must die in the earth before it came become fruitful. God conducted Zwingle, and with him the work that depended on him, to the gates of the sepulchre. It is from among the dry bones, the darkness, and the dust of death, that God is pleased to select the instruments by means of which he designs to scatter over the earth his light, regeneration, and life.

Zwingle was hidden among those colossal rocks that encircle the furious torrent of the Jamina, when he was suddenly informed that the plague, or the great death, as it was called, had broken out at Zurich. It appeared in all its terror in the month of August, on St. Lawrence's day, and lasted till Candlemas, sweeping off two thousand five hundred inhabitants. The young men who resided in Zwingle's house had quitted it immediately, in accordance with the directions he had left behind him. His house was deserted; but it was his time to return to it. He hastily quitted Pfeffers, and reappeared in the midst of his flock, which the malady had decimated; his younger brother Andrew, who had waited for him, he immediately sent back to Wildhaus, and from that hour devoted himself entirely to the victims of this frightful scourge. Every day he proclaimed Christ and his consolations to the sick. His friends, delighted to see him unharmed amid so many deadly arrows, experienced however a secret alarm. "Do your duty," said a letter from Basle, written by Conrad Brunner, who himself died of the plague a few months afterwards, "but at the same time remember to take care of your own life."

This caution came too late; Zwingle was attacked by the plague. The great preacher of Switzerland lay stretched on a bed from which he seemed likely never to rise. His thoughts were turned inwards; his eyes were directed to heaven. He knew that God had given him a sure inheritance, and venting the feelings of his heart in a hymn overflowing with unction and simplicity, of which, though we cannot transfer the antique and natural language, we will endeavour at least to exhibit its rhythm and literal meaning,—he exclaimed:—Lo! at the door I hear death's knock! Shield me, O Lord, My strength and rock. The hand once nailed Upon the tree, Jesus, uplift—And shelter me. Willest thou, then, Death conquer me In my noonday? So let it be! Oh! may I die, Since I am thine; Thy home is made For faith like mine.

Meantime his disease increased in virulence; his despairing friends beheld this man, the hope of Switzerland and of the Church, about to fall a prey to the tomb. His senses and his strength forsook him. His heart was dismayed, but he still found strength sufficient to turn towards God and to cry:—My pains increase: Lord, stand thou near. Body and soul Dissolve with fear. Now death is near, My tongue is dumb;

Fight for me, Lord. Mine hour is come! See Satan's net Is o'er me tost—I feel his hand. Must I be lost? His shafts, his voice Alarm no more, For here I lie Thy cross before.

Canon Hoffman, sincerely attached to his creed, could not bear the idea of seeing Zwingle die in the errors of which he had preached. He called on the provost of the Chapter, and said to him: "Think of the danger to which his soul is exposed. Has he not designated as innovators and fantastical all the doctors who have taught these three hundred and eighty past years past and more—Alexander Hales, Bonaventure, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and all the canonists? Does not he maintain that their doctrines are mere visions, which they dreamt in their cowls within the walls of their cloisters? Alas! it would have been better for the city of Zurich had Zwingle ruined our vintage and our harvest for many years! Now he is at death's door I entreat you to save his poor soul! " It would appear that the provost, who was more enlightened than the canon, did not think it necessary to convert Zwingle to Bonaventure and Albertus Magnus. He was left in peace. The city was filled with distress. The believers cried to God night and day, praying Him to restore their faithful pastor. The alarm had spread from Zurich to the mountains of the Tockenburg. The pestilence had made its appearance even on those lofty hills. Seven or eight persons had died in the village, among whom was a servant of Zwingle's brother Nicholas. No letter was received from the reformer. "Tell me," wrote young Andrew Zwingle, "in what state you are, my dear brother. The abbot and all our brothers salute thee." It would appear that Zwingle's parents were dead, from there being no mention of them here.

The news of Zwingle's malady, and even the report of his death, was circulated through Switzerland and Germany. "Alas! " exclaimed Hedio in tears, "the preserver of our country, the trumpet of the Gospel, the magnanimous herald of truth, is cut down in the flower and springtide of his life! " When the news of Zwingle's decease reached Basle, the whole city resounded with lamentations and mourning.

Yet the spark of life that still remained began to burn more brightly. Although his frame was weak, his soul felt the unalterable conviction that God had called him to replace the candle of His Word on the empty candlestick of the Church. The plague had forsaken its victim, and Zwingle exclaims with emotion:—My God, my Sire, Heal'd by thy hand, Upon the earth Once more I stand. From guilt and sin May I be free! My mouth shall sing Alone of thee! The uncertain hour For me will come... O'erwhelm'd perchance With deeper gloom. It matters not! With joy I'll bear My yoke, until I reach heaven's sphere.

At the beginning of November, as soon as he could hold a pen, Zwingle wrote to his family. This gave unutterable joy to his friends, particularly to his young brother Andrew, who himself died of the plague in the following year, and at whose death Ulrich wept and groaned (as he himself observes) with more than woman's sorrow. At Basle, Conrad Brunner, Zwingle's friend, and Bruno Amerbach, the celebrated printer, both young men, had died after three days' illness. It was believed in that city that Zwingle also had fallen. The university felt the deepest dejection. "Whom the gods love die young," said they. But who can describe their delight when Collins, a student from Lucerne, and after him a merchant from Zurich, brought intelligence that Zwingle had escaped from the jaws of death! The vicar of the Bishop of Constance, John Faber, that old friend of Zwingle's, who was subsequently his most violent antagonist, wrote to him: "Oh! my beloved Ulrich, what joy I feel at learning that you have been saved from the grasp of cruel death! When you are in danger the christian commonwealth is threatened. The Lord has pleased to urge you by these trials to seek more earnestly for eternal life."

This was indeed the aim of the trials by which God had proved Zwingle, and this end was obtained, but in a different manner from that imagined by Faber. This pestilence of 1519, which committed such frightful ravages in the north of Switzerland, was in the hands of God a powerful means for the conversion of many souls. But on no one did it exercise so powerful an influence as on Zwingle. The Gospel, which had hitherto been too much regarded by him as a mere doctrine, now became a great reality. He arose from the darkness of the sepulchre with a new heart. His zeal became more active; his life more holy; his preaching more free, more christian, and more powerful. This was the epoch of Zwingle's complete emancipation; henceforward he consecrated himself entirely to God. But the Reformation of Switzerland received a new life at the same time as the reformer. The scourge of God, the great death, as it swept over these mountains and descended into its valleys, gave a holier character to the movement that was there taking place. The Reformation, as well as Zwingle, was baptised in the waters of affliction and of grace, and came forth purer and more vigorous. It was a memorable day in the counsels of God for the regeneration of this people.

Zwingle derived fresh strength, of which he stood so much in need, from communion with his friends. To Myconius especially he was united by the strongest affection. They walked in reliance on each other, like Luther and Melancthon. Oswald was happy at Zurich. True, his position there was embarrassed, but tempered by the virtues of his modest wife. It was of her that Glarean said: "If I could meet with a young woman like her, I should prefer her to a king's daughter." Yet a faithful monitor often broke in upon the sweet affection of Zwingle and Myconius. It was the canon

Xyloctect inviting Oswald to return to Lucerne, his native place. "Zurich is not your country," said he, "it is Lucerne! You tell me that the Zurichers are your friends; I do not deny it. But do you know what will be the end of it? Serve your country: This I would advise and entreat you, and, if I may, I would command you! " Xyloctect, joining actions with words, procured his nomination as headmaster of the collegiate school at Lucerne. Oswald hesitated no longer; he saw the finger of God in this appointment, and however great the sacrifice, he resolved to make it. Who could tell that he might not be an instrument in the hand of the Lord to introduce the doctrine of peace in the warlike city of Lucerne? But what a sad farewell was that of Zwingle and Myconius! They parted in tears. "Your departure," wrote Ulrich to his friend shortly after, "has inflicted a blow on the cause I am defending, like that suffered by an army in battlearray when one of its wings is destroyed. Alas! now I feel all the value of my Myconius, and how often, without my knowing it, he has upheld the cause of Christ."

Zwingle felt the loss of his friend more deeply, as the plague had left him in a state of extreme weakness. "It has enfeebled my memory," wrote he on the 30th of November 1519, "and depressed my spirits." He was hardly convalescent before he resumed his duties. "But," said he, "when I am preaching, I often lose the thread of my discourse. All my limbs are oppressed with languor, and I am almost like a corpse." Besides this, Zwingle's opposition to indulgences had aroused the hostility of their partisans. Oswald encouraged his friend by the letters he wrote from Lucerne. Was not the Lord, at this very moment, giving a pledge of his support by the protection He afforded in Saxony to the powerful champion who had gained such signal victories over Rome? "What is your opinion," said Myconius to Zwingle, "of Luther's cause? As for me, I have no fear either for the Gospel or for him. If God does not protect His truth, who shall protect it? All that I ask of the Lord is, that He will not withdraw his hand from those who hold nothing dearer than his Gospel. Continue as you have begun, and an abundant reward shall be conferred upon you in heaven! "

The arrival of an old friend consoled Zwingle for the departure of Myconius. Bunzli, who had been Ulrich's instructor at Basle, and who had succeeded the Dean of Wesen, the reformer's uncle, visited Zurich in the first week of the year 1520, and Zwingle and he formed a project of going to Basle to see their common friends. Zwingle's sojourn in that city was not fruitless. "Oh! my dear Zwingle," wrote John Glother not long after, "never can I forget you. I am bound to you for that kindness with which, during your stay at Basle, you came to see me,—me, a poor schoolmaster, an obscure man, without learning, merit, and of low estate! You have won my affections by that gracefulness of manner, that inexpressible suavity with which you subdue all hearts,—nay, even the stones, if I may so speak." But Zwingle's old friends

profited still more by his visit. Capito, Hedio, and many others, were electrified by his powerful language; and the former, commencing in Basle a work similar to that which Zwingle was carrying on in Zurich, began to explain the Gospel according to St. Matthew, before an everincreasing auditory. The doctrine of Christ penetrated and warmed their hearts. The people received it gladly, and hailed with acclamations the revival of Christianity. This was the dawn of the Reformation; and accordingly a conspiracy of priests and monks was soon formed against Capito. It was at this period that Albert, the youthful cardinalarchbishop of Mentz, desirous of attaching so great a scholar to his person, invited him to his court. Capito, seeing the difficulties that were opposed to him, accepted the invitation. The people were excited; their indignation was roused against the priests, and a violent commotion broke out in the city. Hedio was thought of as his successor; but some objected to his youth, and others said, "He is Capito's disciple! " "The truth stings," said Hedio; "it is not safe to wound tender ears by preaching it. But it matters not! Nothing shall make me swerve from the straight road." The monks redoubled their efforts: "Do not believe those," exclaimed they from the pulpit, "who tell you that the sum of christian doctrine is found in the Gospel and in St. Paul. Scotus has been more serviceable to Christianity than St. Paul himself. All the learned things that have been ever said or printed were stolen from Scotus. All that these hunters after glory have been able to do, is merely to add a few Greek or Hebrew words to obscure the whole matter."

The disturbance increased, and there was cause to fear that, after Capito's departure, the opposition would become still more powerful. "I shall be almost alone," thought Hedio;—"I, a weak and wretched man, to struggle unaided with these pestilent monsters." In these circumstances he called to God for succor, and wrote to Zwingle: "Animate my courage by frequent letters. Learning and Christianity are now between the hammer and the anvil. Luther has just been condemned by the universities of Louvain and Cologne. If ever the Church was in imminent danger, it is now."

Capito left Basle for Mentz on the 28th of April, and was succeeded by Hedio. Not content with the public assemblies in the church, where he continued the explanation of St. Matthew, Hedio proposed in the month of June (as he writes to Luther) to have private meetings in his house, for the more familiar communication of evangelical instruction to those who felt its necessity. This powerful means of edification in the truth and of exciting the interest and zeal of believers for Divine things, could not fail, then as in all times, to arouse opposition among worldly minded people and domineering priests, both which classes, though from different motives, are unwilling that God should be worshipped anywhere except within the boundary of certain walls. But Hedio was immovable.

At the period when he was forming this good resolution at Basle, there arrived at Zurich one of those characters who, in all revolutions, are thrown up, like a foul scum, on the surface of society.

The senator Grebel, a man highly respected in Zurich, had a son named Conrad, a youth of remarkable talents, a violent enemy of ignorance and superstition, which he attacked with the most cutting satire; he was blustering and passionate, caustic and illnatured in his speech; void of natural affection, dissipated, speaking loudly and frequently of his own innocence, and seeing nothing but evil in his neighbours. We mention him here, because he was afterwards destined to play a melancholy part. Just at this time, Vadian married one of Conrad's sisters. The latter, who was studying at Paris, where his misconduct had rendered him incapable of walking, feeling a desire to be present at the marriage, suddenly (about the middle of June) appeared in the midst of the family. The poor father received his prodigal son with a kind smile, his tender mother with a flood of tears. The affection of his parents could not change his unnatural heart. His good but unhappy mother having some time afterwards been brought to the verge of the grave, Conrad wrote to his brotherinlaw Vadian: "My mother has recovered; she is again ruler of the house; she sleeps, rises, scolds, breakfasts, quarrels, dines, disputes, sups, and is always a trouble to us. She trots about, roasts and bakes, heaps and hoards, toils and wearies herself to death, and will soon bring on a relapse." Such was the man who somewhat later presumed to domineer over Zwingle, and became notorious as one of the chiefs of the fanatical enthusiasts of the day. It may be that Divine Providence allowed such characters to appear at the epoch of the Reformation, to form a contrast by their very excesses with the wise, christian, and regulated spirit of the reformers.

Everything seemed to indicate that the battle between the Gospel and popery was about to begin. "Let us stir up the temporizers," wrote Hedio to Zwingle; "the truce is broken. Let us put on our breastplates; for we shall have to fight against the most formidable enemies." Myconius wrote to Ulrich in the same strain; but the latter replied to these warlike appeals with admirable mildness: "I would allure these obstinate men," said he, "by kindness and friendly proceedings, rather than overthrow them by violent controversy. For if they call our doctrine (which is in truth not ours) a devilish doctrine, it is all very natural, and by this I know that we are really ambassadors from God. The devils cannot be silent in Christ's presence."

CHAPTER 9

The Two Reformers—The Fall of Man—Expiation of the ManGod—No Merit in Works—Objections refuted—Power of Love for Christ—Election—Christ the sole Master—Effects of this Preaching—Dejection and Courage—First Act of the Magistrate—Church and State—Attacks—Galster

Although Zwingle desired to follow a mild course, he did not remain inactive. After his illness, his preaching had become more profound and more vivifying. Upwards of two thousand persons in Zurich had received the Word of God in their hearts, confessed the evangelical doctrine, and were already qualified to announce it themselves.

Zwingle held the same faith as Luther, but a faith depending on deeper reasoning. In Luther it was all impulse; in Zwingle, perspicuity of argument prevailed. We find in Luther's writings an internal and private conviction of the value of the cross of Jesus Christ to himself individually; and this conviction, so full of energy and life, animates all that he says. The same sentiment, undoubtedly, is found in Zwingle, but in a less degree. He was rather attracted by the harmony of the christian doctrine: he admired it for its exquisite beauty, for the light it sheds upon the soul of man, and for the everlasting life it brings into the world.

The one is moved by the heart, the other by the understanding; and this is why those who have not felt by their own experience the faith that animated these two great disciples of the same Lord have fallen into the gross error of representing one as a mystic and the other as a rationalist. Possibly, the one is more pathetic in the exposition of his faith, the other more philosophical; but both believe in the same truths. It may be true that they do not regard secondary questions in the same light; but that faith which is one,—that faith which renews and justifies its possessor,—that faith which no confession, no articles can express,—exists in them alike. Zwingle's doctrines have been so often misrepresented, that it will not be irrelevant to glance at what he was then preaching to the people who daily thronged the cathedral of Zurich.

In the fall of the first man Zwingle found a key to the history of the human race. "Before the fall," said he one day, "man had been created with a free will, so that, had he been willing, he might have kept the law; his nature was pure; the disease of sin had not yet reached him; his life was in his own hands. But having desired to be as God, he died and not he alone, but all his posterity. Since then in Adam all men are

dead, no one can recall them to life, until the Spirit, which is God himself, raises them from the dead."

The inhabitants of Zurich, who listened eagerly to this powerful orator, were overwhelmed with sorrow as he unfolded before their eyes that state of sin in which mankind are involved; but soon they heard the words of consolation, and the remedy was pointed out to them, which alone can restore man to life. "Christ, very man and very God," said the eloquent voice of this son of the Tockenburg herdsman, "has purchased for us a never ending redemption. For since it was the eternal God who died for us, his passion is therefore an eternal sacrifice, and everlastingly effectual to heal; it satisfies the Divine justice for ever in behalf of all those who rely upon it with firm and unshaken faith. Wherever sin is," exclaimed the reformer, "death of necessity follows. Christ was without sin, and guile was not found in his mouth; and yet he died! This death he suffered in our stead! He was willing to die that he might restore us to life; and as he had no sins of his own, the allmerciful Father laid ours upon him Seeing that the will of man," said the christian orator again, "had rebelled against the Most High, it was necessary for the reestablishment of eternal order and for the salvation of man, that the human will should submit in Christ's person to the Divine will." He would often remark that the expiatory death of Jesus Christ had taken place in behalf of believers, of the people of God.

The souls that thirsted after salvation in the city of Zurich found repose at the sound of these glad tidings; but there still existed in their minds some longestablished errors which it was necessary to eradicate. Starting from the great truth that salvation is the gift of God, Zwingle inveighed powerfully against the pretended merit of human works. "Since eternal salvation," said he, "proceeds solely from the merits and death of Jesus Christ, it follows that the merit of our own works is mere vanity and folly, not to say impiety and senseless impudence. If we could have been saved by our own works, it would not have been necessary for Christ to die. All who have ever come to God have come to him through the death of Jesus Christ."

Zwingle foresaw the objections this doctrine would excite among some of his hearers. They waited on him and laid them before him. He replied to them from the pulpit: "Some people, perhaps more dainty than pious, object that this doctrine renders men careless and dissolute. But of what importance are the fears and objections that the daintiness of men may suggest? Whosoever believes in Jesus Christ is assured that all that cometh from God is necessarily good. If, therefore, the Gospel is of God, it is good. And what other power besides could implant righteousness, truth, and love among men? O God, most gracious, most righteous Father of all mercies," exclaimed he in a transport of piety, "with what charity Thou

has embraced us, thine enemies! With what lofty and unfailing hopes hast thou filled us, who deserved to feel nothing but despair! and to what glory hast thou called, in thy Son, our meanness and our nothingness! Thou willest, by this unspeakable love, to constrain us to return thee love for love! "

Following out this idea, he proceeded to show that love to the Redeemer is a law more powerful than the commandments. "The Christian," said he, "delivered from the law, depends entirely on Jesus Christ. Christ is his reason, his counsel, his righteousness, and his whole salvation. Christ lives and acts in him. Christ alone is his leader, and he needs no other guide." And then making use of a comparison within the range of his hearers' intelligence, he added: "If a government forbids its citizens under pain of death to receive any pension or largess from the hands of foreigners, how mild and easy is this law to those who, from love to their country and their liberty, voluntarily abstain from so culpable an action! But, on the contrary, how vexatious and oppressive it is to those who consult their own interest alone! Thus the righteous man lives free and joyful in the love of righteousness, and the unrighteous man walks murmuring under the heavy burden of the law that oppresses him! "

In the cathedral of Zurich there were many old soldiers who felt the truth of these words. Is not love the most powerful of lawgivers? Are not its commands immediately fulfilled? Does not He whom we love dwell in our hearts, and there perform all that he has ordained? Accordingly, Zwingle, growing bolder, proclaimed to the people of Zurich that love to the Redeemer was alone capable of impelling a man to perform works acceptable to God. "Works done out of Jesus Christ are worthless," said the christian orator. "Since everything is done of him, in him, and by him, what can we lay claim to for ourselves? Wherever there is faith in God, there God is; and wherever God abideth, there a zeal exists urging and impelling men to good works. Take care only that Christ is in thee, and that thou art in Christ, and doubt not that then he is at work with thee. "The life of a Christian is one perpetual good work which God begins, continues, and completes."

Deeply affected by the greatness of that love of God, which is from everlasting, the herald of grace raised his voice in louder accents of invitation to irresolute and timid souls. "Are you afraid," said he, "to approach this tender Father who has elected you? Why has he chosen us of his grace? Why has he called us? Why has he drawn us to him? Is it that we should fear to approach him?"

Such was Zwingle's doctrine: the doctrine of Christ himself. "If Luther preaches Christ, he does what I am doing," said the preacher Zurich; "those whom he has brought to Christ are more numerous than those whom I have led. But this matters

not: I will bear no other name than that of Christ, whose soldier I am, and who alone is my chief. Never has one single word been written by me to Luther, nor by Luther to me. And why? that it might be shown how much the Spirit of God is in unison with itself, since both of us, without any collusion, teach the same doctrine of Christ with such uniformity."

Thus did Zwingle preach with courage and enthusiasm. The vast cathedral could not contain the multitude of his hearers. All praised God for the new life that was beginning to reanimate the lifeless body of the Church. Many of the Swiss from every canton who came to Zurich either to attend the diet or for other motives, impressed by this new preaching, carried its precious seeds into all the valleys of their native country. A shout of rejoicing rose from every city and mountain. "Switzerland," wrote Nicholas Hageus from Lucerne to Zurich, "Switzerland has hitherto given birth to such as Brutus, Scipio, and Caesar; but she has hardly produced a man who really knew Jesus Christ, and who nourished our souls, not with vain disputes, but with the Word of God. Now that Divine Providence has given Switzerland a Zwingle for preacher and an Oswald Myconius for teacher, virtue and sacred learning are reviving among us. O fortunate Helvetia! if at last thou wouldst rest from war, and, already illustrious by thy arms, become more illustrious still by righteousness and peace! "—

"There was a report," wrote Myconius to Zwingle, "that your voice could not be heard three paces off. But I see now that it was a falsehood, for all Switzerland hears you! "—"Thou hast armed thyself with an intrepid courage," wrote Hedio from Basle; "I will follow thee as far as I am able."—"I have heard thee," wrote Sebastain Hofmeister of Schaffhausen from Constance. "Would to God that Zurich, which is at the head of our happy confederation, were healed of its disease, so that the whole body might be at length restored to health! "

But Zwingle met with adversaries as well as admirers. "Why," said some, "does he busy himself with the affairs of Switzerland?" "Why," said others, "does he repeat the same things in every sermon?" In the midst of all this opposition, dejection often came over Zwingle's soul. Everything seemed in his eyes falling into confusion, and society to be on the eve of a general convulsion. He thought it impossible for any new truth to appear, without its antagonistic error springing up immediately. If any hope arose in his heart, fear grew up by its side. He soon, however, threw off his dejection. "The life of man here below is a continual war," said he; "whoever desires to obtain glory must face the world, and like David force this haughty Goliath, so proud of his stature, to bite the dust. The Church," said he, as Luther had done, "was purchased by blood, and by blood must be restored. The more numerous are its impurities, the

more men like Hercules must we call up to cleanse these Augean stables. I am under no apprehensions for Luther," added he, "even should he be struck by the thunderbolts of this (Romish) Jupiter."

Zwingle had need of repose, and repaired to the waters of Baden. The priest of this town, formerly one of the pope's guards, a man of kindly disposition but of the greatest ignorance, had obtained his benefice by carrying the halberd. Faithful to the military habits, he used to pass the day and part of the night in jovial company, while his curate Staheli was indefatigable in performing all the duties of his charge. Zwingle sent for him and said: "I have need of Swiss helpers;" and from that moment Staheli was his fellowlabourer. Zwingle, Staheli, and Luti subsequently pastor at Winterthour, lived under the same roof.

Zwingle's devotion was not unrewarded. The Word of Christ, preached with so much energy, was destined to bear fruit. Many magistrates were gained over; they had found in God's Word their consolation and their strength. Afflicted at seeing the priests, and above all the monks, uttering shamelessly from the pulpit whatever came into their heads, the council published a decree ordering them to preach nothing in their sermons "that they had not drawn from the sacred fountains of the Old and New Testaments." It was in 1520 that the civil authority thus interfered for the first time in the work of the Reformation, acting as a christian magistrate to defend the Word of God and to protect the dearest interests of the citizens;—depriving the Church of its liberty (in the opinion of others), subjecting it to the secular power, and giving the signal of that long train of evils which the union of Church and State has since engendered. We will not here decide on this great controversy, which in our own days is maintained with so much warmth in many countries. It is sufficient for us to mark its origin at the epoch of the Reformation. But there is still another thing to be pointed out; the act of these magistrates was of itself an effect of the preaching of the Word of God. The Reformation in Switzerland then emerged from simple individualities, and became a national work. Born in the hearts of a few priests and learned men, it extended, rose up, and took its station on higher ground. Like the waters of the sea, it rose gradually, until it had covered a vast expanse.

The monks were confounded: they had been ordered to preach the Word of God only, and most of them had never read it. One opposition provokes another. This decree became the signal of the most violent attacks against the Reformation. Plots began to be formed against the priest of Zurich: his life was in danger. One day, as Zwingle and his curates were quietly conversing in their house, some citizens entered hastily, saying: "Have you strong bolts to your doors? Be on your guard tonight."—

"We often had such alarms as these," adds Staheli; "but we were well armed, and a patrol was stationed in the street to protect us."

In other places recourse was had to still more violent measures. An aged man of Schaffhausen, named Galster, possessing a just spirit and a fervour rare at his age, and rejoicing in the light he had found in the Gospel, endeavoured to communicate it to his wife and children; in his zeal, which may have been indiscreet, he openly attacked the relics, priests, and superstition with which his canton abounded. He soon became an object of hatred and terror even to his own family. The old man, anticipating evil designs, left his house brokenhearted, and fled to the neighbouring forests. Here he remained some days sustaining life upon what he could find, when suddenly, on the last night of the year 1520, torches flashed through the forest in every direction, and the shouts of men and the cry of savage dogs reechoed through its gloomy shades. The council had ordered a grand chase in the forest to discover the wretched man. The hounds caught their prey. The unhappy Galster was dragged before the magistrate, and summoned to abjure his faith; as he continued steadfast, he was beheaded.

CHAPTER 10

A new Combatant—The Reformer of Berne—Zwingle encourages Haller—The Gospel at Lucerne—Oswald persecuted—Zwingle's Preaching—Henry Bullinger and Gerold of Knonau—Rubli at Basle—The Chaplain of the Hospital—War in Italy—Zwingle protests against the Capitulations

The year thus inaugurated by this bloody execution had hardly begun, when Zwingle received a visit at Zurich from a young man about twentyeight years of age, of tall stature, and whose exterior denoted candour, simplicity, and diffidence. He introduced himself as Berthold Haller, and on hearing his name Zwingle embraced the celebrated preacher of Berne with that affability which imparted such a charm to his manners. Haller was born at Aldingen in Wurtemberg, and had studied first at Rotwyl under Rubellus, and next at Pforzheim, where Simmler was his preceptor and Melancthon his fellowpupil. The Bernese had about that time resolved on attracting literary men to their republic, which had already become so famous by its feats of arms. Rubellus and Berthold, who was then only twentyone years old, repaired thither.

Subsequently Haller was named canon and shortly after preacher of the cathedral. The Gospel taught by Zwingle had reached Berne; Haller believed, and from that hour desired to see the mighty man whom he already respected as a father. He went to Zurich, where Myconius had announced him. Thus did Haller and Zwingle meet. Haller, a man of meek, disposition, confided to Zwingle all his trials; and Zwingle, the strong man, inspired him with courage. "My soul," said Berthold to Zwingle one day, "is overwhelmed; I cannot support such unjust treatment. I am determined to resign my pulpit and retire to Basle, to employ myself wholly, in Wittembach's society, with the study of sacred learning."

"Alas! " replied Zwingle, "and I too feel discouragement creep over me when I see myself unjustly assailed; but Christ awakens my conscience by the powerful stimulus of his terrors and promises. He alarms me by saying: Whosoever shall be ashamed of me before men, of him shall I be ashamed before my Father; and he restores me to tranquillity by adding: Whosoever shall confess me before men, him also will I confess before my Father. O my dear Berthold, take courage! Our names are written in imperishable characters in the annals of the citizens on high. I am ready to die for Christ Oh! that your fierce bearcubs," added he, "would hear the doctrine of Jesus Christ, then would they grow tame. But you must undertake this duty with great gentleness, lest they should turn round furiously, and rend you in pieces." Haller's courage revived. "My soul," wrote he to Zwingle, "has awakened from its slumber. I

must preach the Gospel. Jesus Christ must be restored to this city, whence He has been so long exiled." Thus did the flame that glowed so brightly in Zwingle's bosom rekindle that of Berthold, and the timid Haller rushed into the midst of the savage bears, who, grinding their teeth (says Zwingle), sought to devour him.

It was in another quarter, however, that the persecution was to break out in Switzerland. The warlike Lucerne stood forward as an adversary armed capapie and lance in rest. The military spirit prevailed in this canton, the advocate of foreign service, and the leading men of the capital knit their brows whenever they heard one word of peace calculated to restrain their warlike disposition. When Luther's works reached this city, some of the inhabitants began to read them, and were struck with horror. They appeared to have been penned by the hand of a demon; their imagination took fright, their eyes wandered, and they fancied their chambers were filled with devils, surrounding and gazing upon them with a sarcastic leer They hastily closed the volume and flung it aside in terror. Oswald, who had heard of these singular visions, never spoke of Luther, except to his most intimate friends, and was content simply to announce the Gospel of Christ.

Yet notwithstanding this moderation, loud cries were heard in the city: "We must burn Luther and the schoolmaster (Myconius)! " "I am assailed by my adversary, like a ship in a hurricane at sea," said Oswald to one of his friends. One day at the beginning of the year 1520, he was suddenly called before the council. "You are enjoined," said they, "never to read Luther's works to your pupils, never to mention him before them, and never even to think of him." The lords of Lucerne presumed, it will be seen, to extend their jurisdiction very widely. Shortly after this, a preacher declaimed from the pulpit against heresy. All the assembly was moved; every eye was turned on Oswald, for who could the preacher have had in view but him? Oswald remained quietly in his place, as if the matter did not concern him. But on leaving the church, as he was walking with his friend the Canon Xyloctect, one of the councillors, who had not yet recovered from his agitation, passed near them. "Well! you disciples of Luther," said he angrily, "why do you not defend you master?" They made no reply. "I live," said Myconius, "in the midst of savage wolves; but I have this consolation, that most of them have lost their teeth. They would bite if they could; but as they cannot, they merely howl."

The senate was called together, for the tumult among the people kept increasing. "He is a Lutheran! " said one of the councillors. "He is a teacher of novelties! " said another. "He is a seducer of youth," said a third "Let him appear! ... "Let him appear! " cried all. The poor schoolmaster came before them, and heard fresh menaces and prohibitions. His simple spirit was wounded and depressed. His gentle wife could only

console him by her tears. "Everyone is against me," exclaimed he in his anguish. "Assailed by so many tempests, whither shall I turn, or how shall I escape them? If Christ were not with me, I should long ago have fallen beneath their blows." "What matters it whether Lucerne will keep you or not?" wrote Dr. Sebastian Hofmeister, in a letter dated from Constance. "The earth is the Lord's. Every country is the home of the brave. Even were we the vilest of men, our cause is just, for we teach the Gospel of Christ."

While the truth thus met with so many obstacles at Lucerne, it was triumphant at Zurich. Zwingle laboured unceasingly. Desirous of meditating on the whole of Scripture in the original languages, he applied himself diligently to the study of Hebrew under the direction of John Boschenstein, Reuchlin's pupil. But his object in studying the Scriptures was to preach them. On Fridays, the peasants who came in crowds, bringing their produce to the market of the city, showed great eagerness for the Word of God. To satisfy their wants, Zwingle had begun, in the month of December 1520, to expound the Psalms every marketday, preparing his sermon by previous meditation on each particular text. The reformers always combined learned pursuits with their practical labours: these labours were their end, their studies were but the means. They were not less zealous in the closet than before the people. The union of learning and love is a characteristic feature of this epoch. With reference to his Sunday preachings, Zwingle, after having expounded the life of our Lord according to St. Matthew, proceeded to show, by explaining the Acts of the Apostles, how the doctrine of Christ had been propagated. He next set forth the rule of a christian life, as inculcated in the Epistles to Timothy; he made use of the Epistle to the Galatians to combat doctrinal errors, and combined with it the two Epistles of Peter, to demonstrate to the contemners of St. Paul how the same spirit animated both these apostles; he concluded with the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he might explain to their fullest extent all the blessings which flow from the gift of Jesus Christ, the great highpriest of the Christian.

But Zwingle did not confine himself to adult men alone; he endeavoured to kindle in the young also a sacred fire by which they should be animated. One day in the year 1521, as he was engaged in his closet studying the Fathers of the Church, extracting the most remarkable passages, and carefully classifying them in a thick volume, he saw a young man enter whose features strongly interested him. It was Henry Bullinger, who, having returned from Germany, had come to see him, impatient to know that teacher of his native land whose name was already celebrated in Christendom. The handsome youth fixed his eyes successively on the reformer and his books, and felt a call to follow Zwingle's example. The latter welcomed him with that cordiality which won every heart. This first visit had a powerful influence over

the whole life of the student, after he had returned to his father's hearth. Another young man had also gained Zwingle's affection; this was Gerold Meyer von Knonau.

His mother, Anna Reinhardt, who subsequently occupied an important place in the life of the reformer, had been a great beauty, and was still distinguished by her virtues. A young man of noble family, John Meyer von Knonau, who had been brought up at the court of the Bishop of Constance, to whom he was related, had conceived an ardent affection for Anna; but she belonged to a plebeian family. The elder Meyer von Knonau had refused his consent to their union, and disinherited his son after the marriage. In 1513, Anna was left a widow with one son and two daughters, and she now lived solely for the education of the poor orphans. Their grandfather was inexorable.

One day, however, the widow's servant took young Gerold out with her, a lively and graceful boy, then only three years old, and as she stopped with him in the fishmarket, the elder Meyer, who chanced to be at the window, noticed him, watched every movement, and asked to whom this beautiful child, so buoyant with life and freshness, belonged. "It is your son's," was the reply. The old man's heart was touched—the ice was melted—everything was forgotten, and he clasped in his arms the wife and the children of his son. Zwingle had become attached as if he were his own child to the young, noble, and courageous Gerold, who was destined to expire in the flower of his age at the reformer's side, his hand upon the sword, and surrounded, alas! by the dead bodies of his enemies. Thinking that Gerold could not find in Zurich sufficient resources for study, Zwingle in 1521 sent him to the Basle.

The young Von Knonau did not find Hedio, Zwingle's friend, in that city. As Capito was obliged to accompany the Archbishop Albert to the coronation of Charles V, he had engaged Hedio to supply his place at Mentz. Basle thus successively lost her most faithful preachers; the Church seemed abandoned, but other men appeared. Four thousand hearers crowded the church of William Rubli, priest of St. Alban's. He attacked the doctrine of the mass, purgatory, and the invocation of saints. But this man, who was turbulent and greedy of public applause, inveighed against error rather than contended for the truth. On the festival of Corpus Christi he joined the great procession, but instead of the relics, which it was customary to parade through the streets, there was carried before him a copy of the Holy Scriptures, handsomely bound, and with this inscription in large letters: "The Bible; this is the true relic, all others are but dead men's bones." Courage adorns the servant of God: ostentation disfigures him. The work of an evangelist is to preach the Bible, and not to make a pompous display of it. The enraged priests accused Rubli before the council. A crowd immediately filled the square of the Cordeliers. "Protect our preacher," said the

citizens to the council. Fifty ladies of distinction interposed in his favour, but Rubli was compelled to leave Basle. Somewhat later he was implicated, like Grebel, in the fanatical disorders of the time. As the Reformation was evolved, it everywhere rejected the chaff that was mixed up with the good grain.

At this time, from the lowliest of chapels was heard an humble voice distinctly proclaiming the Gospel doctrines. It was that of the youthful Wolfgang Wissemburger, the son of a councillor of state, and chaplain to the hospital. All the inhabitants of Basle who felt new desires, experienced a deeper affection for the meek chaplain than they had for the haughty Rubli himself. Wolfgang began to read mass in German. The monks renewed their clamours; but this time they failed, and Wissemburger was enabled to continue preaching the Gospel; "for," says an old chronicler, "he was a citizen and his father a councillor." This first success of the Reformation at Basle was an omen of still greater. At the same time, it was of much importance to the progress of the work throughout the confederation. Zurich was not alone. The learned Basle began to be charmed at the sound of the new doctrine. The foundations of the new temple were extending. The Reformation in Switzerland was attaining a higher stage of development.

Zurich was, however, the centre of the movement. But in the year 1521, important political events, that grieved Zwingle's heart, in some measure diverted men's minds from the preaching of the Gospel. Leo X, who had offered his alliance simultaneously to Charles V and Francis I, had at length decided for the emperor. The war between these two rivals was about to burst forth in Italy. "The pope shall have nothing left but his ears," said the French general Lautrec. This illtimed jest increased the pontiff's anger. The King of France claimed the support of the Swiss cantons, which, with the exception of Zurich, were in alliance with him: his call was obeyed. The pope flattered himself with the hope of engaging Zurich in his cause, and the Cardinal of Sion, who was always intriguing, in full confidence in his dexterity and eloquence, hastened to this city to procure soldiers for his master. But he met with a resolute opposition from his old friend Zwingle. The latter was indignant at the thought of seeing the Swiss sell their blood to the foreigner; his imagination already conjured up the sight of the Zurichers under the standards of the pope and the emperor crossing their swords in the plains of Italy with the confederates assembled under the banner of France; and at this fratricidal picture his patriotic and christian soul thrilled with horror.

He thundered from the pulpit: "Will you," exclaimed he, "tear in pieces and destroy the confederation? We hunt down the wolves that ravage our flocks, but we make no resistance to those who prowl around us to devour men! It is not without

reason that the mantles and the hats they wear are red; shake these garments, and down will fall ducats and crowns; but if you wring them, you will see them dripping with the blood of your brothers, your fathers, your sons, and your dearest friends! ” In vain did Zwingle raise his manly voice. The cardinal with his red hat succeeded, and two thousand seven hundred Zurichers departed under the command of George Berguer. Zwingle’s heart was wrung. His influence was not, however, lost. For many years after the banners of Zurich were not unfolded and carried through the gates of the city in behalf of foreign princes.

CHAPTER 11

Zwingle opposes Human Tradition—Commotion during Lent—Truth triumphs amidst Opposition—The Bishop's Deputies—Accusation before the Clergy and the Council—Appeal to the Great Council—The Coadjutor and Zwingle—Zwingle's Reply—Decree of the Great Council—Posture of Affairs—Hoffman's Attack

Wounded in his feelings as a citizen, Zwingle devoted himself with fresh zeal to the preaching of the Gospel. His sermons increased in energy. "I will never cease labouring to restore the primitive unity of the Church of Christ," said he. He began the year 1522 by showing the difference between the precepts of the Gospel and those of men. When the season of Lent came round, he preached with still greater vigour. After having laid the foundations of the new building, he was desirous of sweeping away the rubbish of the old. "For four years," said he to the crowd assembled in the cathedral, "you have eagerly received the holy doctrine of the Gospel. Glowing with the fire of charity, fed with the sweets of the heavenly manna, it is impossible you can now find any saviour in the wretched nutriment of human traditions." And then attacking the compulsory abstinence from meat at certain seasons, he exclaimed with his artless eloquence: "There are some who maintain that to eat meat is a fault, and even a great sin, although God has never forbidden it, and yet they think it not a crime to sell human flesh to the foreigner, and drag it to slaughter! " At this daring language the partisans of the military capitulations, who were present in the assembly, shuddered with indignation and anger, and vowed never to forget it.

While Zwingle was preaching thus energetically, he still continued to say mass; he observed the established usages of the Church, and even abstained from meat on the appointed days. He was of opinion that the people should be enlightened previously. But there were some turbulent persons who did not act so prudently. Rubli, who had taken refuge at Zurich, permitted himself to be led astray by an extravagant zeal. The former curate of Saint Alban's, a Bernese captain, and Conrad Huber, a member of the great council, were accustomed to meet at the house of the latter to eat meat on Friday and Saturday. On this they greatly prided themselves. The question of fasting engrossed every mind. An inhabitant of Lucerne having come to Zurich, said to one of his friends in this city: "You worthy confederates of Zurich are wrong in eating meat during Lent."—The Zuricher replied: "You gentlemen of Lucerne, however, take the liberty to eat meat on the prohibited days."—"We have purchased it from the pope."—"And we, from the butcher If it be an affair of money, one is certainly as good as the other." The council having received a complaint against the transgressors of the ecclesiastical ordinances, requested the opinion of the parish priest. Zwingle replied that the practice of eating meat every day was not blamable

of itself; but that the people ought to abstain from doing it until a competent authority should have come to some decision on the matter. The other members of the clergy concurred in his sentiments.

The enemies of the truth took advantage of this fortunate circumstance. Their influence was declining; the victory would remain with Zwingle, unless they made haste to strike some vigorous blow. They importuned the Bishop of Constance. "Zwingle," exclaimed they, "is the destroyer and not the keeper of the Lord's fold."

The ambitious Faber, Zwingle's old friend, had just returned from Rome full of fresh zeal for the papacy. From the inspirations of this haughty city were destined to proceed the first religious troubles in Switzerland. A decisive struggle between the evangelical truth and the representatives of the Roman pontiff was now to take place. Truth acquires its chief strength in the attacks that are made upon it. It was under the shade of opposition and persecution that Christianity at its rise acquired the power that eventually overthrew all its enemies.

At the epoch of its revival, which forms the subject of our history, it was the will of God to conduct His truth in like manner through these rugged paths. The priests then stood up, as in the days of the apostles, against the new doctrine. Without these attacks, it would probably have remained hidden and obscure in a few faithful souls. But God was watching the hour to manifest it to the world. Opposition opened new roads for it, launched it on a new career, and fixed the eyes of the nation upon it. This opposition was like a gust of wind, scattering the seeds to a distance, which would otherwise have remained lifeless on the spot where they had fallen. The tree, that was destined to shelter the people of Switzerland, had been deeply planted in her valleys, but storms were necessary to strengthen its roots and extend its branches. The partisans of the papacy, seeing the fire already smouldering in Zurich, rushed forward to extinguish it, but they only made the conflagration fiercer and more extensive.

In the afternoon of the 7th of April 1522, three ecclesiastical deputies from the Bishop of Constance entered Zurich; two of them had an austere and angry look; the third appeared of milder disposition; they were Melchior Battli, the bishop's coadjutor, Doctor Brendi, and John Vanner, preacher of the cathedral, an evangelical man, and who preserved silence during the whole of the business. It was already dark when Luti ran to Zwingle and said: "The bishop's commissioners have arrived; some great blow is preparing; all the partisans of the old customs are stirring. A notary is summoning all the priests for an early meeting tomorrow in the hall of the Chapter."

The assembly of the clergy accordingly took place on the following day, when the coadjutor rose and delivered a speech which his opponents described as haughty and violent; he studiously refrained, however, from uttering Zwingle's name. A few priests, recently gained over to the Gospel, were thunderstruck; their pallid features, their silence, and their sighs betrayed their total loss of courage. Zwingle now stood up and answered in a manner that effectually silenced his adversaries. At Zurich, as in the other cantons, the most violent enemies of the new doctrine were to be found in the Smaller Council. The deputation, worsted before the clergy, laid their complaints before the magistrates; Zwingle was absent, and accordingly they had no reply to fear. The result appeared decisive. They were about to condemn the Gospel without its defender being heard. Never had the Reformation of Switzerland been in greater danger. It was on the point of being stifled in its cradle. The councillors who were friendly to Zwingle, then appealed to the jurisdiction of the Great Council; this was the only remaining chance of safety, and God made use of it to save the cause of the Gospel. The Two Hundred were convened. The partisans of the papacy made every exertion to prevent Zwingle's admission; he struggled hard to obtain a hearing, knocking at every door, and leaving not a stone unturned, to use his own expression; but in vain! "It is impossible," said the burgomasters; "the council has decided to the contrary."— "Upon this," says Zwingle, "I remained tranquil, and with deep sighs laid the matter before Him who heareth the groans of the captive, beseeching him to defend his Gospel." The patient and submissive expectation of the servants of God has never deceived them.

On the 9th of April, the Two Hundred met. "We desire to have our pastors here," immediately said the friends of the Reformation who belonged to it. The Smaller Council resisted; but the Great Council decided that the pastors should be present at the accusation, and even reply if they thought fit. The deputies of Constance were first introduced, and next the three priests of Zurich; Zwingle, Engelhard, and the aged Roeschli.

After these antagonists, thus brought face to face, had scrutinised each other's appearance, the coadjutor stood up. "If his heart and head had only been equal to his voice," says Zwingle, "he would have excelled Apollo and Orpheus in sweetness, and the Gracchi and Demosthenes in power."

"The civil constitution," said this champion of the papacy, "and the christian faith itself are endangered. Men have recently appeared who teach novel, revolting, and seditious doctrines." At the end of a long speech, he fixed his eyes on the assembled senators, and said, "Remain in the Church! —remain in the Church! —Out of it no one can be saved. Its ceremonies alone are capable of bringing the simple to a

knowledge of salvation; and the shepherds of the flock have nothing more to do than explain their meaning to the people."

As soon as the coadjutor had finished his speech, he prepared to leave the councilroom with his colleagues, when Zwingle said earnestly: "Most worthy coadjutor, and you, his companions, stay, I entreat you, until I have vindicated myself."

The Coadjutor.—"We have no commission to dispute with any one."

Zwingle.—"I have no wish to dispute, but to state fearlessly what I have been teaching up to this hour."

The Burgomaster Roust, addressing the deputation from Constance.—"I beseech you to listen to the reply the pastor desires to make."

The Coadjutor.—"I know too well the man I have to deal with. Ulrich Zwingle is too violent for any discussion to be held with him."

Zwingle.—"How long since has it been customary to accuse an innocent man with such violence, and then refuse to hear his defense? In the name of our common faith, of the baptism we have both received, of Christ the author of salvation and of life, listen to me. If you cannot as deputies, at least do so as Christians."

After firing her guns in the air, Rome was hastily retreating from the field of battle. The reformer wanted only to be heard, and the agents of the papacy thought of nothing but running away. A cause thus pleaded was already gained by one side and lost by the other. The Two Hundred could no longer contain their indignation; a murmur was heard in the assembly; again the burgomaster entreated the deputies to remain. Abashed and speechless, they returned to their places, when Zwingle said:—

"The reverend coadjutor speaks of doctrines that are seditious and subversive of the civil laws. Let him learn that Zurich is more tranquil and more obedient to the laws than any other city of the Helvetians,—a circumstance which all good citizens ascribe to the Gospel. Is not Christianity the strongest bulwark of justice among a nation? What is the result of all ceremonies, but shamefully to disguise the features of Christ and of his disciples? Yes! —there is another way, besides these vain observances, to bring the unlearned people to the knowledge of the truth. It is that which Christ and his apostles followed the Gospel itself! Let us not fear that the

people cannot understand it. He who believes, understands. The people can believe, they can therefore understand. This is a work of the Holy Ghost, and not of mere human reason. As for that matter, let him who is not satisfied with forty days, fast all the year if he pleases: it is a matter of indifference to me. All that I require is, that no one should be compelled to fast, and that for so trivial an observance the Zurichers should not be accused of withdrawing from the communion of Christians."

"I did not say that," exclaimed the coadjutor.—"No," said his colleague Dr. Brendi, "he did not say so." But all the senate confirmed Zwingle's assertion.

"Excellent citizens," continued the latter, "let not his charge alarm you! The foundation of the Church is that rock, that Christ, who gave Peter his name because he confessed him faithfully. In every nation whoever sincerely believes in the Lord Jesus is saved. It is out of this Church that no one can have everlasting life. To explain the Gospel and to follow it is our whole duty as ministers of Christ. Let those who live upon ceremonies undertake to explain them! " This was probing the wound to the quick.

The coadjutor blushed and remained silent. The council of the Two Hundred then broke up. On the same day they came to the resolution that the pope and the cardinals should be requested to explain the controverted point, and that in the meanwhile the people should abstain from eating meat during Lent. This was leaving the matter in statu quo, and replying to the bishop by seeking to gain time.

This discussion had forwarded the work of the Reformation. The champions of Rome and those of the new doctrine had met face to face, as it were, in the presence of the whole people; and the advantage had not remained on the side of the pope. This was the first skirmish in a campaign that promised to be long and severe, and alternated with many vicissitudes of mourning and joy. But the first success at the beginning of a contest gives courage to the whole army and intimidates the enemy. The Reformation had seized upon a ground from which it was never to be dislodged. If the council thought themselves still obliged to act with caution, the people loudly proclaimed the defeat of Rome. "Never," said they in the exultation of the moment, "will she be able to rally her scattered and defeated troops." "With the energy of St. Paul," said they to Zwingle, "you have attacked these false apostles and their Ananiahs—those whited walls The satellites of Antichrist can never do more than gnash their teeth at you! " From the farthest parts of Germany came voices proclaiming him with joy—"the glory of reviving theology."

But at the same time the enemies of the Gospel were rallying their forces. There was no time to lose if they desired to suppress it; for it would soon be beyond the reach of their blows. Hoffman laid before the Chapter a voluminous accusation against the reformer. "Suppose," he said, "the priest could prove by witnesses what sins or what disorders had been committed by ecclesiastics in certain convents, streets, or taverns, he ought to name no one! Why would he have us understand (it is true I have scarcely ever heard of him myself) that he alone derives his doctrine from the fountainhead, and that others seek it only in kennels and puddles? Is it not impossible, considering the diversity of men's minds, that every preacher should preach alike?"

Zwingle answered this accusation in a full meeting of the CHAPTER, scattering his adversaries' charges, "as a bull with his horns tosses straw in the air." The matter which had appeared so serious, ended in loud bursts of laughter at the canon's expense. But Zwingle did not stop there; on the 16th of April he published a treatise on the free use of meats.

CHAPTER 12

Mourning and Joy in Germany—Plots against Zwingle—The Bishop's Mandate—Archeteles—The Bishop's Appeal to the Diet—Injunctions against attacking the Monks—Zwingle's Declaration—The Nuns of Oetenbach—Zwingle's Address to Schwytz

Zwingle's indomitable firmness delighted the friends of truth, and particularly the evangelical Christians of Germany, so long deprived, by his captivity in the Wartburg, of the mighty apostle who had first arisen in the bosom of the Church. Already many pastors and believers, exiled in consequence of the merciless decree which the papacy had extorted from Charles V at Worms, had found an asylum at Zurich. Nesse, the professor of Frankfort, whom Luther had visited on his road to Worms, wrote to Zwingle: "Oh! the joy that I feel at hearing with what authority you proclaim Jesus Christ! Strengthen by your exhortations those whom the cruelty of wicked bishops has compelled to flee far from our desolate churches."

But it was not in Germany alone that the adversaries were plotting against the friends of the Reformation. Not an hour passed in which the means of getting rid of Zwingle were not discussed. One day he received an anonymous letter, which he communicated immediately to his two curates. "Snares surround you on every side," wrote his secret friend; "a deadly poison has been prepared to take away your life. Never eat food but in your own house, and only what has been prepared by your own cook. The walls of Zurich contain men who are plotting your destruction. The oracle that has revealed this to me is more worthy of credit than that of Delphi. I am your friend; you shall know me hereafter."

On the next day after that in which Zwingle had received this mysterious epistle, just as Staheli was entering the Waterchurch, a chaplain stopped him and said; "Leave Zwingle's house forthwith; a catastrophe is at hand! " Certain fanatics, who despaired of seeing the Reformation checked by words, were arming themselves with poniards. Whenever mighty revolutions are taking place in society, assassins ordinarily spring from the foul dregs of the agitated people. God watched over Zwingle.

While the murderers were beholding the failure of their plots, the legitimate organs of the papacy were again in commotion. The bishop and his councillors resolved to renew the war. Intelligence of this reached Zwingle from every quarter. The reformer, in full reliance on the Word of God, said with noble intrepidity: "I fear them as a lofty rock fears the roaring waves sun to theo, with the aid of God! " added he. On the 2nd of May, the Bishop of Constance published a mandate, in which,

without naming either Zwingle or Zurich, he complained that speculative persons were reviving doctrines already condemned, and that both learned and ignorant were in the habit of discussing in every place the deepest mysteries. John Vanner, preacher of the cathedral at Constance, was the first attacked: "I prefer," said he, "being a Christian with the hatred of many, to abandoning Christ for the friendship of the world."

But it was Zurich that the rising heresy required to be crushed. Faber and the bishop knew that Zwingle had many enemies among the canons. They resolved to take advantage of this enmity. Towards the end of May a letter from the bishop arrived at Zurich; it was addressed to the provost and Chapter. "Sons of the Church," wrote the prelate, "let those perish who will perish! but let no one seduce you from the Church." At the same time the bishop entreated the canons to prevent those culpable doctrines, which engendered pernicious sects, from being preached or discussed among them, either in private or in public. When this letter was read in the Chapter, all eyes were fixed on Zwingle. The latter, understanding the meaning of this look, said to them: "I see that you think this letter refers to me; please to give it me, and, God willing, I will answer it."

Zwingle replied in his Archeteles, a word which signifies "the beginning and the end;" "for," said he, "I hope this first answer will also be the last." In this work he spoke of the bishop in a very respectful manner, and ascribed all the attacks of his enemies to a few intriguing men. "What have I done?" said he; "I have endeavoured to conduct them to the only true God and to Jesus Christ his Son. To this end, I have not made use of captious arguments, but plain and sincere language, such as the children of Switzerland can understand." And then, passing from a defensive to an offensive attitude, he added with great beauty: "When Julius Caesar felt the mortal wound, he folded his garments around him, that he might fall with dignity. The downfall of your ceremonies is at hand! see at least that they fall decently, and that light be everywhere promptly substituted for darkness."

This was the sole result of the bishop's letter to the Chapter of Zurich. Since every friendly remonstrance had proved vain, it was necessary to strike a more vigorous blow. Upon this, Faber and Landenberg cast their eyes around them, fixing them at last on the diet, the supreme council of the Helvetic nation. Deputies from the bishop appeared before this body, stating that their master had issued a mandate forbidding the priests in his diocese to make any innovation in matters of doctrine; that his authority had been despised, and that he now invoked the support of the chiefs of the confederation to aid him in reducing the rebels to obedience, and in defending the true and ancient faith. The enemies of the Reformation had the majority in this first assembly of the nation. Not long before, it had published a decree interdicting all those priests from preaching, whose sermons, in its opinion, were a cause of dissension among the people. This injunction of the diet, which then for the first time interfered with the Reformation, fell to the ground; but now, being resolved to act with severity, this assembly summoned before them Urban Weiss, pastor of Fislispach near Baden, whom the general report accused of preaching the new faith and rejecting the old. Weiss was set at liberty for a season at the intercession of several individuals, and under bail of a hundred florins offered by his parishioners.

But the diet had taken its position: of this we have just been witnesses; everywhere the monks and priests began to recover their courage. At Zurich they had shown themselves more imperious immediately after the first decree of this assembly. Several members of the council were in the habit of visiting the three convents night and morning, and even of taking their meals there. The monks tampered with these well-meaning guests, and solicited them to procure an injunction from the government in their favour. "If Zwingle will not hold his tongue," said they, "we will bawl louder than he." The diet had sided with the oppressors. The council of Zurich knew not what to do. On the 7th of June they voted an ordinance forbidding any one to preach against the monks; but this decree had scarcely been passed "when a sudden noise was heard in the councilchamber," says Bullinger's chronicle, "which made them all look at one another." Tranquillity was not restored; the battle that was fought from the pulpit every day grew hotter. The council nominated a deputation before which the pastors of Zurich and the readers and preachers of the convents were summoned to appear in the provost's house; after a lively debate, the burgomaster enjoined both parties to preach nothing that might endanger the public peace.

"I cannot comply with this injunction," said Zwingle; "I am resolved to preach the Gospel freely and unconditionally, in conformity with the previous ordinance. I am bishop and pastor of Zurich; to me has been confided the cure of souls. It is I who have taken oath, and not the monks. They ought to yield, and not I. If they preach lies, I will contradict them, even in the pulpits of their own convents. If I myself teach a doctrine contrary to the holy Gospel, then I desire to be rebuked, not only by the Chapter, but by any citizen whatsoever; and moreover to be punished by the council."—"We demand permission," said the monks, "to preach the doctrines of St. Thomas." The committed of the council determined, after proper deliberation, "That Thomas (Aquinas), Scotus, and the other doctors should be laid aside, and that nothing should be preached but the Gospel." Thus did the truth once more prevail. But the anger of the papal partisans was augmented. The ultramontane canons could not conceal their rage. They stared insolently at Zwingle in the CHAPTER, and seemed to be thirsting for his blood.

These menaces did not check Zwingle. There was still one place in Zurich where, thanks to the Dominicans, the light had not yet penetrated: this was the nunnery of Oetenbach. Here the daughters of the first families of Zurich were accustomed to take the veil. It seemed unjust that these poor women, shut up within the walls of their convent, should be the only persons that did not hear the Word of God. The Great Council ordered Zwingle to visit them. The reformer went into that pulpit which had hitherto been confined to the Dominicans, and preached "on the clearness and certainty of the Word of God." He subsequently published this remarkable discourse, which did not fall on barren ground, and which still further exasperated the monks.

A circumstance now occurred that extended this hostility, and communicated it to many other hearts. The Swiss, under the command of Stein and Winkelreid, had just suffered a bloody defeat at the Bicocca. They had made a desperate charge upon the enemy, but Pescara's artillery and the lansquenets of that Freundsberg whom Luther had met at the door of the hall of assembly at Worms, had overthrown both commanders and standards, while whole companies had been mown down and suddenly exterminated. Winkelreid and Stein, with members of the noble families of Mulinen, Diesbach, Bonstetten, Tschudi, and Pfyffer, had been left of the field of battle.

Schwytz especially had been decimated. The bloody relics of this frightful combat had returned to Switzerland, carrying mourning in their train. A cry of woe resounded from the Alps to the Jura, and from the Rhone to the Rhine.

But no one felt so keen a pain as Zwingle. He immediately wrote an address to Schwytz dissuading the citizens of this canton from foreign service. "Your ancestors," said he with all the warmth of a patriot's heart, "fought with their enemies in defense of liberty; but they never put Christians to death for mere gain. These foreign wars bring innumerable calamities on our country. The scourge of God chastises our confederate nations, and Helvetian liberty is on the verge of expiring between the interested caresses and the deadly hatred of foreign princes." Zwingle gave the hand to Nicholas de Flue, and followed up the exhortations of this man of peace. This address having been presented to the assembly of the people of Schwytz, produced such an effect, that they resolved to abstain provisionally from every foreign alliance for the next twentyfive years. But erelong the French party procured the repeal of this generous resolution, and Schwytz, from that hour, became the canton most opposed to Zwingle and his work.

Even the disgrace that the partisans of these foreign treaties brought upon their native land only served to increase the hatred of these men against the intrepid minister who was endeavouring to avert from his country so many misfortunes and such deep shame. An opposition, growing more violent every day, was formed in the confederation against Zwingle and Zurich. The usages of the Church and practices of the recruiting officers, as they were attacked conjointly, mutually supported each other in withstanding the impetuous blast of that reform which threatened to overthrow them both. At the same time enemies from without were multiplying. It was not only the pope, but other foreign princes also, who vowed a pitiless hostility to the Reformation. Did it not pretend to withdraw from their ranks those Helvetian halberds to which their ambition and pride had been indebted for so many triumphs? But on the side of the Gospel there remained God and the most excellent of the people: this was enough. Besides, from different countries, Divine Providence was bringing to its aid men who had been persecuted for their faith.

CHAPTER 13

A French Monk—He teaches in Switzerland—Dispute between Zwingle and the Monk—Discourse of the Commander of the Johannites—The Carnival at Berne—The Eaters of the Dead—The Skull of St. Anne—Appenzel—The Grisons—Murder and Adultery—Zwingle's Marriage

On Saturday the 12th of July there appeared in the streets of Zurich a monk of tall, thin, and rigid frame, wearing the gray frock of the Cordeliers, of foreign air, and mounted on an ass, which hardly lifted his bare feet off the ground. In this manner he had journeyed from Avignon, without knowing a word of German. By means of his Latin, however, he was able to make himself understood. Francis Lambert, for such was his name, asked for Zwingle, and handed him a letter from Berthold Haller. "This Franciscan father," said the Bernese parish priest, "who is no other than the apostolical preacher of the conventgeneral of Avignon, has been teaching the christian truth for these last five years; he has preached in Latin before our priests at Geneva, at Lausanne before the bishop, at Friburg, and lastly at Berne, touching the church, the priesthood, the sacrifice of the mass, the traditions of the Romish bishops, and the superstitions of the religious orders. It seems most astonishing to me to hear such things from a gray friar and a Frenchman characters that presuppose, as you are aware, a whole sea of superstitions."

The Frenchman related to Zwingle how Luther's writings having been discovered in his cell, he had been compelled to quit Avignon without delay; how, at first, he had preached the Gospel in the city of Geneva, and afterwards at Lausanne, on the shores of the same lake. Zwingle, highly delighted, opened the church of Our Lady to the monk, and made him sit in the choir on a seat in front of the high altar. In this church Lambert delivered four sermons, in which he inveighed forcibly against the errors of Rome; but in the fourth, he defended the invocation of Mary and the saints.

"Brother! thou art mistaken," immediately exclaimed an animated voice. It was Zwingle's. Canons and chaplains thrilled with joy at the prospect of a dispute between the Frenchman and the heretical priest. "He has attacked you," said they all to Lambert, "demand a public discussion with him." The monk of Avignon did so, and at ten o'clock on the 22nd of July the two champions met in the conference hall of the canons. Zwingle opened the Old and New Testament in Greek and Latin; he continued discussing and explaining until two o'clock, when the French monk, clasping his hands and raising them to heaven, exclaimed: "I thank thee, O God, that by means of such an illustrious instrument thou has brought me to so clear a knowledge of the truth! Henceforth," added he, turning to the assembly, "in all my

tribulations I will call on God alone, and will throw aside my beads. Tomorrow I shall resume my journey; I am going to Basle to see Erasmus of Rotterdam, and from thence to Wittenberg to visit Martin Luther, the Augustine monk." And accordingly he departed on his ass. We shall meet with him again. He was the first man who, for the cause of the Gospel, went forth from France into Switzerland and Germany; the humble forerunner of many thousands of refugees and confessors.

Myconius had no such consolations: on the contrary, he was destined to see Sebastian Hofmeister, who had come from Constance to Lucerne, and there boldly preached the Gospel, forced to leave the city. Upon this Oswald's sorrow increased. The humid climate of Lucerne was against him; a fever preyed upon him; the physicians declared that unless he removed to some other place, he would die. "Nowhere have I a greater desire to be than near you," wrote he to Zwingle, "and nowhere less than at Lucerne. Men torment me, and the climate is wasting me away. My malady, they say, is the penalty of my iniquity: alas! whatever I say, whatever I do, turns to poison with them There is One in heaven on whom all my hopes repose."

This hope was not delusive. It was about the end of March, and the feast of the Annunciation was approaching. The day before the eve of this anniversary a great festival was observed in commemoration of a fire which in 1340 had reduced the greater part of the city to ashes. The streets of Lucerne were already crowded with a vast concourse of people from the surrounding districts, and several hundreds of priests were assembled. The sermon at this solemn feast was usually delivered by some celebrated preacher. The commander of the Johannites, Conrad Schmidt of Kussnacht, arrived to perform this duty. An immense congregation filled the church. Who shall describe the general astonishment, when the commander, laying aside the custom of preaching in Latin, spoke in German, so that all might understand him, explaining with authority and holy fervour the love of God in sending his Son, and proving eloquently that mere external works have no power to save, and that the promises of God are truly the essence of the Gospel!

"God forbid," exclaimed Conrad before the astonished people, "that we should acknowledge for our head a chief so full of sin as the Bishop of Rome, and reject Christ! If the Bishop of Rome distributes the nourishment of the Gospel, let us acknowledge him as our pastor, but not as chief; and if he distribute it not, let us in nowise acknowledge him." Oswald could not contain himself for joy." "What a man! " cried he, "what a sermon! what majesty! what authority! how full of the spirit of Christ! " The effect was general. A solemn silence succeeded the agitation that filled the city; but this merely transient. If the people stop their ears to the voice of God, his calls

becomes less frequent every day, and even cease entirely. This was the case with Lucerne.

While the truth was thus proclaimed from the pulpit at Berne, the papacy was attacked in the festive meetings of the people. Nicholas Manuel, a distinguished layman, celebrated for his poetical talents, and who had reached the highest offices of state, indignant at seeing his fellowcountrymen so unmercifully plundered by Samson, composed some carnival dramas, in which he assailed the covetousness, pomp, and haughtiness of the pope and clergy with the stinging weapons of satire. On the Shrove Tuesday "of the lords" (the lords were then the clergy, and began their Lent eight days before the people), nothing was talked of in Berne but a drama or mystery, entitled, The Eaters of the Dead, which some young persons were to act in the Rue de la Croix. The citizens crowded to the show. As a matter of art, these dramatic sketches at the commencement of the sixteenth century possess some interest; but it is with a very different view that we quote them in this place. We should prefer, doubtless, not to be obliged to quote, on the part of the Reformation, attacks of this nature; it is by other arms that truth prevails. But history does not create, she can only adduce what she finds.

At last the show begins, to the great delight of the impatient crowd assembled in the Rue de la Croix. First appears the pope, covered with glittering robes, and sitting on a throne. Around him stand his courtiers, his guards, and a motley crowd of priests of every degree; behind them are nobles, laymen, and mendicants. Soon a funeral procession appears; it is a wealthy farmer they are carrying to his last home. Two of his relatives walk slowly in front of the coffin, with handkerchiefs in their hands. When the procession came before the pope, the bier was placed at his feet, and the acting began:—

First Relation, in a sorrowful tone.Noble army of the saints! Hear, oh! hear our sad complaints:Our cousin's dead the yawning tomb Has swallow'd him in life's first bloom. Second Relation. No cost to monk or priest we'll spare; We've a hundred crowns for mass and prayer, If thus from purgatorial fire We can but save our 'parted sire.

The Sexton, coming out of the crowd around the pope, and running hastily to the parish priest, Robert MoreAndMore. A trifle to drink, sir priest, I crave! A farmer stout now goes to his grave.

The Priest.But one! I only thirst the more! One dead! would it were half a score! The more the merrier then live we! Death is the best of games for me.

The Sexton.Would it were so! 'twould then be well! I'd rather toll a dead man's knell Than from morn to night a field be tilling: He never complains, and to pay is willing.

The Priest. If the deathknell opes the gate of heavenI know not.—But what's that to me? With salmon and pike, with barbel and trout, It fills my house right merrily.

The Priest's Niece. 'Tis well! But, look ye, I claim my share; Today this soul must for me prepare A gown of white, black, green, or red, And a pretty kerchief to deck my head.

Cardinal HighPride, wearing a red hat, and standing near the pope. Did we not love the heritage of death, Could we sweep off in life's young prime On corpseencumbered field such countless bands, Lured by intrigue, or else by envy urged? On Christian blood Rome fattens. Hence my hat And robe derive their sanguinary hue. My honours and my wealth are gain'd from death.

Bishop Wolf'sBelly. In the pope's laws firm will I live and die. My robes are silken and my purse is full; The tournament and chase are my delight. In former times, when yet the Church was young, Clothed as simple villagers we went. We priests were shepherds—now, the peers of kings. And yet at times a shepherd's life I love.

A Voice. A shepherd's life!

Bishop Wolf's Belly. Ay! at shearing time.—Shepherds and wolves are we: They, the poor sheep; and if they feed us not, They fall unpitied, by our ruthless fangs. Connubial sweets we are forbid to taste. 'Tis well! —beneath this heavy yoke The purest falter:— this is better still. Scandals! —I heed him not: they fill my purse, And serve but to augment my princely train. The smallest profit never comes amiss. A priest with money only has to choose Among the fair—pays florins four—I'm blind. Has he a child?—again his purse must bleed. 'Tis thus a good round sum I net each year,—Two thousand florins; but not e'en two pense Would fall to me, were they discreet and wise. All honour to the pope! With bended knee I bow before him. In his faith I'll live, Defend his church, and own him as my god the Pope. Now doth the faithless world at last believe That an ambitious priest can ope or shut At will the gates of heaven. Preach faithfully The ordinances of the conclave's choice. Now are we kings—the layman, a dull thrall. Wave but the Gospel standard in the air, And we are lost. To offer sacrifice Or fee the priest, the Gospel teacheth not. Did we obey its precepts, we should live— Alas! —in poverty, and meanly die. Ah! then farewell to richly harness'd steeds, To sumptuous chariots—than a sullen ass Would bear the

portly majesty of Rome No! —firmly Saint Peter's rights I'll guard, And rash intruders with my thunders blast. Let us but will—the universe is ours, And prostrate nations worship us as God. I walk upon their bodies to my throne. Avaunt, ye unclean laymen, from our treasure Three drops of holy water fill your measure.

We will not continue our translation of Manuel's drama. The anguish of the clergy on discovering the efforts of the reformers, and their anger against those who threatened to put a stop to their disorders, are painted in the liveliest colours. The dissolute manners, of which this mystery presents so vivid an image, were too common for each one not to be struck with the truth of the representation. The people were excited. Many were their jests as they departed from the show in the Rue de la Croix; but some individuals were more seriously affected; they spoke of christian liberty and of the papal despotism; they contrasted the simplicity of the Gospel with the pomp of Rome. The contempt of the people soon went beyond all bounds. On Ash Wednesday the indulgences were paraded through the streets, accompanied with satirical songs. A heavy blow had been struck in Berne and in all Switzerland at the ancient edifice of Popery.

Not long after this representation, another comedy was acted at Berne; but in this there was nothing invented. The clergy, council, and citizens were assembled in front of the Upper Gate, awaiting the skull of Saint Anne, which the famous knight Albert of Stein had gone to fetch from Lyons. At length Stein appeared, carrying the holy relic enveloped in a silken cloth, before which the Bishop of Lausanne had humbly bend the knee as it passed through his city. The precious skull was borne in procession to the Dominican church; the bells rang out; the train filed into the temple; and with great solemnity the skull of Mary's mother was placed on an altar specially consecrated to it, and behind a sumptuous trellis work. But in the midst of these rejoicings, a letter was received from the abbot of the convent of Lyons, in which reposed the relics of the saint, announcing that the monks had sold the knight a profane skull taken from the cemetery, from among the scattered fragments of the dead. This mystification deeply incensed the inhabitants of the illustrious city of Berne.

The Reformation was advancing in other parts of Switzerland. In 1521, a young man of Appenzel, Walter Klarer by name, returned from the university of Paris to his native canton. Luther's works fell into his hands, and in 1522 he preached the evangelical doctrine with all the energy of a youthful Christian. An innkeeper named Rausberg, member of the council of Appenzel, a rich and pious man, opened his house to all the friends of the truth. A famous captain, Bartholomew Berweger, who had fought for Julius II and Leo X, having returned from Rome about this time,

persecuted the evangelical ministers. One day, however, remembering what wickedness he had seen at Rome, he began to read his Bible, and to attend the sermons of the new preachers: his eyes were opened, and he embraced the Gospel. On witnessing the crowds that could not find room in the churches, he said: "Let the ministers preach in the fields and public places;" and despite a violent opposition, the meadows, hills, and mountains of Appenzel often afterwards reechoed with the tidings of salvation.

This doctrine, proceeding upwards along the banks of the Rhine, spread even as far as the ancient Rhaetia. One day a stranger coming from Zurich crossed the stream, and entered the house of a saddler in Flasch, the first village of the Grisons. The saddler, Christian Anhorn, listened with astonishment to the language of his guest. The whole village invited the stranger, whose name was Jacques Burkli, to preach to them. He took his station in front of the altar; a troop of armed men, with Anhorn at their head, stood round to protect him from any sudden attack while he was proclaiming the Gospel. The rumour of this preaching spread far and wide, and on the following Sunday an immense crowd flocked to the church. In a brief space a large proportion of the inhabitants of these districts demanded the Eucharist according to our Lord's institution. But on a sudden the tocsin rang in Mayenfeldt; the affrighted people ran together to know the cause; the priests described the danger that threatened the Church; and then at the head of this fanatic crowd, ran hastily to Flasch. Anhorn, who was working in the fields, surprised at hearing the sound of bells at so unusual a time, returned home immediately, and hid Burkli in a deep hole in his cellar. The house was surrounded, the doors burst in; they sought for the heretical preacher, but in vain: at last, the persecutors left the place.

The Word of God spread through the whole league of the ten jurisdictions. The priest of Mayenfeldt, having returned from Rome, whither he had gone in his irritation at the progress of the Gospel, exclaimed: "Rome has made me evangelical! " and he became a fervent reformer. Erelong the Reformation extended over the league of "the house of God:" "Oh! that you could see how the dwellers in the Rhaetian mountains are throwing off the yoke of the Babylonian captivity! " wrote Salandronius to Vadian.

Disorders of a revolting character hastened the time when Zurich and the neighbouring cantons snapped asunder the Roman yoke. A married schoolmaster, desiring to enter holy orders, obtained his wife's consent with this view, and they separated. The new priest, finding it impossible to observe his vow of celibacy, and unwilling to wound his wife's feelings, quitted the place where she lived, and went into the see of Constance, where he formed a criminal connection. His wife heard of

this, and followed him. The poor priest had compassion on her, and dismissing the woman who had usurped her rights, took his lawful spouse into his house. The procuratorfiscal immediately drew up a complaint; the vicargeneral was in a ferment; the councillors of the consistory deliberated and ordered the curate either to forsake his wife or his benefice. The poor wife left her husband's house in tears, and her rival reentered it in triumph. The Church declared itself satisfied, and from that time the adulterous priest was left undisturbed.

Not long after, a parish priest of Lucerne seduced a married woman and lived with her. The husband, having returned to Lucerne, availed himself of the priest's absence to recover his wife. As he was taking her home, the seducer met them; fell upon the injured husband, and inflicted a wound of which the latter died. All pious men felt the necessity of reestablishing the law of God, which declares marriage honourable in all. The evangelical ministers had discovered that the law of celibacy was of human origin, imposed by the pontiffs, and contrary to the Word of God, which, describing a faithful bishop, represents him as a husband and father (1 Timothy 3:2, 4). At the same time they observed, that of all abuses that had crept into the Church, none had been a cause of more vice and scandal. They thought, therefore, that it was not only lawful, but, even more, a duty to God to reject it. Many of them now returned to this ancient usage of apostolical times. Xyloctect was married. Zwingle also took a wife about this period.

No woman had been more respected in Zurich than Anna Reinhardt, the widow of Meyer von Knonau, Gerold's mother. From Zwingle's arrival, she had been one of his most attentive hearers; she lived near him, and he had noticed her piety, her modesty, and affection for her children. They young Gerold, who had become, as it were, his adopted son, drew him still closer to the mother. The sufferings undergone by this christian woman, who was one day to be more cruelly tried than any of her sex recorded in history, had communicated a seriousness that contributed to show forth her evangelical virtues more brightly. At this time she was about thirtyfive years old, and her fortune only amounted to four hundred florins. It was on her that Zwingle fixed his eyes as a companion for life. He comprehended all the sacredness and sympathy of the conjugal state. He entitled it "a most holy alliance."—

"In like manner," said he, "as Christ died for his followers, and gave himself entirely for them, so should married persons do all and suffer all for one another." But Zwingle, when he took Anna Reinhardt to wife, did not make his marriage known. This is undoubtedly a blamable weakness in a man at other times so resolute. The light that he and his friends had acquired on the question of celibacy was not general. Weak minds might have been scandalized. He feared that his usefulness in the

Church would be paralysed, if his marriage were made public. He sacrificed a portion of his happiness to these fears, excusable perhaps, but which he ought to have shaken off.

CHAPTER 14

How the Truth triumphs—Meeting at Einsidlen—Petition to the Bishop and Confederates—The Men of Einsidlen separate—Scene in a Convent—Dinner with Myconius—The Strength of the Reformers—Effect of the Petitions to Lucerne—The Council of the Diet—Haller at the Townhall—Friburg—Oswald's Destitution—Zwingle consoles him—Oswald quits Lucerne—The Diet's first Act of Severity—Consternation of Zwingle's Brothers—Zwingle's Resolution—The Future—Zwingle's Prayer

But far higher interests than these occupied the minds of the friends of truth. The diet, as we have seen, pressed by the enemies of the Reformation, had enjoined the evangelical preachers to preach no doctrines likely to disturb the people. Zwingle felt that the moment for action had arrived; and with his characteristic energy convened a meeting at Einsidlen of the ministers of the Lord who were friendly to the Gospel. The Christian's strength consists neither in the power of arms, nor in the flames of the burning pile, nor in factious intrigues, nor in the support of the mighty ones of the earth; it is a simple, but bold and unanimous confession of those great truths to which the world must one day be subjected. God especially calls those who serve him to uphold these doctrine firmly before the people, without permitting themselves to be alarmed by the cries of their adversaries. These truths have in themselves an assurance of their triumph; and idols fall before them, as in former times before the ark of God. The hour was come in which God willed the great truth of salvation to be thus confessed in Switzerland; it was requisite that the Gospel standard should be planted on some high place. Providence was about to draw from their secluded retreats many humble but intrepid men, and cause them to give a noble testimony in the presence of the nation.

Towards the end of June and the beginning of July 1522, pious ministers were seen from every side journeying towards the celebrated chapel of Einsidlen on a new pilgrimage. From Art in the canton of Schwytz, came its priest Balthasar Trachsel; from Weiningen, near Baden, the priest Staheli; from Zug, Werner Steiner; from Lucerne, the canon Kilchmeyer; from Uster, the incumbent Pfister; from Hongg, near Zurich, the priest Stumpff; and from Zurich itself, the canon Fabricius, the chaplain Schmidt, Grossman, the preacher of the hospital, and Zwingle. Leo Juda, the priest of Einsidlen, joyfully received all these ministers of Jesus Christ into the old abbey. Subsequently to Zwingle's residence, this place had become the stronghold of truth, and a dwellingplace for the righteous. Thus, two hundred and fifteen years before, thirtythree brave patriots had met in the solitary plain of the Grutli, resolved to break the yoke of Austria. At Einsidlen they met to burst in sunder the yoke of human

authority in Divine things. Zwingle proposed that his friends should address an urgent petition to the cantons and the bishop, with a view of obtaining the free preaching of the Gospel, and at the same time the abolition of compulsory celibacy, the source of such criminal disorders. All concurred in his opinion. Ulrich had himself prepared the address. The petition to the bishop was read first, this was on the 2nd of July, and it was signed by all the evangelists named above.

A cordial affection knit together the preachers of the Gospel truth in Switzerland. There were many others who sympathized with the men who had met at Einsidlen; such were Haller, Myconius, Hedio, Capito, Oecolampadius, Sebastian Meyer, Hoffmeister, and Vanner. This harmony is one of the most beautiful features of the Swiss Reformation. These excellent persons ever acted as one man, and remained friends until death.

The men of Einsidlen felt that it was only by the power of faith that the members of the Confederation, divided by the foreign capitulations, could become a single body. But their eyes were directed to heaven. "The heavenly teaching," said they to their ecclesiastical superior in the address of the 2nd of July, "that truth which God the Creator has manifested by his Son to the human race immersed in sin, has been long veiled from our eyes by the ignorance, not to say the wickedness, of a few men. But this same Almighty God has resolved to reestablish it in its primitive estate. Unite, then, with those who desire the whole body of Christians should return to their Head, which is Christ. On our part, we are determined to proclaim his Gospel with indefatigable perseverance, and at the same time with such discretion that no one shall complain of it. Favour this— astonishing it may be, but not rash undertaking. Be like Moses, in the way, at the head of the people when they went out of Egypt, and with your own hands overthrow every obstacle that opposes the triumphant progress of the truth."

After this spirited appeal, the evangelists assembled at Einsidlen came to the question of celibacy. Zwingle had nothing to ask in this respect; he had such a wife as, according to Saint Paul's description, the wife of a minister of Christ should be— grave, sober, faithful in all things. (1 Timothy 3:11.) But he thought of his brethren, whose consciences were not as yet, like his own, emancipated from human ordinances. He longed, moreover, for that time when all the servants of God might live openly and fearlessly in the bosom of their families, having their children in subjection with all gravity. (1 Timothy 3:4.) "You cannot be ignorant," said the men of Einsidlen, "how deplorably the laws of chastity have hitherto been violated by the priests. When in the consecration of the ministers of the Lord, they ask of him who speaks for all the rest: Are those whom you present to us righteous men?—he answers: They are

righteous.—Are they learned?—They are learned. But when he is asked: Are they chaste?

He replies: As far as human weakness permits. The New Testament everywhere condemns licentious intercourse; everywhere it sanctions marriage." Here follows a great number of quotations. "It is for this reason," continued they, "we entreat you, by the love of Christ, by the liberty he has purchased for us, by the wretchedness of so many feeble and wavering souls, by the wounds of so many ulcerated consciences, by all divine and human motives to permit what has been rashly enacted to be wisely repealed; for fear the majestic edifice of the Church should fall with a frightful crash, and spread destruction far and wide. Behold with what storms the world is threatened! If wisdom does not interfere, the ruin of the priestly order is certain."

The petition to the confederation was longer still. "Excellent sirs," thus spoke the allies of Einsidlen to the confederates at the end of their appeal, "we are all Swiss, and you are our fathers. There are some among us who have been faithful in the field of battle, in the chambers of pestilence, and in the midst of other calamities. It is in the name of sincere chastity that we address you. Who is unaware that we should better satisfy the lust of the flesh by not submitting to the regulations of lawful wedlock? But we must put an end to the scandals that afflict the Church of Christ. If the tyranny of the Roman pontiff is resolved to oppress us, fear nothing, brave heroes! The authority of the Word of God, the rights of christian liberty, and the sovereign power of grace, will surround and protect us. We have all the same country, the same faith; we are Swiss, and the virtue of our illustrious ancestors has always displayed its power by an invincible defence of those who are unjustly oppressed."

Thus in Einsidlen itself, in that ancient stronghold of superstition, and which in our days is one of the most famous sanctuaries of Roman observances, did Zwingle and his friends boldly uplift the banner of truth and liberty. They appealed to the heads of the state and of the Church. They placarded their theses like Luther, but at the gates of the episcopal palace and of the national council. The band of friends at Einsidlen separated calm, rejoicing, and full of hope in that God in whose hands they had placed their cause; and retiring, some by the battlefield of Morgarten, others over the chain of the Albis, and the rest by different valleys and mountains, returned each man to his post.

"It was something really sublime for those times," says Henry Bullinger, "that these men should have thus dared stand forth, and rallying round the Gospel, expose themselves to every danger. But God preserved them all, so that no harm befell them; for God always preserves his own." It was indeed sublime: it was a bold step in the

progress of the Reformation, one of the brightest days of the religious regeneration of Switzerland. A holy confederation was formed at Einsidlen. Humble but intrepid men had grasped the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and the shield of faith. The Gauntlet was thrown down—the challenge was given—not only by one man, but by men of different cantons, prepared to sacrifice their lives: they must await the struggle.

Everything seemed to forebode that the contest would be severe. Already five days after, on the 7th of July, the magistrates of Zurich, desirous of offering some satisfaction to the Roman party, had summoned before them Conrad Grebel and Claus Hottinger, two of those violent men who appeared desirous of overstepping the bounds of a prudent Reformation. "We forbid you," said the burgomaster Roust, "to speak against the monks and on the controverted questions." At these words a loud noise was heard in the chamber, says an old chronicle. God so manifested himself throughout all this work, that the people saw signs of his intervention in everything. Each man looked around him in astonishment, without being able to discover the cause of this mysterious circumstance.

But it was in the convents especially that the indignation was greatest. Every meeting that was held in them either for discussion or amusement, saw some new attack burst forth. One day there was a great banquet at the convent of Fraubrunn; and as the wine had got into the heads of the guests, they began to launch the most envenomed darts against the Gospel. What most incensed the priests and monks was the evangelical doctrine that, in the Christian Church there ought not be any sacerdotal caste raised above the believers. One single friend of the Reformation was present, Macrinus, a layman, and master of the school at Soleure. At first he avoided the discussion, passing from one table to the other. But at length, unable to endure the violent language of the guests, he rose boldly and said aloud: "Yes! all true Christians are priests and sacrificers, as St. Peter says: Ye are priests and kings." At these words one of the loudest bawlers, the Dean of Burgdorff, a tall strong man with a voice of thunder, burst out laughing: "So then, you Greeklings and pedagogues are the royal priesthood? a pretty priesthood, forsooth! beggarly kings priests without prebends or livings! " And at the very instant priests and monks with one accord fell on the imprudent layman.

It was Lucerne, however, that the bold step of the men of Einsidlen was destined to produce the greatest commotion. The diet had met in this city, and complaints arrived from every quarter against these daring preachers, who would prevent Helvetia from quietly selling the blood of her children to the stranger. On the 22nd of July 1522, as Oswald Myconius was at dinner in his own house with the canon

Kilchmeyer and others favourably disposed to the Gospel, a youth sent by Zwingle stood at the door. He brought the two famous petitions of Einsidlen, and a letter from Zwingle, calling upon Oswald to circulate them in Lucerne. "It is my advice," added the reformer, "that this should be done quietly, gradually, rather than all at once; for we must learn to give up everything—even one's wife—for Christ's sake."

The critical moment was approaching in Lucerne; the shell had fallen in the midst of the city, and was about to explode. Oswald's guests read the petitions. "May God prosper this beginning! " exclaimed Oswald, looking up to heaven, and adding immediately: "From this very hour this prayer should be the constant occupation of our hearts." The petitions were circulated immediately, perhaps with more ardour than Zwingle had required. But the moment was extraordinary. Eleven men, the flower of the clergy, had placed themselves in the breach; it was desirable to enlighten men's minds, to decide the wavering, and to win over the most influential members of the diet.

Oswald, in the midst of his exertions, did not forget his friends. The youthful messenger had told him of the attacks Zwingle had to put up with on the part of the monks of Zurich. "The truth of the Holy Ghost is invincible," wrote Myconius to him on the same day. "Shielded with the buckler of Scripture, you have conquered not only in one contest, nor in two, but in three, and the fourth is now beginning Grasp those powerful arms which are harder than adamant! Christ, to protect his followers, requires nothing but his Word. Your struggles impart unflinching courage to all who have devoted themselves to Jesus Christ."

The two petitions did not produce the desired effect in Lucerne. Some pious men approved of them; but their numbers were few. Many, fearing to compromise themselves, would neither praise nor blame them. "These folks," said others, "will never succeed in this business! " All the priests murmured, and whispered against them; and the people became violent against the Gospel. The passion for a military life had been revived in Lucerne after the bloody defeat of the Bicocca, and war alone filled every mind. Oswald, who watched attentively these different impressions, felt his courage sinking. The Gospel future that he had pictured in Lucerne and Switzerland, seemed to vanish. "Our countrymen are blind as regards heavenly things," said he with a deep sigh: "We can hope nothing from the Swiss, which concerns the glory of Christ."

In the council and the diet the irritation was greatest. The pope, France, England, the empire—all were in commotion around Switzerland after the defeat of the Bicocca and the evacuation of Lombardy by the French, under the orders of Lautrec. Were

not the political affairs complicated enough, that these eleven men should come with their petitions and superadd mere religious questions? The deputies of Zurich alone inclined in favour of the Gospel. The canon Xyloctect, fearing for the safety of himself and his wife (for he had married a daughter of one of the first families in the country), had shed tears of regret, as he refused to go to Einsidlen and sign the addresses. The canon Kilchmeyer was bolder, and he had everything to fear. On the 13th of August he wrote to Zwingle: "Sentence threatens me, but I await it with courage" As his pen was tracing these words, the usher of the council entered his room, and summoned him to appear on the morrow. "If they throw me into prison," said he, continuing his letter, "I shall claim your help; but it will be easier to transport a rock from our Alps than to remove me a finger's breadth from the Word of Jesus Christ." The respect due to his family, and the determination of the council to make the storm burst on Oswald, saved the canon.

Berthold Haller had not signed the petitions, perhaps because he was not a Swiss. But with unyielding courage he explained the Gospel of St. Matthew, after Zwingle's example. A great crowd filled the cathedral of Berne. The Word of God operated more powerfully on the people than Manuel's dramas. Haller was summoned to the townhall; the people escorted this meek man thither, and remained assembled in the square in front. The council were divided in their sentiments. "It is a matter that concerns the bishop," said the most influential members.

"We must give him up to Monseigneur of Lausanne." Haller's friends trembled at these words, and besought him to withdraw as son as possible. The people surrounded him, and accompanied him home, and a great body of armed citizens remained before his house, determined to form a rampart for their humble pastor with their bodies. The bishop and council shrunk back at this spirited demonstration, and Haller was saved. He did not, however, combat alone in Berne. Sebastian Meyer refuted the pastoral letter of the Bishop of Constance, and especially the hackneyed charge, "that the disciples of the Gospel teach a new doctrine; and that the old is the true one."—"To have been a thousand years wrong," said he, "will not make us right for one single hour; or else the pagans should have kept to their creed. If the most ancient doctrines ought to be preferred, fifteen hundred years are more than five hundred, and the Gospel is older than the decrees of the pope."

About this time, the magistrates of Friburg intercepted some letters addressed to Haller and Meyer by a canon of that town, named John Hollard, a native of Orbe. They imprisoned him, deprived him of his office, and finally banished him. John Vannius, a chorister of the cathedral, soon declared in favour of the evangelical doctrine; for in this war no soldier fell whose place was not immediately filled by

another. "How can the muddy water of the Tiber," said Vannius, "subsist beside the pure stream that Luther has drawn from the springs of St. Paul?" But the mouth of the chorister also was shut. "In all Switzerland you will hardly find men more unfavourably disposed towards sound doctrine than the Friburgers," wrote Myconius to Zwingle.

An exception must however be made as regards Lucerne; and this Myconius knew well. He had not signed the famous petitions; but if he did not, his friends did, and a victim was wanted. The ancient literature of Greece and Rome was beginning, through his exertions, to shed its light upon Lucerne; students resorted thither from various quarters to hear the learned professor; and the friends of peace listened with delight to milder sounds than the clash of halberds, swords, and breastplates, that as yet had reechoed alone in this warlike city. Oswald had sacrificed everything for his country;—he had quitted Zurich and Zwingle;—he had lost his health;—his wife was ailing;—his child was young;—should Lucerne once cast him forth, he could nowhere look for an asylum. But this they heeded not: factions are pitiless, and what should excite their compassion does but inflame their anger.

Hertenstein, burgomaster of Lucerne, an old and valiant warrior, who had become celebrated in the Swabian and Burgundian wars, proposed the schoolmaster's dismissal, and wished to drive him from the canton with his Greek, his Latin, and his Gospel. He succeeded. As he left the meeting of the council in which Myconius had been deprived of his post, Hertenstein met Berguer the Zurich deputy: "We send you back your schoolmaster," said he ironically: "prepare a comfortable lodging for him."—"We will not let him sleep in the open air," immediately replied the courageous deputy. But Berguer promised more than he could perform.

The burgomaster's tidings were but too true, and they were soon made known to the unhappy Myconius. He is stripped of his appointment, banished; and the only crime with which he is reproached is being Luther's disciple. He turns his eyes around him, and nowhere finds a shelter. He beholds his wife, his son, and himself,—weak and sickly creatures,—driven from their country and around him Switzerland agitated by a violent tempest, breaking and shattering all that resists it. "Here," said he then to Zwingle, "here is your poor Myconius banished by the council of Lucerne. Whither shall I go? I know not Assailed yourself by such furious storms, how can you shelter me? In my tribulation I cry to that God who is my chief hope. Ever rich, ever kind, He does not permit any who call upon him to turn away unheard. May He provide for my wants! "

Thus wrote Oswald. He had not long to wait for the word of consolation. There was one man in Switzerland inured to the battles of faith. Zwingle drew nigh to his friend and raised him up. "So rude are the blows by which men strive to overthrow the house of God," said Zwingle, "and so frequent are their attacks, that it is not only the wind and rain that burst upon it, as our Lord predicts (Matthew 7:27), but also the hail and the thunder. If I did not see that the Lord kept watch over the ship, I should long since have abandoned the helm; but I see him, through the storm, strengthening the tackling, handing the yards, spreading the sails; nay more, commanding the very winds.

Should I not be a coward and unworthy the name of a man if I abandoned my post and sought a disgraceful death in flight? I confide entirely in his sovereign goodness. Let Him govern,—let Him carry us forward,—let Him hasten or delay,—let Him plunge us even to the bottom of the deep we will fear nothing. We are vessels that belong to Him. He can make use of us as he pleases, for honour or dishonour." After these words, so full of the sincerest faith, Zwingle continues: "As for yourself, this is my advice. Appear before the council, and deliver an address worthy of you and of Christ; that is to say, calculated to melt and not irritate their feelings. Deny that you are Luther's disciple; confess that you are Christ's. Let your pupils surround you and speak too; and if this does not succeed, then come to your friend,—come to Zwingle,—and look upon our city as your home!

Encouraged by this language, Oswald followed the noble advice of the reformer; but all his efforts were unavailing. This witness to the truth was compelled to leave his country; and the people of Lucerne decried him so much that in every quarter the magistrates prevented his finding an asylum. "Nothing remains for me but to beg my bread from door to door," exclaimed this confessor of Christ, whose heart was crushed at the sight of so much hostility. But erelong the friend of Zwingle and his most powerful auxiliary, the first man in Switzerland who had combined learning with a love to the Gospel, the reformer of Lucerne, and subsequently one of the heads of the Helvetian Church, was with his sick wife and infant child compelled to leave that ungrateful city, where, of all his family, one only of his sisters had received the Gospel. He crossed its ancient bridge; he bade farewell to those mountains which appear to rise from the bosom of the Walstatter lake into the clouds. The canons Xyloctect and Kilchmeyer, the only friends whom the Reformation yet counted among his fellowcountrymen, followed him not long after. And at the moment when this poor man, accompanied by two feeble creatures, whose existence depended upon him, with eyes turned towards the lake, and shedding tears over his blinded country, bade adieu to those sublime scenes of nature, the majesty of which had surrounded his cradle, the Gospel itself departed from Lucerne, and Rome reigns there even to this day.

Shortly after, the diet then sitting at Baden, excited by the severity shown to Myconius, incensed by the petitions from Einsidlen, which were now printed and everywhere producing a great sensation, and solicited by the Bishop of Constance, who called upon them to crush the reformer, had recourse to persecution, ordered the authorities of the common bailiwicks to denounce all the priests and laymen who should dare speak against the faith, caused the preacher who happened to be nearest to be immediately arrested, namely Urban Weiss, pastor of Fislispach, who had been previously liberated on bail, and had him taken to Constance, where he was delivered up to the bishop, who detained him a long while in prison. "It was thus," says Bullinger's chronicle, "that the persecutions of the confederates against the Gospel began: and this took place at the instigation of the clergy, who in every age have dragged Jesus Christ before the judgment seat of Herod and of Pilate."

Nor did Zwingle himself escape trial. About this time he was wounded in his tenderest point. The rumour of his doctrines and of his struggles had passed the Sentis, penetrated the Tockenburg, and reached the heights of Wildhaus. The family of herdsmen from which the reformer had sprung, was deeply moved. Of Zwingle's five brothers, some had continued their peaceful mountain labours; others, to their brother's great regret, had taken up arms, quitted their herds, and served a foreign prince. Both were alike astonished at the reports that reached their chalets. Already they pictured to themselves their brother dragged to Constance before the bishop, and a pile erected for his destruction on the same spot where John Huss had perished in the flames. These proud herdsmen could not endure the idea of being called the brothers of a heretic. They wrote to Zwingle, describing their pain and their fears. Zwingle replied to them as follows: "So long as God shall permit me, I will execute the task, which he has confided to me, without fearing the world and its haughty tyrants. I know everything that can befall me. There is no danger, no misfortune that I have not carefully weighed long ago. My own strength is nothingness itself, and I know the power of my enemies; but I know also that I can do everything in Christ, who strengthens me.

Though I should be silent, another would be constrained to do what God is now doing through me, and I should be punished by the Almighty. Banish all anxiety, my dear brothers. If I have any fear, it is lest I have been milder and gentler than suits our times. What reproach (say you) will be cast upon our family, if you are burnt, or put to death in any other way! Oh, by beloved brothers, the Gospel derives from the blood of Christ this remarkable property, that the most violent persecutions, far from checking its progress, serve but to accelerate it. Those alone are the true soldiers of Christ, who do not fear to bear in their body the wounds of their Master. All my labours have no other aim than to proclaim to men the treasures of happiness that

Christ hath purchased for us, that all might take refuge in the Father, through the death of his Son. If this doctrine scandalizes you, your anger cannot stop me. You are my brothers—yes! —my own brothers, sons of the same father, fruit of the same womb; but if you were not my brothers in Christ and in the work of faith, then my grief would be so violent, that nothing could equal it. Farewell.—I shall never cease to be your affectionate brother, if only you will not cease yourselves to be the brethren of Jesus Christ."

The confederates appeared to rise, like one man, against the Gospel. The addresses of Einsidlen had given the signal. Zwingle, agitated at the fate of Myconius, saw, in his misfortunes, the beginning of calamities. Enemies in Zurich, enemies without; a man's own relatives becoming his opponents; a furious opposition on the part of the monks and priests; violent measures in the diet and councils; coarse and perhaps bloody attacks from the partisans of foreign service; the highest valleys of Switzerland, that cradle of the confederation, pouring forth its invincible phalanxes, to save Rome, and annihilate at the cost of their lives the rising faith of the sons of the Reformation:—such was the picture the penetrating eye of the reformer discovered in the distance, and he shuddered at the prospect. What a future! Was the work, hardly begun, about to be destroyed? Zwingle, thoughtful and agitated, laid all his anguish before the throne of God: "O Jesus," said he, thou seest how the wicked and the blasphemers stun thy people's ears with their clamours. Thou knowest how from my childhood I have hated all dispute, and yet, in despite of myself, Thou hast not ceased to impel me to the conflict Therefore do I call upon Thee with confidence to complete what Thou hast begun. If I have built up anythingwrongly, do Thou throw it down with thy mighty hand. If I have laid any other foundation than Thee, let thy powerful arm destroy it. O vine abounding in sweetness, whose husbandman is the Father, and whose branches we are, do not abandon thy shoots! For Thou hast promised to be with us until the end of the world! "

It was on the 22nd of August 1522 that Ulrich Zwingle, the reformer of Switzerland, seeing the storms descending from the mountains on the frail bark of the faith, thus poured forth before God the troubles and desires of his soul.

END OF VOLUME 2